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**A Memorial Biography of the
Very Reverend Eugene Augustus Hoffman**

Of this edition 500 copies have been printed



Rev. Eugene Aug^s Hoffman

From a daguerreotype, about 1854

A MEMORIAL BIOGRAPHY

OF THE VERY REVEREND

Eugene Augustus Hoffman

D.D. (Oxon.) D.C.L. LL.D.

Late Dean of the General Theological Seminary

BY

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VOLUME I



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Rulgersensia

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Friends having letters from Dean Hoffman, or knowing of material suitable for a more extended Biography, are requested to communicate with SAMUEL V. HOFFMAN, 4 Warren Street, New York.



Rev. Theodore M. Riley, D.D.

PREFACE

NO one can be more fully aware of a certain unfitness for writing the life of Dean Hoffman than is the compiler of this biography. Above everything the late Dean was a man of affairs, with special genius for business and executive work, and with a long and distinguished career of administration. The writer has never been a man of affairs, nor has he the qualities, or temper of mind, or sagacity which qualify him for entering into an adequate appreciation of the late Dean's relations to the administration of the affairs of the Church at large. He therefore has been compelled to leave to the future historian of the General Convention, of the Board of Missions, and even of the General Seminary the fuller details of much of the late Dean's work. All that the writer has felt justified in attempting (and that after an effort to be released from the important duty which has been laid upon him) has been to draw a picture of the man, the priest, and the ruler as the writer has seen and known and felt him to have been. Even this limited aim has been made difficult by an almost entire absence of letters from the late Dean to any of his friends or contemporaries. While he preserved most of the per-

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sonal letters addressed to him since 1847, his most intimate friends seem to have destroyed his letters to them, and what remains are letters of business rather than of personal expression. Dr. Hoffman was never an outpouring man. He said little at any time about anything. His Scandinavian and Dutch reticence was at all times remarkable and exceptional. Therefore, one has had to present him as his journals, the letters of his friends to him (and what may be read between their lines), and his addresses (especially the earlier ones) give us the key to his character, convictions, and qualities. But, even so, the writer has found his work, as it has grown under his hands, not only most interesting, but edifying also, as it has revealed an interesting, industrious, and obedient boy, a good son, a pious and studious youth; a much loved friend of his college companions, a young leader among his comrades both at college and the Seminary; a traveller with quick eye, observing power, and trained scientific interest; a most conscientious candidate for Holy Orders; a young priest devoted to the poor, to the Church, to its faith and to its traditions; a parochial ruler of singular wisdom, moving intelligently and steadily to his ends, and reaching them, while leaving no room for reaction; a much trusted counsellor in the great affairs of the Church, in its deliberative and executive bodies; a man much desired for the Episcopate; a great builder and collegiate head, devising and accomplishing great results. As one has seen this figure grow through the trend of his life's history, one has bowed before it with

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an ever increasing admiration and even awe of its monumental excellence and its rare greatness, the greatness of a perfect simplicity.

Dean Hoffman's life has singularly illustrated what God can do with a man with a few excellent endowments simply consecrated to duty and to God. Dean Hoffman did not possess blazing genius of any kind. He was less of a "firework," as Bulwer puts it, than a "guiding star." He made no pretensions to a single accomplishment he did not possess. He stood firmly on the rock of good sense, good working knowledge, recognized capacity for organization and government, and the munificent use of the fortune which God put into his hands for the work of his place and calling. This was all. He stood by fidelity to his own mental make-up, to his special talents and personal aptitudes. And these things, with God behind him, made him a very great power and a very great personality. And when one turns from his public career to his private and home life, one perceives still the perfect simplicity of his great soul. No assertion of self, perfect modesty before men and before God, a sweet and strong devotion to his loved wife and children, faithfulness to old friends, sympathy for the poor, the wronged, the maligned, courage in standing by the well-doer as well as against the evil-doer, fatherly kindness to his parishioners and to his pupils, readiness to listen even to weariness to the griefs of man or woman, scholar or beggar, delicacy of the rarest kind in relieving the wants of the respectable poor and of the abject, love

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of the House of God and its Holy Offices, patience under great weariness and suffering, perseverance in performing the duties of life as long as he had power of movement,—all these things marked a human figure of beautiful and exemplary value whose pathway will for long radiate that light which men need from the examples of their fellowmen in this troubled world, where good men lead us to believe the more in men, and to trust more and more in the God who has “fashioned their hearts.”

If the writer has succeeded in handing on to other minds the vision which the outlines of this biography have brought himself, he will have succeeded, not in doing justice to all the greatness of so great a person as the late Dean, (that would require in the biographer a man of the Dean's own qualities,) but in presenting to the love and homage of men who can value the excellence God would have shine out in the lives of His elect, a simple and strong soul, a good youth, a good priest, a good ruler, a good husband, a good father, a good friend, and a good and wise master-builder.

This simple purpose must excuse the omission of many details which the biography of so great a man might seem to demand. Such would indeed round out the life, and make it, as a biographical production, much more fitting and precise. But the family of the Dean has desired that the scope of the biography should be limited; that it should be, to use the words of Mrs. Hoffman herself, “only a sketch of his life, as a memorial for those who loved him.” The writer

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himself has not been forgetful of the memorable words of the English poet:

As 'tis a greater mystery in the art
Of painting, to foreshorten any part,
Than draw it out, so 'tis in books the chief
Of all perfections — to be plain and brief.

The writer desires to express his grateful acknowledgments to all among the Dean's old parishioners and friends who have assisted in the preparation of this memoir. He especially offers his thanks to the Bishops of Albany, Michigan, and Milwaukee; to the Rev. Dr. Russell; and to Mr. Samuel Verplanck Hoffman, without whose kind, sympathetic, and always helpful assistance the preparation of this biography would have been of greater difficulty.

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“He loved Mercy, did justly, and walked humbly with his God.”

I

BIRTH AND ANCESTRY

IT is a part of the Divine Providence which sweetly orders the world that the majority of mankind are assigned to quiet places of the earth, where, amid the affections and simplicities of domestic life, the interests of locality, the charm of association with familiar persons and things, the delight of simple friendships, and the calm majesty and beauty of earth and water and sky and forest, men may pass their years apart from the noisy world, its onerous cares, its push and stir and heartlessness, the strife of tongues, and the management of delicate and responsible affairs.

Blessed is the man who knows the value of the quiet places and paths of life! More blessed is he whose destiny places him in the shaded privacies of retirement and peace! For this indeed is the normal and paradisaic state of mankind. No more notable thing perhaps was ever said by the late German Emperor William I. than that "Kings are on their thrones and armies are in the field that men may have quiet homes." All else than simple and quiet life sooner or later palls. As Emerson suggests, experience of life sooner or later brings us to conviction that its interests often centre themselves at last, . . . "not in the affairs of nations, not in any sacred

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heroes, but in the lowliness, the outpouring, the large equality to truth, of a single mind; as if in the narrow walls of a human heart the whole realm of truth, the world of morals, the tribunal by which the Universe is judged," find "room to exist."

The predestinating wisdom of God, however, (who, as the Germans say, "has a plan for every man,") separates from their mother's womb many spirits whose destinies are of a quite different character from those above described. Here and there souls marked by the dignity of lineage, by hereditary gifts of fortune, by special endowments of mind or nature, by constitutional habits and tastes, by capacity for handling great affairs, by all that goes to create influence, weight, and effectiveness in the larger ranges of life, are set apart for lives of care and heavy responsibility; and for these the world eagerly looks, and these it inevitably claims. Toil, conflict, burdens of many kinds, are their appointed lot. Yet it is happily true of such vocation, as Saint Jerome said in relation to the ascetic following of our Lord, "*durum, grande, difficile*" (*est*), "*sed magna sunt præmia.*" Great indeed are its rewards in the very dignity of such vocation, which, as has been said of a summons to the Episcopate, "is a call to co-operate with God in governing the world in the interest of righteousness." Great also its rewards in association with great and noble kindred spirits, in the gratitude of particular souls, and in the respect and grateful memory of the ages. Such an one was the subject of this Memoir, marked out by inheritance, by gifts of person and mind,

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and by most notable abilities for the management of great affairs. He could not, one may say, have escaped the destiny which filled his life with memorable achievements, and which sent him fulfilling the calls of duty and place to the latest moment, to the greatest of rewards, the plaudit "Well done, good and faithful servant."

Eugene Augustus Hoffman was born in the city of New York, in White Street, March 21st, 1829. His home was then in a part of the city which for all residential purposes has now disappeared. His father was Samuel Verplanck Hoffman, born in 1802, who in early life was a lawyer, but afterwards became head of the mercantile house of Hoffman & Waldo, of New York City.

His grandfather was Harmanus Hoffman, of Kingston, New York, born 1745. This gentleman was a Captain of the Revolutionary Army. The second wife of Captain Hoffman was Catherine Ver Planck, daughter of Philip Ver Planck.

Martinus Hoffman, the founder of the American family, was born about 1625 at Revel, on the Gulf of Finland. He is thought to have lived, before coming to America, at Ezen, Ostenbenzie, Holland, although in the registers of this country he is spoken of as being from Revel. He seems to have been authorized by his brother-in-law, Tjerck Claessen de Witte, to recover some property for him at Ezen, Ostenbenzie, Holland. He emigrated to America about 1657, and settled first

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at Esopus, where in 1658 he joined with other residents in an attack upon the Indians. He removed to New Amsterdam, where, according to a directory of the city published in 1661, he was living in De Heere Straat (now Broadway) of that year, and was a large taxpayer. In New Amsterdam he contracted two marriages, which are thus recorded in the register of marriages of the Reformed Dutch Church of the city of New York:

“1663 den 31 Mart, Marten Hoffman, Van Revel, en Lysbeth Hermans, Van Oetmarsen in Overyssel.”

“1664 den 16 May, Marten Hoffman, Wedr. Van Lysbeth Hermans, en Emmerentje de Witte, j. d., Van Essens in Embderlt.”

By his first wife he had no issue. By his second, Emmerentje Claessen de Witte, he had five children, two of whom at least were born and baptized in New Amsterdam.

From New Amsterdam he removed to Fort Orange, where in 1672 he was living in a house conveyed to him in that year. In December, 1676, he sold this property and bought another house. Shortly after 1678 he removed to Ulster County, New York, and settled in Esopus.

The mother of the late Dean was Glorvina Rossell Storm, born 1808, daughter of Garrit Storm and Susan Matilda Gouverneur (daughter of Isaac Gouverneur and Elizabeth Peachman his wife).

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Garrit Storm was a descendant of Dirck Storm and his wife Marie Pieters, who came to America from Groninjen, Holland, in 1662. They sailed from Amsterdam, in the ship *Fox*, September 2nd, with their three children, Gregoris, Peter, and David Storm. Dirck settled first in Haerlem, and later at Bedford, Brooklyn. In 1670 he succeeded Carl Beauvais as Secretary of Brooklyn.

Glorvina Rossell Storm was the granddaughter of Thomas Storm and Elizabeth Graham. She was married to Samuel Verplanck Hoffman, April 15th, 1828. One familiar with the characteristic beauty of the Scandinavian race cannot but conjecture that the late Dean derived from this source the striking facial beauty of his earlier life.

From a narrative left behind him by Mr. Garrit Storm, and from his letters, one must conjecture that much of his famous grandson's business foresight and sagacity came from this maternal grandfather, as did also a large share of Dean Hoffman's generosity of plans for what he undertook. For in the narrative mentioned above Mr. Storm, after detailing various directions for his sons-in-laws' establishments, adds, "Let everything be done on a large and liberal scale." From him, also, as from his own father, Mr. Samuel Verplanck Hoffman, the late Dean derived his taste for hunting.

Various lines of descent and marriage affiliated the Hoffmans with many great families known to the history of old New York. In approaching the study of

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any man's life, it is not only of interest but of very great value to know his racial relations. When one knows a man's race and blood, one knows half that may be known about him. For races and people have their characteristics of body, of mind, of imagination, of feeling, of manners. One sometimes thinks that as there are innumerable fauna and flora in the lower world of creation to give interest and variety, and only five great varieties of the human family, God has been pleased to create racial, national, and even family types, which persist through whatever mixture of blood may attend their history.

There is therefore in the family tradition of a man always an element which attracts interest and gives color. Not that certain people or even classes of people are made, as Professor Milo Mahan used to say, of "finer porcelain" than other people, but that they have historical associations, civic or patriotic legacies of fame, long identification with neighborhood or community, and bear names that have become household words, the associations of which have become part of the mental furniture of cities and nations.

A practical advantage of a generally recognized nature attends good family tradition. As has been remarked by Dr. William R. Huntington, of Grace Church, New York, in his admirable "Address Commemorative of Eugene Augustus Hoffman," read before the New York Historical Society, December 2nd, 1902, "Even under a democracy some value continues to attach itself to heredity; and to bear a name

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which a community has become accustomed by long use to hold in honor, is always, to a young man, just so much starting capital. It enables him to take at a bound those lower rungs on the ladder of success which the less highly privileged must laboriously climb."

Thus, then, we see the subject of our Memoir starting out in life with this great gift of hereditary prestige as a background. We shall see him win his own spurs in the tournament of life by admirable use of endowments not universally accompanying hereditary distinction.

EARLY DAYS AND SCHOOLS

NOT many memories remain of the late Dean's childhood. From a very brief sketch of his early life written for the information of his children, and from a few letters of his grandfather, Mr. Garrit Storm, we gather, however, a few details.

His birth on March 21st, 1829, at No. 90 White Street, has already been mentioned. The house in which he was born, he tells us, "was two stories high, but afterwards raised to three."

"My faintest recollections," the Dean writes, "extend to the year 1832, when I had the cholera while boarding in a house near Jersey City. It is said my life was saved by a country doctor who chanced to call in after Doctors Hoffman and Boyd of New York had given me up. In the month of August, 1834, I paid a visit to my uncle H. R. Van Rensselaer at Hudson, with my Aunt Margaret. Here I spent the first days of my country life. I recollect distinctly several incidents that took place there; viz.: being thrown down and bitten in the throat by a large house-dog; and, attempting to drive a farm-horse in the field, he got into a trot, and as I would not let go of the reins he threw me on the ground and dragged me some distance."

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A suggestion of the young boy's thoughtfulness about the laws of health is shown by his expression of astonishment at seeing his uncle come from the field "very warm and drink two or three large glasses of cold water." For a boy of five years of age, a reflection of this kind shows singular wisdom. Before his return to New York at that time he also visited an uncle at Ghent.

In the spring of 1834 the young boy began his school life. His first school was that of a Miss Lockwood in Walker Street, near Church. While in attendance here the "great fire" broke out in New York, of which he had a remembrance through a violent knocking at the street door of his father's house to awaken them. This year was memorable to him as the date of his grandmother's death. He had but slight recollection of her, except that he was in the habit of spending Saturday alternately with her and his Aunt Louisa; and her special hold upon his memory was through the gift to him of his first Bible, of which he writes these touching and devout words long years afterward, so fitting to that special devotion to Holy Scripture which characterized his whole life: "My grandmother gave me a Bible when I first could read. This I still have. It was the first book I ever read, and I hope will be the last."

After leaving Miss Lockwood's school he went successively to Mr. I. W. Greenough, to Forrest and Mulligan, then to a Mr. Shoyer, then to the grammar school of Columbia College presided over by Professors

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Drissler and Anthon; then, after the removal of his family to New Brunswick, New Jersey, to the grammar school of Rutgers College.

He notes, in connection with Miss Lockwood's school, that he was several times "kept in." He says of her that "she was a good woman, but not of much education."

Of Mr. Greenough he writes, "Mr. Greenough was a very particular bachelor. He took but twenty-five boys. The school was carpeted and always kept very nice. The carpet was divided into squares, and each boy who got a little off his own square while reciting was sent to the foot of the class." "I often remember," he adds, "his habit of marching us in Indian file to the street door of the school and sending the whole procession back to start again because one boy made a little noise."

Mr. Greenough he declares, however, to have been an excellent teacher, "especially in geography."

Of Forrest and Mulligan he simply remembers that they kept a very large and strict school. "Here I had to study hard," he writes.

Mr. Shoyer he recalls first as "a Hebrew," and then as a very "pleasant teacher." From him, he says, he "imbibed a great love for mathematics." He makes note of the fact, too, that he was always a "favorite of Mr. Shoyer."

At the grammar school of Columbia College he passed the winter of 1842-43. His mathematical turn of mind here became more conspicuous, so that he says

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he had on "one occasion a scolding" from his mathematical teacher because at the end of a certain week he stood "second in his class instead of first." "He wrote on my report, 'Ought to be head.' Mathematics was always my favorite study." One can see in the gift of this great talent an omen of the administrative work for which he was being prepared.

Looking back over his school life, he writes with characteristic simplicity, "Singular to say, I never had a whipping while I was in school further than one slap of a ruler on the hand for some little remissness; how I escaped, I hardly know!"

Mr. Samuel V. Hoffman moving in 1843 to New Brunswick, Eugene was transferred from Columbia Grammar School to that of Rutgers College, and ultimately into the college itself. He seems to have regretted this change, not finding the New Brunswick school up to the standard of Columbia. A Mr. Van Lien, a Dutch Reformed minister, was then at the head of the school. There, says young Hoffman, "I did little but review preparatory to entering college."

During the summer of 1842 young Eugene went with his parents and brother Charles to Europe, visiting, as we shall see, England, Scotland, Ireland, France, Switzerland, the Rhine, and Italy.

III

FIRST EUROPEAN JOURNEY

A FIRST journey across the great sea is always a momentous event to a thoughtful mind. It is full of lessons of faith and realization. One has learned of another hemisphere than one's own in one's early days, of people there, and of things; but between them and us there lies the strange, unknown sea with its mystery, its unknown possibilities, its immensity. At last the venture is made. The good ship, with its guide, bears us safely across the expanse of the unknown, and then we are landed at last on the distant shores read about, heard about, thought about,—an object, so to speak, of faith,—and we find faith changed to realization.

The young Eugene was quite too young, perhaps, to have reflected thus upon the symbolism of his first venture across the sea. He was but a boy of thirteen, and looked out upon all things with a boy's eye, and gave out his impressions and made his notes of things with a boy's crudity, directness, and naïvete, and with no more than a boy's sense of the relative value of things.

Happily he kept a journal, in boy's fashion. One has been reminded, as one has read it, of the words of Sienkiewicz: "A man who leaves memoirs, whether well or badly written, provided they be sincere, renders

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a service to future psychologists and writers, giving them not only a faithful picture, but likewise human documents that may be relied on."

In young Eugene's diary one can see all those traits of boyish mind already indicated. Wisdom was not to be expected of him; that is, the wisdom of mature years. But already we shall perceive indications of his power of observation and of the special interests that attracted him.

He sailed from New York, with his parents and brother Charles, on April 27th, 1842, in the packet *Siddons* for Liverpool. The ships *Memphis* and the *Ville de Lyon* started at the same time. There seems, even in those long-past days, to have been somewhat of the nautical racing spirit which we generally associate only with our own times. "As there was considerable talk about the *Memphis* beating us," young Eugene writes, "we put on all the sail we could possibly get on. At half-past one, a spark from the steamer which was towing us set fire to one of our sails. The fire was put out without further injury than burning the sail. On the next day, the 28th, the *Ville de Lyon* was left out of sight behind, and the ship went on her way, attended by a large number of Mother Carey's chickens, or stormy petrels." The usual story of seasickness is told, and then of recovery and the ensuing delight in the ample provision of "four meals a day—breakfast, luncheon, dinner, and tea."

"On the first Sunday out the Rev. Mr. Montgomery of Philadelphia rendered divine service on board. At

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twelve the captain took his observations, and the good ship was found 800 miles from land." On that afternoon the young boys were interested in the appearance of a species of small fish called "Portugese men-of-war," so termed on account of their having a small fin which they raise and drop at pleasure and by which they are driven along, the wind catching it like a sail.

On May 14 the travelers passed Holyhead about five o'clock in the morning, and at seven o'clock the pilot was taken on board and the entrance into Liverpool made after a voyage of "only 16½ days," in which time there was not a single headwind or rainy day.

Visits were made the following day to various places of interest. What seems specially to have interested young Eugene was his visit to Nelson's monument, his description of which has the true boyish ring. "We went to see the docks, which are handsome; then to the Exchange, Town Hall, and Nelson's monument, on which is inscribed this motto: 'England expects every man to do his duty.' Death sticks his hand out from under the flag and touches him (Lord Nelson) on the left breast, just where the ball struck him, and all around the base are people mourning about him."

After this followed excursions to various places of interest. While at Chester, Eaton Hall was visited. The gardens, greenhouses, and the hothouses specially interested the young lad. "In the hothouses they had vines covered with strawberries, the largest we ever saw, and small trees covered with ripe cherries; but the worst of it was they would not allow us to touch

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them. . . . As the family were not at home, we went all through the house, except upstairs, where visitors are not allowed to go. In the Library we observed that a great number of books were only imitations."

On the 20th a visit was made to Warwick Castle. "When we got there we went all through the house, which has some very handsome paintings in it. We went to see the celebrated 'Warwick Vase,' which holds 163 gallons. We also saw 'Guy's Porridge Pot,' or the present Lord Warwick's punch-bowl, which was filled three times in one day. In it there were 18 gallons of brandy, 18 gallons of whiskey, and 100 weight of sugar each time."

From Warwick Castle to Kenilworth was the next excursion, and after that followed a visit to Stratford-on-Avon, Woodstock, Oxford, and London.

The Journal itself will best tell the boy's brief story of these and other visits and experiences.

Stratford-on-Avon, May 21st.—In the afternoon we went to Stratford-on-Avon, where we saw the church in which Shakespeare was buried. We saw also the Town Hall, built in the time of the Jubilee in honor of Shakespeare. It has a fine statue of the poet and a fine portrait of him by Wilson, one of Garrick by Gainsborough, and other fine portraits. We went to see the house of Shakespeare, and found the walls of the room in which he was born covered with names. In the garden of the "White Lion" there is a tree said to have been grown from the sprout of the one Shake-

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speare planted. We got a piece of it and went back to the "White Lion," where we were stopping.

May 22d.—In the morning went to St. Mary's Church, Oxford; afterwards went to see the pleasure grounds of Magdalen College and of St. John's, both of which are well worth seeing. We took, later, other walks out of town.

May 23d.—Started at quarter to eight for London, as we wanted to see Windsor Castle. We stopped at Slough, where we hired a cab for Windsor, two miles distant. When we reached the Castle, we went through the rooms in the following order: Queen's Audience Chamber, Queen's Presence Chamber, Guard Chamber, St. George's Hall, Ball-Room, Throne Room, Waterloo Chamber, Grand Vestibule and Staircase, the Vestibule, King's Drawing Room, Council Room, King's Closet, Queen's Drawing Room, and the Van Dyke Room. We then went back to Slough and went in the railroad to Paddington, and then to London which is only 2 miles. We stopped at Morley's Hotel, Trafalgar Square, where they are erecting a monument to Nelson.

May 24th.—Went to stay at Mrs. Towler's at Fitzroy Square. Here they charged us 8 guineas a week. We went to-day to our banker's, and to see the Court of Aldermen, where the Lord Mayor presided. We then came home, and afterwards called on Mr. Everett.

May 25th.—To-day it was raining in the morning, but in the afternoon it cleared off. In the afternoon we went to the Tower. We saw a great many suits of

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armor. Also saw the block on which many of the Queens' heads were cut off. We saw the room in which Sir Walter Raleigh was confined. We also saw different things of torture, such as a thumbscrew and a thing in which the arms were screwed tight behind, and an iron collar weighing 14 lbs. 8 oz., the inside of which was filled with spikes. We then saw the room in which the two Princes were smothered and the place where they were buried. We saw also the Crown Jewels, which were very splendid. From the Tower we went to St. Paul's, up to the ball, also went to the "Whispering Gallery."

May 26th.—To-day went to Westminster Hall, the largest room in the world without pillars. We also went to the Abbey, and National Gallery, in which there are some splendid paintings.

May 27th.—About 10 o'clock this morning went to the Zoological Garden, where they have four camels, leopards, giraffes, and an orang-outang or "Wild Man of the Woods," two elephants, a boa-constrictor, some armadillos, otters, and other animals.

May 28th.—To-day we went out to Greenwich Hospital, saw the rooms in which the men sleep, also the Chapel and the "Painted Hall," the ceiling of which took sixteen years to paint.

An entry is now made of a circumstance which at the time was merely incidental, but which (as a boy's mind is always gathering into its subconscious treasury impressions, prepossessions, and antipathies of all kinds)

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very probably had much to do in germinating in young Eugene's mind that dislike of pewed churches which was the dominant note of his early ministry and which remained with him to the end.

May 29th, Sunday.—A very pleasant day in the morning. We went to Marylebone Church. We could not get a seat on account of the church being full. We took seats in different pews, but the owners came in and turned us out, although they themselves were the only persons coming in.

May 30th.—We went to the British Museum, to Tattersall's, the House of Lords, and the House of Commons. In the afternoon the Queen was shot at, on Constitution Hill, but no damage was done. The man was arrested.

June 3rd.—Left Matlock for Sheffield. On the way stopped at Chatsworth, the Duke of Devonshire's palace. In the park there are upwards of 2000 deer, and he has to kill them so that he will not have too many. When we got to the house we went through it, and the inside of it is the same as others we have seen. We got into many of the private rooms by letting the housekeeper know we were Americans. They set the waterworks a-going for us. They consist of three fountains, one playing ninety feet, another sixty, and another thirty. A pair of steps, two hundred yards long, over which the water plays very handsomely. In the park the Duke has 150 acres of land, and in the County of Devonshire he has 98,000 acres of land.

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His income is \$1,300,000, but some one says he overruns it. Arrived in Sheffield about four in the afternoon and went to the Royal Hotel. In the afternoon went to Rogers' showrooms, which are very handsome. He has a knife containing 1841 blades, and he has also many other curious things.

June 4th.—Went in cars to York. The Black Swan Inn. We went out to see the Minster. In it is a window 75 feet high. There are also seven windows called the Seven Sisters on account of the stained glass being presented to the Cathedral by seven sisters. The screens are well worth seeing. They are carved in stone, and are said to be the finest carving in the world. The organ contains 4444 pipes, the largest of which is three feet in diameter.

The practical and numerical details noted and given in many of the above entries are early indications of the great Dean's interest in detail and his mathematical accuracy. "The boy" has been well said to be "the father of the man"; and in young Eugene's case the adage is conspicuously illustrated. Henceforth it becomes a matter of interest to observe, running through his Journal, the mathematical and businesslike quality of the young boy's opening mind. The poetry of things probably did not escape him, for those who knew him well in later life know that a fine and tender strain of sentiment underlay his businesslike habits. God, who fashions the hearts of men, was leading him unconsciously along the lines of his special

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aptitudes, developing through his constitutional qualities and prepossessions that love of detail which is the note always of a great administrative understanding.

From York Mr. Hoffman's family started for Harrowgate, Ripon, Studley Park, New Castle, and Alnwick. The ruins of Fountain Abbey and Robin Hood's Well seem to have interested the young lads. The description of the sights at Alnwick Castle is interestingly boyish.

June 6th.—At 12 we started in the stage for Alnwick. In the afternoon went and saw Alnwick Castle, which belongs to the Duke of Northumberland. There we saw many ancient things, such as the petards and the ancient mortars and the balls cut out of stone which they used to roll down on the enemy's heads. We also saw different dungeons, and on top of the castle there are 114 statues; and on one of the gates there are three figures, the first representing a man having thrown a stone at the enemy, the next stands ready to hit with the battle-ax if the first should have missed. There are also other statues representing different things. We saw the armory, in which they have a Laplander canoe just 15 feet in length, but which was so light that Charles and I could easily lift it. There were also many curious guns and other things. In the evening we went to the Duke of Cumberland's piggeries and dairy. The dairy is very handsomely fitted up with marble slabs. The dishes in which they kept the milk are exactly alike. They

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have also glasses by which they can tell which cow gives the most milk. The piggeries are built of brick and are divided by small pens, each pen having a place where the pigs could be under cover or not. They told us that when the family was home they killed two pigs a week. We also went through the pleasure grounds, which are very handsome.

Scotland, June 9th, Thursday.—In Edinburgh we went to Douglass Hotel, which is the best hotel we were in since we left home. In the morning went to Carlton Hill, on top of which is Nelson's monument. At the bottom of the hill are the High School, Jail, and Burns's monument. You also see Holyrood Palace. In the palace we saw the chapel in which Rizzio was buried. We also saw the rooms in which the King of France stayed, and the bed of Charles I., and the bed and curtains of Mary Queen of Scots. They also showed us the room in which Rizzio was wounded, and the place where he was killed. They pretended to show his blood on the floor and the handle of the spear that Lord Darnley used that night. Not far from Holyrood Palace is the cottage of Jennie Deans. In High Street we saw the house of John Knox, the great Presbyterian preacher in Mary's time. We also saw the Parliament House and St. Giles's Church.

Ireland, June 18th.—Went back to Belfast, where we staid at the Donegal Arms. In Belfast there is nothing worth seeing, but two miles from Belfast is a manufactory of damask tablecloths, napkins, etc., which were well worth going to see.

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Dublin, June 25th.—As Pa was a good deal better to-day, we all went to the Four Courts and to see the different squares, which are very handsome, especially St. Stephen's Green.

Sunday, June 26th.—A very pleasant day. In the morning went to the College Chapel, in the afternoon to St. Patrick's.

June 27th.—Left Kingston on the steamer for Holyhead. In the afternoon went to Bangor and crossed over the Menai Suspension Bridge, which is 550 feet long between the points of suspension and is 100 feet above the water at spring tides. In Bangor the best hotel is Penrhyn Arms, and it is a very good hotel and cheap.

London, June 30th.—In the afternoon took a drive in Hyde Park, but did not see the Queen.

France, July 5th.—Arrived in Havre at 7 o'clock; got through the Custom House very well, but many people had their pockets searched. At 10 o'clock started in the diligence for Rouen, where we arrived at half-past four and went to the table d'hote, where they gave us the best dinner we have had since we left home. They charged $3\frac{1}{2}$ francs each. In Rouen we saw the Cathedral and other churches, and the spot where Joan of Arc was buried.

Paris, July 7th.—In the morning went to the Church of St. Roch, which is a very beautiful one. From there we went to the Bourse or Exchange, and from there we went to deliver our letter to Mr. Draper, the American Consul; and from there we

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went to see the Place de la Concorde, in the center of which is an obelisk brought from Egypt by Bonaparte. On each side of it are two large fountains constantly playing. From there we went to the house of Marshal Soult, one of Bonaparte's generals. In his house he has a very fine collection of paintings, taken of different battles.

July 8th.—After seeing Paris we were greatly more pleased with it than with any other place we have been, because it has handsomer buildings, and all have a light, airy appearance which the buildings in London do not have on account of the smoke constantly hanging over them. The first thing we did this morning was to look over some travelling carriages. We found one we liked pretty well, and from there went to the Chamber of Deputies, which is very handsome. From there we went to the Hotel des Invalides, in which are kept all the soldiers who have been wounded in different battles and in the chapel of which are the remains of Napoleon Bonaparte. His ashes are contained in a gilt box and placed behind an iron railing, and all around the box are crowns, wreaths, and flowers placed there by the public. From there we went to the Pantheon, the place for the burial of great and celebrated men, and the dome of which is painted very handsomely. In the vault of the Pantheon is the great Voltaire. We visited the Church of St. Stephen, which is very handsome, and the Palace of the Luxembourg. In the Luxembourg is a very fine gallery of paintings. In the palace is the handsomest room we ever saw,

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built by the Queen of Henry IV. We then went home and dined at the table d'hote, where dinner is served in the German style, in which, when you first go to the table, you see all the dessert already placed there, and in which the different dishes of meat are handed around separately, each one being consumed before the next one is handed around, so that there is no one asking for anything, as the waiters do not have to run about as much as if things were different.

July 9th.—The first thing we did to-day was to go to Notre Dame. In it is a coronation robe of Napoleon, so heavy with gold and silver that he could not have walked in it without its having been held up by some one. They showed us the dress of the Pope and the Cardinal worn on that day. Over the door, as you enter, is one of the handsomest stained-glass windows of all the churches we have been in. From Notre Dame we went to the Jardin and the Menagerie, which is in it, and from there went to the Museum of Natural History, which is a great deal better than the one in London and is said to be the best in the world. From there we went to see the manufactory of the King's tapestry and carpets; and from there we went to the place where Louis XVI. and his wife were buried, and then we ended our day's work.

July 10th, Sunday.—In the morning went to the Church of St. Roch to see the ceremony of High Mass, which is well worth seeing. Afterwards went to the Church of England, which is kept up by the English and American residents. Later we went to Pere la

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Chaise, which is very beautiful and from which there is a very handsome view of Paris.

July 13th.—This morning went to the Abbey of St. Denys, where all the kings of France are buried. In the left aisle is a very handsome monument to Henry II. and Catherine de Medici. In the vault are monuments for all kings who have been buried in the church. Their bones are not there, as they were taken and thrown into a ditch during the Revolution. The coffins, being valuable, were carried away. At St. Denys they will also show you the place where Napoleon wished to be buried. They will also show you the chapel where the body of each king is laid until the next king dies, when it is then taken out and placed in the vault. In the afternoon, as we were packing our clothes into the trunks that fitted on the carriage, we heard that the Duke of Orleans, the eldest son of the King, had been driving out, and that the horses running away, he had jumped out, and striking his head on the stones was killed. This is said to be a greater loss to France than the loss of the King himself would have been, as the King is very old and the children of the Duke are very young. If the King dies before they become of age, a regent will have to be appointed, which most likely will create a revolution.

Waterloo, July 17th.—On arriving here we got a very good guide, who took us to the top of the mound and showed us all the different positions, which I shall not attempt to explain. He gave us also a great deal of his own history previous to the battle. He lived in

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the village of Mont St. Jean, and on the British coming there the night before the battle, he and a great many others had to go into the woods to sleep so that the soldiers might sleep in the houses. In the morning, he said, he heard music playing and saw the French advancing. Thinking that there would be a battle, he and some others went on top of the knoll to see what was going on. The smoke, however, was so dense that they could not see anything. The day after, he with the rest of the peasants was employed by the government to bury the dead, for which the authorities paid them two francs a day, and gave them the right to keep as many clothes and guns as they saw fit to take. He said that he obtained nothing but a gun and a pistol. Some of the others took a great many. We asked him whether they buried the French and English together. He said they just dug long trenches and threw them in just as they lay, friend and foe on top of each other, but at the end of eight days they had to stop burying them as the odor was so great, and the bodies decayed on top of the ground. He told us also that, some two or three weeks after the battle, some thieves dressed in soldiers' clothes came in carts and went to the different houses, saying that the government had sent them to collect the relics of the battle. In the afternoon came back to Brussels and went to the Cathedral, and took a walk in the Park.

July 18th.—We thought we would not go to the palace of the King, as we were told it was like all the others. We were much disappointed in not seeing the

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palace of the Prince of Orange, as King Leopold had had the furniture and pictures taken out and sent to the Hague to the Prince. In the afternoon we put our carriage on board of the cars and went to Antwerp, which is Anvers in French and Antwerp in Dutch. Arrived in Antwerp at 6 o'clock in the evening, and went to the Hotel of the Grand Labourer.

Antwerp, July 19th.—Took a walk to the Cathedral, where there is a great picture of the “Descent from the Cross,” by Rubens. They say here that Rubens took the design from an Italian print. The pulpit of the Cathedral is very beautiful, carved in wood. It is supported by four figures, representing the four quarters of the world, viz.: America, Europe, Africa, Asia. The rest of it is birds, many of them not known in nature. After going through the Cathedral, we went up into the steeple, which is the highest in the world, and so handsomely built that it caused the Emperor Charles V. to say that it ought to be placed in a case. Napoleon compared it to Mecklin lace. On the top, they say, a view is had of nearly 80 miles. We were not allowed to go up so far, which is 636 steps, on account of workmen who were repairing the top of the steeple. We went up 514 steps, however, where there is a gallery all around the steeple, from which we had a good view. After coming down from the steeple we saw a well on the square which is covered with a very handsome cover of iron, made by Quentin Matsys, a blacksmith, who, falling in love with the daughter of a painter, who would not marry

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him as long as he was a blacksmith, turned painter and afterwards painted the picture of the two misers, which is now in Windsor Palace. From here we went to the Church of the Jesuits and to St. Paul's.

At two o'clock started for Breda, and on the way the horses were struck by a pole, which made them kick and turn around, almost upsetting the carriage into a ditch.

July 20th.—In the morning went to see the monument of Count Engelbert of Nassau and his wife. The Count was a favorite general of Emperor Charles V. Their effigies, formed of Italian alabaster, lay on a sarcophagus, with four statues of Julius Cæsar, Regulus, and two Grecian warriors, in half kneeling posture, supporting on their shoulders a table or platform of stone, on which lay his armor, carved in marble. We then left Breda for Rotterdam. On the road you pass through Dort, where there is an immense number of windmills, which saw up the timber brought down the Rhine from Switzerland. Some of the rafts have crews of 300 to 400 men. On arriving in the suburb of La Hague, we saw some stork nests, the first we have seen. We also saw some Indian corn, the first we have seen since we left America. I have neglected to say that while at Rotterdam we walked around the town and saw the statue of Desiderius Erasmus, and also the house in which he was born. While in Rotterdam we staid at the Hotel de Pays Bas.

Arrived at La Hague at seven o'clock, and went to Hotel De Bellevue, in the garden of which they have

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a monkey. On the following morning went to the palace of the King, but as it was about 10 o'clock we could not go in, as it is only to be seen at 9 and 5 o'clock. The King sleeps in a country residence, and comes in every morning and afternoon. As they expected him any moment, we waited and saw him coming in on horseback, smoking a cigar, and all alone except that a servant was riding behind him. After seeing him we went to the picture gallery and museum. In the former of these is the fourth best picture in the world, called "Paul Potter's Young Bull," valued at \$20,000. There is also a picture by Rembrandt of Professor Tulp proceeding to examine a dead body, but to make it less disagreeable he has merely cut the wrist. In the museum there is an exact copy of the Japanese islands, with the people walking in the streets and Chinese ships sailing around the islands. In the museum they have also a great many mermaids, which have heads of men and bodies of fishes, preserved like mummies. On one side of the Vyverberg stands the Binnenhof, which formed the inner court of the Count's palace, in the middle of which stands an old hall, the oldest house in Hague. In front of this house the pensioner Barneveldt was beheaded. They show you also the place where Cornelius De Witt was confined. We noticed here, and in the greatest part of Holland, that they have no shafts to the waggons, because there are no hills. From Antwerp to this place we have not passed over a hill 6 feet high, except when going across the elevated bridge of the canal, and

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in that case the man in the waggon put his feet against the horse to stop the waggon from running against him.

Arrived at Amsterdam at 2 o'clock and went to the Hotel Vieux Dollen. In the afternoon took a walk. It is very amusing to see carts on runners, and carrying barrels in which are small holes the purpose of which is to drop water under the runners to lessen the friction. The horses' shoes also are amusing, and the houses with their gable ends hanging over the streets more than a foot over their foundations and looking as though they were going to tumble over immediately. We also were amused by the looking-glasses sticking out of the windows, a contrivance by which the people inside can see up and down the street without putting their heads out of their windows.

July 23rd.—In the morning we went out for a walk, which we did not find very satisfactory because everybody was washing the walls, stoops, windows, and doors, making the whole street wet. We went to the palace to-day, which is very handsomely furnished. Over the four doors of the dining-room is the handsomest bas-relief in the world. We then went on top of the tower, which has 185 steps. From here you get a good view of Amsterdam and the great North of Holland ship canal, the largest in the world, being 120 feet wide at the top, 56 feet wide at the bottom, and 21 feet deep, admitting simultaneously two large ships. On the top of the tower I counted over 200 windmills. Coming into Amsterdam, I counted 75 out of the window of the carriage.

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July 24th, Sunday.—In the morning went to the Episcopal church, in the afternoon went to the church called “Oude Kerk,” where they say the organ is almost equal to the one at Haarlem, in tone.

July 25th.—Arrived at Mymegen, where we went to the Hotel de Pays Bas, which is the best, but poor and dear.

July 26th.—In the morning went to see the tower, which was first built by Cæsar, but torn down by the Franks, and then rebuilt by Charlemagne. Only a small portion of it remains. In the afternoon started at 4 o'clock by steamboat for Cologne.

July 27th.—At 7 o'clock we continued our journey up the Rhine; arrived at Cologne at 11, going to the Hotel de Köln.

July 28th.—The first thing we did to-day was to go to the Cathedral. As you enter, on the left, are four very handsome windows. We desired at once to see the tombs of the “Three Kings,” but as there was a funeral service going on in the Church of St. Ursula, we went there instead. The story is told that the walls of St. Ursula are built hollow and filled up with the bones of 11,000 virgins, who started in ships to go to Rome but were driven up the Rhine by violent storms and were murdered by barbarians because they refused to break their vows of chastity. We then went back to the Cathedral and saw the tombs of the “Three Kings,” a full description of which is found in Murray's handbook. From the Cathedral we went to Jean and Marie Farina's cologne water establishment, which

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is at No. 23 Inlichs Platz. Although there are 24 Farinas in the town, he is the only true one. There we bought a bottle of scent, to be sure for once in our lives that we had the genuine, without imposition.

Wiesbaden, July 31st, Sunday.—In the morning went to the English church. In the afternoon drank the waters. To-day the shops are all open, but there are no buyers but the English; but the gambling rooms are all open, and better attended than on other days.

Aug. 1st.—In the morning went to Frankfort by railroad, leaving our carriage at Wiesbaden. We drove around the city, however, and saw the places where dead bodies are laid for 24 hours after they die. They are laid out with thimbles with strings fastened to them, so that, if they should move any of the fingers, they would set ringing for 15 minutes a bell which is set going by a weight running down. At Frankfort we went to the Hotel de L'Empereur Romain, very good house. In the morning took a walk along the river Main, which is so shallow that the horses were drawing boats in the middle of the river, men riding on their backs. We then went back to Wiesbaden, where we dined and afterwards posted on to Mayence. From Mayence we posted to Heidelberg; went to the Badische Hof. Arriving at Heidelberg, we went to the Castle.

Aug. 4th.—Left Heidelberg and went to Baden-Baden, passing through Carlsruhe, which is very curiously built, being laid out in shape of a fan, all the

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principal streets diverging from the palace, a good view of which can be had in any of the principal streets. On arriving at Baden-Baden at 7 o'clock, we went to the Hotel de Baden.

Baden-Baden, Aug. 5th.—To-day is one of the hottest days since we left home. Took a walk to the pump-room and then to the house called "Conversation House," where the gambling rooms are, and which are a great deal handsomer than those at Wiesbaden. In the afternoon went to see the principal springs, where they have a great many altars and other Roman relics found near the place.

Aug. 6th.—In the morning went to the new castle, which is well worth seeing, especially the dungeons and the shaft by which prisoners were led down blindfolded to the place where those condemned to be killed were thrown down and cut to pieces by sharp knives fastened in wheels which were set in motion. Also saw the Roman bath and Judgment Hall, and the secret passage which led up to the old castle. In the afternoon took a drive up the valley of Leichtenthal.

Aug. 7th, Sunday.—Very hot day. In the morning went to the Episcopal church. In the afternoon took a walk up the valley of Leichtenthal, where we saw the King of Wurtemberg. In the evening went to the "Conversation House," which is very beautiful, as all the rooms were thrown open. It is one of the handsomest things we have seen since we left home.

Aug. 10th.—In the morning went to see the Roman tower, on top of which there are a man and his wife,

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who live there and watch for fires. Then went to Zurich, where there is not much of consequence to be seen, except the streets.

Aug. 11th.—Left Zurich and went to Splugen, which is at the entrance of Splugen Pass and is nearly one mile above the level of the sea. The road to it from Monza is a great curiosity, as it is said to be built on the side of a steep precipice, below which runs the river Rhine.

Aug. 12th.—Left Splugen and went over the pass to Varenna.

Milan, Aug. 16th.—In the morning drove to the amphitheatre, which was built by Napoleon. We also saw the Triumphal Arch, commenced by Napoleon and finished by the present King of Austria (Francis I). From there went to the picture gallery, and then went to see Leonardo da Vinci's "Last Supper," painted on the wall. It was much injured during the Revolution, being used for a stable. From there we went to the Cathedral, in which is the statue of a martyr who was skinned alive, and for which an English gentleman offered its weight in gold. We went down also to the tomb of the founder of the church, which is handsomer than that of the "Three Kings" at Cologne. The room in which the coffin lies is roofed with solid silver, which cost four million of francs, without the work, which cost \$800,000. We went into the sacristy, in which are many curious relics of St. Ambrose and some articles used by Napoleon at his coronation.

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Simplon, Aug. 19th.—Left and went via Simplon Pass to Sier. While there we saw a glacier which fell down at the side of the road, carrying with it more than 1000 of the largest pine-trees and burying three houses, but fortunately no one was killed. The people who lived in the village nearby say that they recollect, forty years ago, a similar glacier fell down on the road and laid there seven years.

Aug. 20th.—Posted on to Pavez, where we went to the Hotel des Trois Couronnes, which is situated a little way out of town and on the borders of the lake, the waters of which are a very dark blue.

Aug. 29th.—From Geneva posted to Fontainebleu, where we went to the Hotel de la Ville de Lyon. On arriving here we went immediately to the palace and saw, among other things, the table on which Bonaparte signed his abdication.

Aug. 30th.—Left Fontainebleu and went to Paris, where we arrived at 4 o'clock. Monsieur Cailliez, keeper of the Hotel Meurice, happened to have three rooms vacant, which was just what we wanted.

Sept. 5th.—Left Paris in the carriage at 9 o'clock to go to St. Cloud, which is magnificently furnished, especially the rooms which are decorated with the new Gobelin tapestry, which is a great deal handsomer than painting of the best description. Also went to the Sevres china manufactory. We arrived at Versailles at 1 o'clock. Going to the palace, we remained till about 4, then went to the magnificent gardens, and after dining went back to Paris, arriving at 8 o'clock.

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Sept. 6th.—In the evening went to the circus, which is much better than ours. The house is also very handsome, holding 6000 persons, and I should think it had nearly that number in it.

Sept. 8th.—Left Paris at 7 o'clock in the diligence for Dieppe. We got tea there and went on board the steamer, which was to sail at midnight, as the tide would not serve at any other time. On getting aboard, found the steamer to be a very small one, with only three or four berths and 50 passengers. The floor, settees, table, and everything were covered with beds. Sea running very high. We had to take things as they were, as no other steamer was going this week.

Sept. 9th, Friday.—Woke up about 7 o'clock, at which time we ought to have arrived at Brighton, but we found ourselves not more than half way there. The weather was very foggy, wind very high, the sea constantly making a break over us, and all of us were very seasick. At about 11 o'clock the sea broke the wheelhouse into pieces, and at half-past three we were washed up against two planks, which extended about 100 feet out into the water at the entrance of Shoreham harbor. We had to walk ashore on these, although the wind was blowing hard on them and the water washing over them. On getting ashore, we went immediately to Brighton on a special train. We then got tea and went immediately to bed.

Sept. 12th.—Left Brighton at 10 o'clock by coach for London, which is 52 miles, where we arrived at 5 o'clock.

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Sept. 14th.—In the evening went to the Haymarket Theater, where was shown “The School for Scandal,” in which Mr. Farren played Sir Peter Teazle, and Mrs. Nisbett played Lady Teazle. We also saw the “Soldier’s Daughter.”

Sept. 18th, Sunday.—To-day went to services in the Foundling Hospital. It was founded by Captain William Coram about the year 1730. It stood then a great way out of London. It is said that he was walking across a field one day, when he heard a cry. Looking around, he saw an infant in a basket. Taking it up, he carried it home, and the next day, having invited some friends to dinner, he brought in the child and showed it to them, and said he would found a hospital on the spot where the child had been found. He asked them how much each would give towards it. They only laughed at him, and told him they were not going to be gulled out of their money in that manner. He took it quite seriously, however, and said he would build it at his own expense, and so he built it. It is said, too, that afterwards, when he was taken sick and lay on his deathbed, he had not money enough to pay a doctor, as he had spent all his means in building the hospital. After services we walked through the building. We first went into the girls’ dining-room, where we saw them all come in and sit down at the tables for dinner. They had roast-beef and boiled potatoes, and all looked very healthy. We then went into the room where they slept. They had a row of bedsteads, made of iron, on each side of the room, and a basket at the foot of each

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bed to put their clothes in. We then went through the rooms where they washed. We also visited the boys' rooms, all of which were very clean and neat.

Sept. 26th, Sunday.—Left Liverpool for New York, where we arrived after a 23 days' passage.

IV

RUTGERS COLLEGE

IT was almost inevitable that Mr. Samuel Hoffman, on removing to New Brunswick, which he did in 1843, should take advantage of his residence there to educate his son in the local Rutgers College, which was then, as now, a college of respectable rank.

College life is a period of vastest importance to a youth; a period in which everything tells—associations, likes and dislikes, realizations, disappointments, companions, presence or absence of ideals, persons, and inspiring instructions; demonstrating what Jean Paul Richter remarks: “It is indubitable that everything impresses man, either formingly or improvingly; . . . so that no one can take a walk without bringing home an influence on his eternity; every spire, every star of heaven and of knighthood, every beetle, every trip or touch of the hand, as certainly engraves itself upon us as the gentle dewdrops or the hanging of a mist affects the granite mountains.”

This being true, as an experienced and educated parenthood would understand, there would naturally be a disposition to protect a son by all the wholesome environments of home when first venturing out into those manifold contacts with manifold personalities, the

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influence of which one has as much reason to dread in the case of an ingenuous boy as to welcome. The combination of the home influence with that of college would seem, on many accounts, to be a great desideratum. Therefore one can readily recognize that young Eugene's entrance upon college life at Rutgers would be desirable and judicious.

Besides, the period of the '40's was not an era in which the American people had as yet come to love mere bigness for its own sake, or were generally dazzled by the pretensions of large institutions. Harvard and Yale of course had, even in those days, their special dignity from age, from association, and from a certain advantage in a large staff of distinguished teachers and specialists. But it was a belief then, and a just belief, that as far as education meant the formation of a certain taste in the young,—so far as it meant honest study of the usual college curriculum,—so far in particular as it meant the acquirement of those "humanities" which produce the man and gentleman rather than the money-maker of any kind,—a small college, all things being equal, would be quite as effective as a larger one. Indeed, even more so; because there would be a larger area of time and larger opportunities for intimate knowledge and association between pupil and teacher. And, indeed, it may be that in those respects the judgment of the older generation was better and wiser than our own.

It is getting to be a rather rare thing to find an average graduate of the modern university or college



Mrs. Garrit Storm

From a painting in possession of Samuel V. Hoffman

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who can speak to you sympathetically and understandingly of the men and women of the Homeric age; of the interest and charm of the Hellenic spirit; or of the dignity of the old Roman manhood; or indeed of anything which belongs to the princelier side of human life or feeling. The modern education no longer makes so largely men of culture as it makes specialists of one kind or another.

The smaller colleges did and do most noble work, when teachers have been competent; when they have had the teacher's insight and the teaching mind; when they have been men, and not doctrinaires and pedants; where students have been taught to know and to respect their own genius and possibilities; and when the scholarship of the ages, and the scholarship of the unchanging humanities, is kept well to the front.

The older view of education probably formed the atmosphere of Rutgers at the time young Eugene was a student (1843-47). At this long distance from the period of his undergraduate life, it is impossible to know much of the college atmosphere, or of the atmosphere of the minds of the men who filled the professors' chairs, or of the spirit and tone of the college. It was probably, like all other institutions of its kind looked at generally, a mixture of the ideal and the disappointing. This earth would be heaven if we nowhere met any but Jean Paul Richter's "divine men," in academic or other paths of life.

We know well that there was quite enough of that stimulating friendship and intercourse of young men

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which Edward Everett Hale has pronounced the chief good of a college,—that contact of generous youths with each other which of itself is a school of the humanities and of the world.

And indeed, from the very limited records left of the life of Rutgers in young Hoffman's period, we discern the usual college landscape which is recognized by all college men: study, recitations, declamations; mingled reverence for and criticism of the faculty, confident judgment of how things should be, ardent friendships, heated contests of the Greek-letter and other societies, comic songs; (happily there were no college "yells" in those Arcadian days, the collegian not having yet become a "megaphone," as the *New York Sun* puts it;) little affectations of dangerous conviviality, some swagger, and much gaiety; a consciousness of collegiate superiority; smart caps, coats, canes, and ties; a little harmless foppery;—these have always largely characterized the college days of everybody.

And happy days they were and always are! Who would lessen the glamour that enshrouds them? Who would forget the memories of that golden age of one's youth which they so largely make up?

The late Dean entered Rutgers College as a freshman in the autumn of 1843, and graduated with the degree of A. B. in the summer of 1847. No classmate remains to tell the whole story of those Rutgers College days. Not much correspondence exists. The Dean's well known reticence seems early to have characterized him. He was chary of letters all his life, as

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he was of words. Not that he did not feel much, feel strongly, feel tenderly; but it was in his Scandinavian nature to be almost always silent and unexpressive. Such natures are often singularly sensitive. Richter somewhere says that the tenderest parts of the body are under the hard nails. So the unexpressive lip or pen may fail to reveal depths of emotion that really exist.

What letters remain of the Rutgers period are those addressed to the young collegian by his kindred and by a limited list of friends, some of whom were classmates, some lower classmen. They all have a human interest in them, and incidentally reveal the influences from home, kindred, and companions that were molding the young student, and, with these, those class and college society interests which make up so much of the atmosphere of every collegian's mind.

The letters, therefore, are given not so much as illustrating things in young Hoffman's career, (though they do evince the affections in which he was held,) but as illustrating the influences above indicated; and, in addition, they contain details of the life of those times which, like all formative or historical things that have passed away, should have a place in memory.

The series may be fitly introduced by letters of Mr. Garrit Storm, who was maternal grandfather to young Hoffman. His letters have here and there an almost Pepys-like liveliness and detail, and their news-telling, quite apart from the person to whom they are addressed, makes them very readable. The first of these, which we shall place here, was written when his

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grandson was a young lad about twelve years of age, and was addressed to him at Newburgh, Orange County. Yet the interest the old man showed in the boy, the spirit of judicious approbation evinced, and the generous desire to mark that interest and approbation, are worth recording.

NEW YORK, May 27th, 1841.

My dear Eugene:

I was exceedingly pleased to receive a letter from you and highly gratified with the goodness of your writing. It contained a good deal of information, conveyed in a way very creditable to you.

Your Aunt Louisa and Uncle Robert left here this morning for Po'keepsie. They go to a place called Dover Plains, about 20 miles back in the country. . . . They wanted to have a good look at you as they passed. Warren dined with me on Tuesday, and I read your letter to him. He was much puzzled (and so was I) to learn that Carroll was to have a pig for a pet. We could not imagine what he would do with it. He went home determined to see if his father and mother could tell.

So I find you have bought a cow, made garden, planted corn, potatoes, etc., etc. Why, you have become an actual, practical farmer, and I should not be surprised if you put in a claim for the Horticultural Premiums next Fall. All this I am glad to hear!

I hope you will have a good season and fine crops. I was surprised to learn that you wanted rain. I wish you had the excessive heavy shower which was succeeded by a steady heavy rain here on Tuesday afternoon. It rained all night hard.

Tell your mother that Mr. Miller had his house robbed on Saturday night last. About 9 o'clock a man entered the street door, which had been carelessly left unfastened, and went up into the parlour and carried off one French gilded branch,

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leaving the odd one, and the plated waiter. While he was busy upstairs, old Miller and the family were playing cards below. Please also tell her that I am trying another remedy (for the gout) which has been recommended to me by Alderman Furman, who was cured by it after suffering torment for seven years, during four of which he never tasted animal food, and, as he describes, never slept during the whole time. . . . I called upon Dr. Mott to know if he had met in France a case similar to mine. He said he had not.

I discover by your letter that my fine razor strap has been carried off and that my Windsor soap is missing. Your father did right in taking the ground he did.

To show you my gratitude at your letter and improvement, I have procured and herewith present you with a trout rod, with a silk line of 75 yards, a brass reel, a dozen hooks, and a bobber. There are also some buckshot for sinkers. They are to be split half in two, and then placed on the line. You will find a spear that screws into the butt-end of the rod. This is for use when fishing on the banks of a stream, to fix the pole upright while you bait the hook. The brass screw in the butt-end is to be drawn by using the spear like a gun-screw, and you will find inside an additional joint, in case of accident. I think the rod and accompaniments will please you.

Twelve o'clock. There is at this moment a report that the *President*¹ was seen sailing for the Azores. The account is brought by a ship at Quebec, which left England April 21st. It created quite a sensation, but I apprehend it to be too roundabout to place any confidence in.

With kind love to all, believe me to be

Your affectionate Grandfather, GARRIT STORM.

Mr. EUGENE A. HOFFMAN.

¹ *Note.*—The ship *President* alluded to was lost at sea, and the disaster caused widespread sorrow in America. Among its passengers was a much loved Methodist minister, Mr. Cookman.

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An equally characteristic letter of this companionable old grandfather is the following:

SUNDAY, MAY 28th, half-past one,
1843 or 44.

Dear Eugene:

I avail myself of a good opportunity that offers, by your Aunt who goes from here this afternoon, to reply to your letter of 25th inst. . . .

I congratulate you and your father upon the seasonable rain, which must have come very opportunely. It will save everything, everywhere. The drought extends all over Long Island, through Connecticut, is very severe on the North River, above Troy, and to the West.

I suppose the sale of the calf was the first disposal of the proceeds of the farm. I bought an excellent forequarter of heifer veal in the market at 3c. a lb.

Tell your Pa he must not apply the solution of the whale oil soap to the vines too strong, or it will kill them. If he has any diseased tree, let him bare the roots and apply thick as paint and watch if in a quarter of an hour worms do not come out. Mr. Gerry told me yesterday that his brother is not troubled with insects of any kind in his garden since he used it. He thinks everything of it. Also tell your father that money has never been known to be so plenty. First-class paper is done by some of the Banks at 4%. U. S. 6% yesterday reached 115, and N. Y. 6s 110. Young Paulding, son of the late Secretary of the Navy, is engaged to be married to the beautiful daughter of Green Pearson, and Charlie Livingston, the son of the late James Duane, is to be married to a daughter of Captain Merry.

Philip Hone has at last laid down his carriage, having sold off his establishment.

Had a good sermon of Pierre Irving, a nephew to Washington, this morning in St. John's Church. Afterwards drove

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down with your Aunt Louisa to see your Uncle Stephen's wife. She had already got off her church gown and a pretty rusty one on in place of it. The other goes on again at half-past two. Then went to see Mary M——; old man sitting at home all the morning,—no church; complained of having a cold. If he had a mortgage to negotiate, could have got out quick enough.

Afterwards home, where I am now seated, and while dinner is getting ready I am crowding all I can get into this letter.

How wonderfully well your Aunt Louisa and Warren look. I scarcely ever saw two weeks of country air produce such an effect.

Have got in all my quarter's rents without the loss of a dollar. All the tenants now demand the Croton water, which I agreed to give them. Went out with Mr. Charles March on Friday to see the progress of the High Bridge. Met there David Colden and wife, with Miss Wilkes.

They put the jet in play for us, which goes up 110 feet; but owing to a gale of wind at this time it had to be stopped. . . .

I send you the *Herald* with this. I wish you to look at the wonderful account of the late comet. It seems it struck the sun. Astronomers here and abroad came to the same conclusion at the same time. This accounts for its having no nucleus or head. It is considered one of the greatest astronomical wonders that have ever appeared.

Dinner is at the point of being served. Your Aunt Louisa has dressed the salad, so I must conclude, and subscribe myself,

Your very affectionate Grandpa,

GARRIT STORM.

P. S.—The last thing we are doing before closing this letter, is looking at two cats sitting on the lattice-work of the back fence. Haven't another thing of interest to add, even by way of postscript. Dinner is coming upstairs, have only time to fold and seal this.

Mr. EUGENE A. HOFFMAN, Bellevue, New Brunswick.

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The letters above given reveal not only a delightful personality in the writer,—full as they are of observation, humor, impetuous sincerity, decided opinions, and frank speech,—but they also reveal a charming comradeship between the warm-hearted and loquacious old gentleman and the silent young boy, his grandson.

What love must have possessed the old man's heart to have led him to pour himself out in such detail to a mere lad. What confidence also in the intelligent sympathy of the boy, whom he expects to take in those points of manifold details the letters bristle with. One is sorry, as one reads, that so little is left of this notable and interesting old man. What a pity that so nimble a mind and so bright a humor left so few echoes behind.

Among all young Hoffman's college acquaintances at Rutgers, certain men seem to stand out as having borne special relations of friendship to him. These (as they are indicated in the order of their letters) were Thomas Grant Whitehead and his brother Charles E. W., Watts Galusha, John Ferdon, Elias Dusenberry, Benjamin B. Leacock, Ezra Warren Collier, and J. Romeyn Berry.

Among these Leacock stood as "Fidus Achates." "Ben," as he is always affectionately spoken of, was very close to young Hoffman's heart. He was a young colonial from Bermuda, son of Rev. Mr. Leacock, a missionary to Africa, sturdy, strong, full of impulse and energy; a Churchman, too, of the old evangelical type, but a true lover of his spiritual mother, quick to resent dishonor done her or her beliefs by speech or act. It



Mr. Garrit Storm

From a painting in possession of Samuel V. Hoffman

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is said that on one occasion he resented in a Rutgers class-room some invidious remark made by a professor about Trinity Church, which the chivalrous young Churchman thought should not pass without protest.

Probably among all his classmates and friends "Ben" kept his hold longest and most firmly. Like his friend Hoffman, he eventually took Holy Orders, and after their long geographical separation on earth (Leacock returned to the Bermudas) they are now united in a higher world.

Nothing of note seems to have happened in the Rutgers College experience except at the very last, when the faculty, in distributing the graduating honors, created an ebullition of excited emotion common in college life when the dignity and position of the college literary societies has seemed at stake.

There existed at Rutgers at this time two college societies, the Philoclean and the Peithesophian. Besides these, but of more recent origin, there was the Delta Phi fraternity, which was suspected of an ambition to rule the older societies by precipitating its members into each of them, thus dominating them by the Delta Phi influence. As an indignant student (evidently not a Delta Phi) writes: "Its design in this institution is to regulate and control the internal affairs of both the Peithesophian and Philoclean societies. This they would do by swelling their numbers in each society to such an extent as to effectually veto any two-thirds vote which they who belong to no other society may wish to carry."

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Simultaneously with the organization of the Delta Phi fraternity in the college, the spirit of enmity and confusion made its appearance among the students; friend was set against friend, brother against brother, and those who had long stood side by side in the Peithesophian and Philoclean societies suddenly found themselves in an hostile attitude to each other. Fortunately for the peace of the Philoclean Society, she expelled, one night, six of her members wearing the Delta Phi badge. This, then, was the situation of the societies.

At the Commencement of 1847 the Philoclean seems to have expected to carry away the lion's share in the honors of the day. The statutes of Rutgers College made it the duty of the faculty to award honorary orations at Commencement to the four most meritorious students. On this occasion it came about that in the judgment of the faculty "the four most meritorious students" to whom the orations were assigned happened to be members of the Peithesophian rather than of the Philoclean Society.

The Philocleans at once concluded, after the manner of young collegians, that the faculty had been unfair and partial in their award of honors, and had not sufficiently appreciated the gifts of the Philoclean members of the class. A strenuous effort was therefore made on the part of the Philocleans to induce their colleagues in the graduating class to refuse to "speak" on the Commencement stage.

It was also resolved that the members of the society

with "Discontented Pallocleans, led by Lay-

- 14. Foreign Delta Phi's with heavy boots and canes, to applaud the brethren.
- 15. The omeyro Kappa Alpha Society.
- 16. The Psi Chi Society, consisting of Ezra, Warren and Collier.

The phalanx having been formed in the above order according to the principles of concordant disarray, every one will pass by Beany & Sizer's and arrive at the place of destination, where after a few hours

on arriving in the Church will read the first act to Sharpe and Voorlies.

- 38. Foreign Tijseya, headed by Poke Tallmadge.
- 39. Dr. Woodhill and his prognosis.
- 40. Larry, Hasbrouck and Franic Snuyder, with bunged eyes.

a few remarks. In the first place I must assure the audience that this was my tard honor innn, by adverse fate made first, for it was the intention of my mind and the wish of my heart to confer the first honor on Mr. Sharpe, and thus fulfil my promises to his friends, I therefore must throw the whole blame on the chemical professor of which "caveat emptor," although I must acknowledge my conscience surreptitiously compelled me to give my casting vote for Mr. Sharp for second honor. At this stage of the proceedings Mr. Scudler will come forward and deliver his valedictory address. After which he will let his mantle fall from off his shoulders upon those of Stinky Joe, his hopeful brother. Davenport having been sent for, will now stir up Dr. Howe with a long pole and show the ladies his teeth. The audience having at length been awakened by his growling, and feeling "aching rotid," within will very suddenly evaporate.

Rutgers College Burlesque, 1847

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should drop their accustomed Philoclean rosette and wear only a blue ribbon on Commencement day. They also, in the energy of their youthful indignation, resolved that any Philoclean who should wear a rosette should be deemed guilty of insult to the society and his name be stricken from the roll. To further mark their indignation, some of the Philocleans put their heads together and devised a mock order of the Commencement procession and programme. This was written in the lively and exaggerated extravaganza style of all similar productions. It was full, as the writers undoubtedly believed, of the most withering satire on the faculty and on the men who had the honors of the day thrust upon them by the iniquitous appointment of the authorities. The extravaganza was headed: "*Unanimity Marvellously Distracted. Xerxes Flogging the Hellespont. The Mysteries of Paris Outdone by the Mysteries of Rutgers.*" It seems to have been prepared in great secrecy and with some sense of unparalleled daring. To this burlesque, as it was popularly called, some of the following letters relate.

The above explanation of the situation is not given because the facts had any importance in themselves. College tumults are generally like the battles of the kites and crows, amusing exercises of passion and ingenuity, but no more. The facts related are placed here because they give the key to some references in the letters remaining of the Rutgers period. They also have a certain interest in themselves as contributing to that "color" which is inseparable from college life.

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The following letters were all addressed to young Hoffman by the various friends already mentioned. They have about them a touch of the old fashion of formality of address, but the heart of youth is nevertheless manifested in them.

WALDEN, N. Y., Sept. 1st, 1846.

Dear Sir :

It is with great pleasure that I acknowledge receipt of a letter from my friend " Hoff," some week or more since, and I should have answered it more seasonably either according to its kind or in person, had not the existing circumstances in our family engrossed my time and diverted my mind from the idea of visiting you, which I did entertain in the first part of vacation.

George H. Sharp and Jim Ludlow from Napanoch were at our house a couple of weeks ago. They came on foot, a distance of twenty miles, and Charles returned with them the next day. Armed and equipped with their guns and accoutrements, they looked liked a young army. I think they were fortunate in not getting into any trouble, as Sharp was captain and the others were probably graduated according to his standard—a hopeful company! Charlie returned on Saturday from Sullivan County, whither he and Sharp had wandered in pursuit of deer. They were lost in the woods, and remained out two nights with no shelter but the trees to protect them from the soaking rain. "They saw some deer, but could not get a shot at them." I expected Paul Van Clief to preach for us next Sunday, but he could not come.

Father went to New York this morning with my brother Henry, whom I believe you saw at N. B. [New Brunswick] at Commencement. He is going to study law with a Mr. Kinney. I expect there will be a large wedding in Walden. In a couple of weeks I leave for New Brunswick. I will therefore

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not be able to attend. I will try and come to New Brunswick a day or two before the first, when we can canvass all the important events of the day, among which of course will be Delta Phi. Am sorry to hear of the Prex and of the anticipating of his resignation. I wish you would wait until I graduate. Sharp and Ned are very ignorant, to all appearances, concerning the Burlesque, but I should not wonder if the faculty smelled the rat. We must keep an eye to the Philoclean Society, or I am afraid we shall be minus as to numbers.

The weather is very hot here, and I trust it will become cooler before college commences, till which time may we increase in health and strength, in mind and body, and wax valiant for conquest and honor in the literary campaign of 1846, and ever after then remain in the same bonds of fellowship and love which have heretofore united us, and now fast hold us, namely, the bonds of the Philoclean Society.

Give my respects to your father, and love to all enquiring friends, and believe me,

Yours truly,

T. GRANT WHITEHEAD.

E. A. HOFFMAN, Esq.

The following letter is from Watts Galusha.

ST. PETER'S PARSONAGE,
PERTH AMBOY, Sept. 26th, 1846.

My Dear Hoffman:

Your favor of 31st ult. was received on the point of departure from Preble, consequently I was not able to write you as I wished. Subsequently to that time I have been flying from one place to another, until at last I have found rest for the soles of both my feet in New Jersey, where I have been since day before yesterday.

Ben has been very unwell ever since my return. He has

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a very severe cold in his head, and I can not even guess when he will arrive superior to the "snuffles." He begs you will come down on Monday or Tuesday. To his voice I join my own, and add a hope that, as Ben cannot go with me to see you next week, you will come here, and what time we have left, after writing that ——, both of us can spend in looking at the young man who went to Montreal. I am very sorry that that party of Ben, Wood, Strong, and Galusha cannot "come off" at the young Hoffman's, but it was impossible for me to get down the river sooner. Now for a substitute.

Ben does not return to college until next Monday week. I, however, must be in New Brunswick before that time. I do not know that lectures will be had before the week after next, but nominally the college opens on October 1st, and of course the new students will be on hand at the first stroke of the bell.

The "subjects" (that is, new students) must have some of our attention. The substitute I propose is this. That you come to the parsonage on Monday, if possible, and spend the time till Wednesday or Thursday (as you shall say), and then you and I will go on to B., attend prayers, if any are had, finish our report at your room, keep our eye on the P's—in short, make the vacation last till Saturday evening. What say you?

That report ought to be written soon, and this is the only way I see in which we can lay our heads together.

If you can not come, write and let me know that most unpleasant fact. But No! you must come. Ben says so! I say so! You see you are in the minority. We have two-thirds. Carried. Mr. Hoffman will come.

Believe that I am, Yours most faithfully,

WATTS GALUSHA.

E. A. HOFFMAN, Esq.

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The following very solemn letter, from an earlier acquaintance than Rutgers days, nevertheless links itself with this period, and has its own interest as a study of what is called temperament. Its general tone, of a sort of wooden formality, seems inconceivable as a tone of youth. Its very rigidity gives it an interest, however, and doubtless a warm and human heart throbbed under the apparent mental straight-jacket of the serious-minded writer, Mr. John L——d of Columbia College.

NEW YORK, Feb. 19th, 1847.

Respected Friend:

I have to acknowledge the receipt of the catalogue you so kindly sent me, and should have replied to its suggestions before this but that I have been compelled, on account of the necessity of preparing myself for the examination, which has just concluded.

You may perhaps enquire what was the tenor of those suggestions. I will tell you. It indicated a friendly feeling, which I think I will not deceive myself if I construe into a sense of long-standing friendship, and though few opportunities have been afforded for evincing that friendship, yet it has continued unimpaired. A true friendship contracted at school is generally lasting, because the mind, which is then easily molded, attaches itself only to those of similar tastes and similar proficiency; and as these are coincident at the time when the friendship is contracted, it usually continues so, or nearly so, while at school, and thus the same attractions which induced the feeling continue to be felt with equal force.

You requested me to acknowledge your communication by sending a catalogue from Columbia. I regret to state that the students do not publish such nomina, and I was consequently incapacitated to fill your request. I might have indeed

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transmitted to you a copy of the statutes and included the course, but this, I presume, would not be very acceptable.

I saw D. E. Meeker and A. J. Cardoza about two weeks ago. They were then well. I understood from the former that you are frequently in the city. If so, I would be gratified to see you at our house, 37 Bank Street, whenever you find it convenient.

I saw Mr. Shoyer on the 1st of January and had a long chat with him in the street. He looks exactly as he used to. I believe he is teaching at a ladies' school somewhere uptown, besides having a number of private pupils. His mother and aunt are at Montreal. Mr. Wall I saw about two weeks ago. He then said he intended opening a school in 11th Street, on Monday the 25th. Whether he has done so or not, I am unable to say.

I am very tired and weary. You consequently will please excuse the shortness of this epistle, and be so kind as to communicate.

Your respected friend,

JOHN L——D, Jr.

EUGENE A. HOFFMAN, Esq.

A second and characteristic letter of Mr. L——d will be read with some interest.

37 BANK STREET, NEW YORK,
March 13th, 1847.

Dear Friend:

Your communication of the 25th ulto., in answer to mine, was duly received, affording me, I assure you, a deal of pleasure, especially as you desire to continue the correspondence. Allow me to inform you that your desire is reciprocated, and that an opportunity is now offered of reviving that friendship which had nearly been effaced by five or six long years of separation.



“Bellevue”

Summer residence of Mr. Samuel V. Hoffman, New Brunswick, N. J.

From an old lithograph

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You request me to inform you of all which is connected with my college life, what class I am in, how I like it, etc. How did you forget that what would interest you in this respect, would likewise, in reverse, interest me? How did you fail to advise me of your associations in college? Recollect, if you please, that I shall receive with pleasure any information on that score which you may be so kind as to communicate by your next.

I am in the Junior class, which consists of 28, about the average in our college. Morgan Dix, a son of the Senator of New York, stands at the head. Of his abilities I forbear to speak, but I may say he is a capital fellow. He belongs to the Psi Upsilon fraternity (a secret association), as do also the three other heads of classes in college. To this society I have the honor of belonging.

We are reading now in Greek the tragic poet Æschylus, which we find rather tough, especially the Agamemnon. The Prometheus is not as difficult. In Latin we are reading Plautus (using Prof. Proudfit's edition). We have not yet become sufficiently interested in the play to judge of its merits. As regards our literary societies, we have but two, the Philoclean and the Peithesophian. To the former I have the honor of belonging. It can not regard the other as a rival, it stands so much higher. We have weekly meetings, on Friday evenings, and the duties are composition, declamation, or debate. We have an anniversary usually in April, but sometimes it is put off to a later period. George C. Farrar, our old schoolmate, now a classmate of mine, having left Shoyer's and entered college when I did, speaks at the coming anniversary.

You say you have vacation in April; if so, you may be able to be in the city at that time. In that case I shall give you a ticket for the anniversary, and I doubt not you will be pleased with the performances, which consist of seven orations and eight pieces of music.

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We choose our President from the graduates, as these are men likely to add dignity to the chair and weight to our deliberations. Are you satisfied with my details?

I believe there is no chapter of the Psi Upsilon fraternity at your college, though I presume you have secret societies in abundance. Do you belong to any?

I like college much. It has had a very beneficial influence on my mind and character. It has given me a better knowledge of human nature. It has made me ambitious in the cultivation of letters, and many other salutary effects has it had on me. I have not yet fully determined what I shall do after leaving. I have yet ample time to consider this momentous question.

You speak of class exhibitions. We have nothing of that sort. I must yield a spirit of enterprise and novelty to your and other colleges, but for a thorough classical course I think you must yield to us.

Believe me, Yours, etc., JOHN L—D, Jr.
E. A. HOFFMAN, Esq.

The following letters from John F. Buraage refer to the matters already related in connection with Commencement honors, action of the Philoclean Society, the burlesque, etc.

NEWARK, July 6th, 1847.

My Dear Hoffman:

Yours of 3rd inst. has just been received. According to your request I hasten to reply to your communication. I have been unable to see all the members in town, owing to their absence. I should have delayed writing, had I any prospect of seeing them soon. There are three or four courts now sitting in Trenton, where they are attending. They come home on Saturday night and go back on Monday morning. I will see the rest as soon as possible and let you know their opinions. The

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subject of this letter is a grave one and thus far has received the consideration which its importance demands, but the opinion of all whom I have consulted is decidedly averse to the course which the society has resolved to adopt. Their opinions are entitled to weight. They never would yield when resistance ought to be made, for they are the leading Philocleans of '36.

The first resolve says that the society considers that they have been treated with indignity. This we can all subscribe to. The second is a resolution that the society do not wear badges on Commencement Day. This course, we think, is impolitic and prejudicial to the society. What object can be gained? I answer, none; but it will appear as if the loss of one or two paltry honors, bestowed by favor on fawning sycophants, made the Philocleans ashamed of their own badge. This measure would throw the Peithesophians into ecstasies. It is the very thing that would delight them beyond expression. An eclipse serves to make the sun shine brighter. The glory of the society has been resplendent during past years. This is only a momentary eclipse, only partial, but by the course now contemplated it would be rendered total.

The action of the society has been rash. The "honors" were distributed on Wednesday; on Friday these resolutions were passed. Isn't that a *prima facie* evidence of rashness? . . .

We who are removed from the scenes of this turmoil can view the subject more calmly than you who are daily brooding over your wrongs. Never let it be said that a Philoclean forsook his badge. As for me, if the whole society were proscribed, calumniated by the whole corps of President, Faculty, and Trustees, I would clothe myself in the blue vestments from top to toe and beard the lion in his den. Our badge I view with pride. I preserve mine and consider it a precious relic. Let me lose my coat, but let me keep my badge!

I propose the following: That on this point the society take

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no decided step. That on Tuesday afternoon before Commencement the resolution shall be called up and the graduates be allowed to express their opinions. This will be time enough. There is no immediate haste on this point. . . .

The third resolution is that the Society earnestly request the Seniors not to speak. So it is wanted to increase apparently a dishonor, if it is a dishonor. The society has undoubtedly been wronged, but let the members of the Senior Class resolve that on Commencement Day they will maintain the glory of the society unimpaired.

Let each one arm himself and come to the contest, and, incited by a just sense of the wrongs the society has sustained, show to the world that, if they are deprived of honors justly due to them as scholars, they are all ready to meet the foe basking in the sunshine of favor; that in the great theatre of life they will far outstrip the favored minions of the faculty; that before an impartial audience they can gain that glory which is beyond the reach of prejudiced power. Persons from a distance, unacquainted with college politics, will not know the reasons why the Philocleans do not speak. They will naturally inquire the cause. Probably an unfavorable version will be given. You know that the mass always think the faculty right and the students wrong, when the facts are beyond their reach. Certainly we shall bear all the blame.

Hoping that this affair will be amicably adjusted, I am,

Yours always,

JOHN F. BURAGE.

P. S.—The rumpus which this has raised will no doubt teach the faculty a lesson. I write this letter with the request that you read it to the society. You are by all means to consult Thompson, Demarest, and the other men in town. You must look out for the Grammar School. Schenck promised me that he would be a Philoclean. I shall endeavor to come on the Friday before Commencement.

J. F. B.

My regards to the society individually and collectively. Have a large rosette for me.

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NEWARK, July 7th, 1847.

Dear Hoffman:

Yours under this date has just been received. You express surprise on my change of sentiment, and not without reason. I did intend to allude to it in my communication of yesterday, but I forgot it. When I saw you on Friday last my feelings were excited. I had had a long conversation on the subject with Leacock. I then spoke as I felt, but on reflection, suggested by your letter and the conversation I had with members, my opinion certainly underwent a change.

I can not converse with any of our members, as all are now at the Supreme Court. All whom I saw do manifest some feeling that the society has received no honors.

Your letter, as far as I am concerned, puts the subject in a very different light from that in which I viewed it when my former communication was penned. As to not wearing badges, I would renew my proposition, though I think I should advise the course you propose, the resolution being explained as it was by your last communication. Still, nothing can be lost by following the course I heretofore recommended. It will bring the whole subject before our graduates, who can then understand it. I think it will be attended with beneficial consequences. As to printing a statement, etc., I am decidedly opposed to such a course. The burlesque will do all that is necessary on that score.

In relation to the speakers, you are certainly correct *sub modo*. I was not aware that no more than three Philocleans intended speaking; but, as the matter stands at present, I think it would be a good mode of escape for the society.

Under these circumstances my letter had better not be read. Only propose the reference to the graduates. Had not Todd better write to the *Daily* to arrange for a report? You may be sure that the Delta Phi's will make an effort for it. Forestall them.

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You will keep me advised of the progress of events, won't you?

Yours truly,

JOHN F. BURAGE.

EUGENE A. HOFFMAN, Esq.

The following letter is in the same general direction.

NEW YORK, July 8th, 1847.

Dear Hoffman:

I received yours of the 7th this morning, with the information that resolutions had been passed by the society to the effect that the Philoclean portion of the college appear at Commencement with a simple blue ribbon and request the Philocleans of the Senior Class not to speak.

These resolutions I consider now, as I did when suggested to me before, as very appropriate on this occasion. They do not prevent our society from appearing on that day, but simply as an evidence that the society takes notice of this decision of the faculty and can not appear in their usual regalia on that day.

I feel, after hearing of this resolution, that the ark has fallen in good hands, and that Philocleans are, as ever, bold and fearless asserters of right, and ready and willing to rebuke any insult offered to the society.

The distribution of honors cannot, I think, be considered in any other light than that of a direct insult, and one without a parallel in the history of Rutgers College. I have heard of attempts to disorganize our fraternity; of attempts to force Philocleans into the same opinion as that of the faculty; of resolutions to compel us to review our proceedings; of resolutions to fix our hour of adjournment and the time of holding our meeting; of the effort of the President to abolish our anniversary exhibition; and in fact of almost every indignity in former years that I can see the faculty dare offer. But the

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present action of the faculty in relation to the honors cannot in my opinion be designated by any such weak word as "indignity," but rather as the most outrageous insult ever thrown in our teeth.

It is indeed an act better fitting the faculty of Rutgers College than any other body in the country. The distribution of college honors, according to their system, is indeed no honor. They live but on Commencement Day. Its exercises over, the honors no longer exist. However much it may please the caprices of the faculty to give the honors to their favorites, the judgment of the students, and the opinions of the outsiders, render this of little account.

The gracious hand of a college economy dealt very sparingly in its honors when the Class of '45 graduated, but we soon found that it was preferable to deserve an honor than to have one.

With the knowledge I have of the talent of the graduating class, especially the Philoclean portion of it, I do not think that the faculty could have wandered farther from what is right; and were the class all to speak, I feel confident of the enviable situation in which they would be placed in comparison with the fortunate Peithesophians.

I do not wish to deprive the members of the society or the Senior Class of the privilege of speaking at Commencement, if such is their wish. But as very few would speak, if the resolution had not passed, it will not meet with much opposition from that quarter, nor will it be considered as taxing them too much if the resolution is complied with. Excuse haste.

With great respect for yourself and society, I remain,

Yours,

ELIAS DUSENBERRY.

With the above letter the Rutgers series ends. Letters remain written at a later period by the young Rutgers collegians whom we have thus far encoun-

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tered. Young Hoffman meanwhile, however, had left Rutgers and New Brunswick to pursue his destiny in other directions.

Looking in a more serious direction, we encounter the late Dean's name as one of a committee of the Philoclean Society (the committee consisting of Watts Galusha, Hoffman, and Calvin Case) appointed to draw up resolutions on the death of Herman J. C. Guldin, son of the Rev. J. C. Guldin. That committee deplored the loss of one "in whom the beauty of nobleness of character and gentleness of deportment seemed to be very conspicuous."

From some newspaper cuttings it has been possible to recover interesting details of the Commencement at which young Hoffman obtained his degree of A. B.

July 27th. The Commencement exercises of Rutgers College began this morning. At 11 o'clock President Hasbrouck delivered the Baccalaureate Address to the Senior Class in the college chapel. The audience was large, and composed of the youth and beauty as well as the literati of the land. The subject of the address was "The Study of American History." It was treated in the President's usual felicitous style. He deprecated the neglect of this study by the young men of the country, and showed that familiarity with American history, particularly the biographies of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, had a tendency to foster a spirit of freedom. In commenting on the undue admiration of military power, he made the but too true remark that *Washington and His Generals* was in the hands of every student, while the *Lives of the Signers* lies unheeded in the bookcase or is left to moulder on the publisher's shelf.



Eugene Aug^s Hoffman

From a daguerreotype, about 1849

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He pronounced a glowing eulogy on the memory of John Jay. . . . The more public exercises of the day began with the meeting of the Alumni at 12 o'clock. The introductory prayer was offered by the Rev. Dr. DeWitt of New York. Rev. Andrew Bell Patterson, who graduated in 1834 with highest honors at the college, then delivered the annual Oration.

In the afternoon the societies had their meetings in their respective halls. Having concluded their peculiar exercises at half-past three o'clock, a procession a half mile in length was formed, and marched to the First Reformed Dutch Church, all the while to sonorous metal, blowing martial sounds. There the great feature of the day, the oration before the two literary societies, was delivered by T. Theodore Romaine, Esq., of Detroit, Michigan. In the absence of the President, he was introduced to the audience by Ex-Governor Vroom. The subject was, "The Situation and Prospects of our Country, the Nature and Origin of our Institutions, our Relation to them, and the Duties arising therefrom."

Wednesday, July 28th.—The Commencement "par eminenence" took place to-day. A finer morning never opened its eyes upon the earth,—clear and agreeably cool, the dust laid, and gentle breezes blowing, it was just the day for the occasion. For more than an hour before the appointed time of meeting carriages poured in from the country in an almost unbroken stream, and when the clock struck ten the immense area of the Old Dutch Church was crowded with the mighty throng. Fathers and mothers were there to hear the oratory of their sons, and to witness the ceremonies which returned them to their home, crowned with academic laurels. Brothers, sisters, friends, and perhaps those who were even dearer than they, all were there, joyful in the exaggerated confidence of affection that he in whom they felt the deepest interest would do honor to himself and them.

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They were not disappointed. The speeches, as a whole, did great credit to the class. At 9.30 o'clock the procession moved from the college campus to the First Dutch Church, escorted by Dingle's Brass Band. Here the exercises were opened with prayer by the Rev. Dr. Romeyn of Bergen Point. The young gentlemen of the Senior Class then pronounced their orations in the following order.

Order of Exercises.

- George H. Sharp, Kingston, N. Y., Latin Salutatory.
Henry Dayter, Paterson, N. J., Honorary Oration, "Immortality of Greatness."
Charles E. Whitehead, Walden, N. Y., "Spirit of Our Country," a poem.
Henry F. Van Derveer, Warwick, N. Y., "Warwick."
Nathaniel W. Voorhees, Bedminster, N. J., "National Recollections."
J. Lawrence Pool, New Brunswick, N. J., "Signs of the Times."
Benjamin W. Crowell, St. Andrew's, N. Y., "Antidote of Error."
Benjamin C. Lippincott, New York City, "March of Intellect."
Wesley Taylor, Paterson, N. J., "Praise an Incentive to Effort."
Anson Dubois, Kiskatown, N. Y., "The Real and the Ideal."
Watts Galusha, Preble, N. Y., "The Patriot's Death," a poem.
Henry J. Voorhees, Princeton, N. J., "Mind in Ruin."
Isaac M. Fisher, Bedminster, N. J., and Isaac N. Wyckoff, New Brunswick, N. J., "Civilization."
Samuel D. Scudder, Madras, India, Valedictory.

After a few words of commendation of the speakers in detail, the writer or reporter significantly adds, doubtless referring to circumstances we are already familiar with, "We regret that circumstances of an unpleasant nature prevented other gentlemen from

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appearing who are reckoned among the best speakers in this institution." This ended young Hoffman's life at Rutgers.

The possibilities all are that some lingering sense of the actual or supposed injustice done him and certain of his fellow Philocleans remained in his mind through later years, for he seldom spoke of Rutgers and seldom visited it after his graduation. Yet it is interesting to note that New Brunswick and Rutgers gave him the most blessed gift of his life,—the beautiful love which adorned his younger days, and the still deeper and most touching and faithful wifely love of fifty years of later life. To this happy association he passingly alluded in the last words on record from him respecting his college days and associations, and which are found in the journal begun soon after graduation. In this post-script, as it were, to his happy college days, he embalms in his touching entry both the love and the friendship of those gracious years.

Oct. 8th, 1847.—Arrived in New York about 7 o'clock and took the cars for Brunswick, where I arrived about 11. In the evening called on Mary Elmendorf. While there Berry came in. Afterwards went up to Society, which I found in a very unprosperous condition. . . . After Society, as I had been invited, went to a supper given by Benjamin Leacock. There were but seven of us there, namely, J. A. Todd, J. Wortendyke, W. Galusha, W. Strong, L. Pool, Ben, and myself, John Ferdon being detained at home by

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illness of his sister, and Berry not liking to come, having entered the Seminary.

We were all of us intimate friends, and it is probably the last time we seven shall meet on earth. It was the most affecting, painful scene I have ever passed through, although I have no doubt it was a very beneficial one to us. It called to my remembrance every event in my college life, and the hallowed scenes we had passed through. It not only makes me melancholy to visit New Brunswick, but deeply engraves on my mind the vanity of all earthly things, and that man is but a shadow, which soon passes away and is gone forever.

The next entry is in the same spirit.

Oct. 9th.—Spent most of the morning with Ben, who is to-day in New Brunswick, the last time before leaving for the West Indies. This is the final breaking up of my little clique in college, and whether or where or when we shall meet again on this earth, Thou only knowest, O God! Last evening and this morning have made me almost sick abed with the excitement, which no one who has not passed through a similar occasion can conceive of. It has, however, strongly impressed upon my mind this fact, that we are but strangers and sojourners here below.

Life makes the soul dependent upon the dust,
Death gives her wings to mount above the spheres;
Death but entombs the body, Life the Soul.

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TO the end of his life the late Dean was an advocate and fosterer of postgraduate study. So must any intelligent man be, provided the graduate student really possesses the studious and scholarly mind; provided also that the things studied be worth the time and labor devoted to them, and worthy also of the subtraction meanwhile of the graduate's personal labor from the actual and practical work of life.

At this precise juncture in our educational experiments (1903), one who has had opportunity to observe how things are actually going must often doubt both the wisdom and the value of a good deal of contemporaneous "postgraduate work." Not that the thing in its own nature is not entirely desirable under right conditions, but because it has become largely a thing of pretension, of *éclat*, of unreality.

Very often men who are largely incapable from mere inertia of taking up energetic and practical life, dawdle a few years around educational institutions, going through the mere form of advanced or additional reading, and are none the wiser or stronger when it is all over. They are, however, labelled as persons who have taken "courses" of lectures from distinguished

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quarters, on subjects practical or visionary, but which often do not at all count in the vital work of the world.

When a student is really a man of mind, and has a really great and unappeasable instinct and aptitude for study and learning, then by all means he should have every opportunity our modern resources can give him for complete information on the special lines his nature and gifts prompt him to. But when he has only ordinary gifts and capacities, and no dominating genius for specialties, the necessities of the world demand that he go to work as soon as possible and do what he may on the ordinary planes of life.

Erasmus used to laugh at certain degrees and their insignia as mere "lions' skins" which sometimes very un-lion-like persons carry. That phrase suggests just what one fears. Postgraduate study very often, and certain of its rewards very often, are but the seeking and attainment of the "lion's skin" with which to impress a wondering and admiring world, which likes to think that it beholds, in the young postulants for its favor, youthful Atlases bearing worlds of learning upon their shoulders. The young doctor of this or that, who has taken "courses" of instruction at this university or that, abroad or at home, may yet be quite unable to read intelligently to an audience of cultivated people, quite ignorant of Plato, or Dante, or Chaucer, or Wordsworth, or Ruskin, or Emerson, or of any of the beautiful and helpful thought of the world which it has been the office of literature to record. Yet he

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has taken a certain number of years of "postgraduate study," and hence must be a very learned and important man!

The late Dean, on leaving Rutgers, felt the need of wider study, especially in a mathematical direction. He had, as the whole world now knows, an administrative genius of highest order, to which the mathematical talent is certainly related. It was not, therefore, for the "lion's skin" that he proposed to himself additional study at Cambridge; it was because he felt the personal necessity of it to his own best use of his own special endowments.

The late Dean never mistook his genius. He never fancied himself a great litterateur, nor a great classicist, nor did he pretend to be even what is called a great theologian. His theological instinct was a very true one, and his mind and sympathies never were betrayed or deflected from the traditional and well tested pathway of sound and symmetrical theology,—the theology of the deposit of faith. But he made no special pretension to anything but the mathematical faculty he knew he possessed, and which he did not fear, with all his modesty, to acknowledge as his preëminent gift.

We generally feel the stirrings of our destiny in very early life; and doubtless he felt the moving of his spirit to complete himself along the line especially congenial to him. Bishop Brooks somewhere says, "Our desires are often prophecies of our destinies." And so indeed they often are. But no less true is it that our special genius is the prophecy and indication of our

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work in life. Indeed, the instinctive genius leads to "desire." With more or less of this feeling subconsciously working in him, (as it does in all young men of destiny,) young Hoffman prepared for further study, and chose Harvard University as his Mecca.

His graduate work was to be undertaken as a member of the Senior Class of Harvard. The story of his leaving home, his visit to New Haven, his experiences of persons and things at Cambridge, his observations and reflections of various kinds and on various subjects, can best be told in his own words. Therefore his Journal shall speak for him. It expresses him as no outside mind can do, and everywhere abounds in evidence of that close observation of detail afterwards so notable an element of his efficiency and usefulness. Besides, it reveals features of old time life and customs which make it worth while giving "in extenso." And above all it manifests, at appropriate moments, that religious spirit which was already deeply at work in him, and which was finally to lead to his priestly vocation and to his ecclesiastical career.

Sunday, Aug. 15th, 1847.—This is probably the last Sunday I shall be at home before leaving for Harvard University. I have had many serious thoughts to-day, and hope I have passed it in a profitable manner. Heard a very good sermon in the morning by Mr. Stubbs, Matthew v. 16.

Aug. 16th.—Sat this morning for a daguerreotype. Very poor, after all. . . .



Mary Crooke Elmendorf

From a daguerreotype, about 1849

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Aug. 17th.—Left home en route for New Haven. Pa and Ma thought I was glad to leave home because I said very little about it. I myself feel very badly about it; but when I make up my mind to do a thing I never say much about it. Made a good many purchases. In the evening went to Palmer's Opera House, to see the Ravelle Family. Spent the night with Warren [his cousin]; read a chapter in the Bible aloud. May not even such a slight occurrence through God's intervention be made a means to his eternal salvation? O God, grant that by patience and comfort of Thy Holy Word, that not only he, but I, may embrace and forever hold fast the blessed hope of everlasting life.

Aug. 18th.—Went to New Haven. Found the "Tontine" full. Succeeded, however, in getting a room in the town. In the afternoon took a walk about the city. I have been most agreeably disappointed. This may truly be called the "City of Elms." It is in fact the most beautiful town I have ever seen, and almost seems to me like an enchanted village. I can scarcely believe any one could ever get tired of walking its streets. In the evening called at Mrs. Hillhouse's, who lives at the head of Hillhouse Avenue and has by far the prettiest place in New Haven. They treated me with exceeding kindness, and not only invited me to tea to-morrow evening, but to Prof. Silliman, Jr.'s party, to which I went and where I enjoyed myself very much.

Aug. 19th.—Went to the college at 9 o'clock to see

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the procession. Very large. A great many graduates. Everything done in most excellent order, by means of constables. The procession filled the whole body of the church. No ladies allowed to enter except those that had tickets, and they were obliged to sit in the gallery, where no gentleman can enter. Ladies who are close relations to the graduating class allowed to sit on the stage. Queer custom. The audience, during the speaking, are obliged to keep an almost death-like silence and not to applaud any of the speeches. A very good custom. The students speak without gowns or badges, and are obliged to sit in the body of the church to leave room on the stage for the ladies. Very awkward. Faculty without gowns. The speeches generally well written, but badly spoken. In the course of this morning took a stroll through the cemetery. The monuments are most of them small and uninteresting. Saw, however, the tomb of Noah Webster, who had a plain granite shaft over his grave with the simple inscription "Webster," and also that of Eli Whitney, the inventor of the cotton gin, which grave is surmounted by a rather ugly monument of red stone with short inscription on three sides. The gateway and railing around the cemetery are beautiful and imposing, but the walks and grounds inside are not kept neat and clean as they should be. Am more and more enchanted with the appearance of New Haven. In the afternoon in church at Commencement. Speeches too long. Considerable disturbance at door of church, which arose from the fact that the students do not

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wear badges, and the constable, not knowing some of them, refused to allow them to enter. After Commencement walked home with the Misses Hillhouse, took tea there, and spent a very pleasant evening. In going to my room passed by the college building, where I saw many of the graduating class breaking the glass in their rooms. Very dignified and honorable beginning of the world for them!

To the end of his days the Dean had a special aversion to this kind of lawlessness, as indicating disregard for the rights of property. Nothing seemed more to ruffle his habitual serenity in his Seminary administration than any incident like the above.

Aug. 20th.—Arrived in New York at 6 o'clock; saw splendid sunrise over the East River. Stayed at Grandpa's for dinner; found Aunt Louisa, Warren, and Louisa. In the afternoon left for Boston on the steamer *Massachusetts*. Saw on the East River the new steamship *United States*, which had just been launched. I find that this travelling so occupies my mind and thoughts that I have no time for sober meditation, a most necessary thing. Oh, that I might be settled again, and be by myself some portion of the day!

Aug. 21st.—Arrived in Boston about 8 o'clock. As we had been told that there were two or three good hotels in Cambridge, we proceeded there immediately, but found there was not a hotel in Cambridge; and the nearest one was a mile and a half off and nothing

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to brag of then. We therefore started off in search of lodgings, which, after some trouble, we succeeded in getting at a Mr. Otis Danforth's. After dinner, my father and myself called on Mr. Everett, the President of Harvard, to whom my letter of introduction had already been sent. We found him in his study. On our entering, he arose in a very cold manner, although I had a letter from one of his most intimate friends, Charles Augustus Davis ("Jack Downing"), and another from Dr. Hasbrouck, President of Rutgers College. He is literally the most self-important, consequential, stiff, unpleasant man I ever met with. He is truly "as stiff as a poker." He is also much more particular about the letter than the spirit of the law. He even thought (although I had already graduated from Rutgers College and received my degree) that I ought to be examined in the studies in the freshman class as well as in the required studies in the senior class. I, however, made up my mind that if they were going to commence with me in this way I would immediately leave here and enter Yale College.

He then commenced talking of the Phi Beta Kappa Society in a very unfavorable manner (although himself a member and once president). He said it was a very great injury to the college, inasmuch as on the day the society had their anniversary the college was obliged to omit their regular studies; also that the members of the graduating class who were not elected were very much disappointed and felt jealous of those who were. (I wonder he did not recollect that was

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the same case with the "honors.") These, however, were the only two arguments he could bring up against it. He then saw us to the door, in a very cold and ungracious manner.

We then called on Prof. Felton, whom we found to be a very different man, being very polite and pleasant to us. He said he did not think it necessary for me to be examined at all, and that the faculty had a meeting this very evening, when he would bring the matter up, and on his way home would stop and inform us of the result. Certainly this was very kind of him, and I shall always hold it in grateful remembrance. Towards dusk walked out and saw the "Washington Tree," a number of churches, and Divinity College.

Cambridge has a great many more handsome places about it than I had expected. It is built up in a very scattering manner, and if any one should direct you to a place five or six houses off, on the other side of the street, unless you want a long walk you would do well to get a carriage.

Prof. Felton has just called here. How very kind of him! He tells me I have been admitted to the Senior Class in full standing, without examination. I feel much easier. I am certain, now that I have entered, that I can keep up well with my class. It is my firm intention to become a member of the Phi Beta Kappa Society, if I can. I shall strain every nerve, and set all sail.

Sunday, Aug. 22nd.—Rose quite late this morning. Sorry, as it gave me no time for meditation before

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church. Attended the Episcopal church. Very much disappointed. Thought from size of the place there would be a good congregation. Church small. Miserable congregation, smaller than the one at New Brunswick. Poor preacher. Read with his mouth almost shut, and swallowed his words. The pews the most uncomfortable I ever sat in. In the afternoon at church again. Feel very unsettled as yet. Cannot sit down and take up my Bible and read it as I ought to. Thoughts wandering about the college. I hope, however, before next Sunday to be settled in a new room and to have some time to myself. In the evening took a short walk down to the college wharf and saw the bathing and boat-houses of the students.

Aug. 23rd.—Called this morning on Mr. Stearns (steward), but could not obtain a single room in the college buildings. After hunting an hour or two, however, at last concluded to take a room at Mr. Rice's, next to Divinity College, and to board at Misses Upham's, which is said to be the best boarding-house in town. Had to pay \$2.50 per week for the room (which is furnished) and \$3.00 for board. Food as high as in New York city. They told me that rents were as high in Cambridge as in Boston, and provisions as high as in New York, if not higher. It is, however, an enormous price, and I am surprised the college has as many students as it has.

Went to Brighton to see the cattle fair. On the way back stopped at Winship's nursery, which is a splendid one. Saw some handsome hedges of arbor vitæ. The

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three-thorned acacia, or honey-locust, also makes a very strong and pretty hedge, if managed properly. Winship showed us some English watercress which was very fine. He raised it in the following manner. He had a small ditch through which a very small stream of water ran. He cleansed the weeds out of it and sowed the cress seed, then kept it clear of weeds until the cress had fairly taken possession, when it needed no further care.

In the afternoon went to see Mr. Cushing's place, which is probably the nearest imitation of an English nobleman's place which we have in America. It is laid out regardless of expense. Visitors are not now shown the grounds without permission from Mr. Cushing, which can be obtained by applying at the house. About one year ago he built a large house (in fact, a palace) on a beautiful spot on his grounds which commanded a splendid view of Boston and the surrounding scenery. He however still lives in the old homestead, a small cottage, as he says he likes it better than his new house. . . . There is a very long road in the place which is made entirely of oyster shells, which made a fine, smooth, and handsome drive. There is also a hawthorn hedge almost entirely around the place, and near his house a most beautiful hedge of arbor vitæ. There is also a row of white pine and arbor vitæ trees interspersed along the sides of his roads, which makes them very retired. His garden is splendid and his greenhouses very large. He has grapes at all seasons of the year, and judging from the speci-

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mens I saw on the vines they must be delicious. He has also peaches, nectarines, and almost every variety of pears in his hothouses, trained on espaliers. Mr. Cushing is now living at his place all alone; the rest of the family are spending the summer at Newport. His barns are enormous, and his dairy and cow stables, which are now in disuse, as he has sold all his cows some time since, are built in the best and most convenient manner.

On the way back passed by Fresh Pond and saw the ice-houses, which are very large and numerous, with a railroad running by each of them to Boston. In the evening called to see Prof. Felton, who treated me very politely and requested me to call and see him at any time. I am very much pleased with him.

Aug. 24th.—Went to see the college buildings and the library in Gore Hall, which is a magnificent building containing 50,000 volumes. We went into the chapel, the refectory, and lecture rooms, all of which are very nicely fitted up. Saw also the gallery of paintings. In this gallery they were setting tables for Commencement dinner. Mr. Channing, who showed us around, said that until Mr. Everett came they were always accustomed to have wine on the table, which made it much pleasanter and brought many more persons to the dinner; but Mr. Everett at once said they should not have it longer. He also told the Phi Beta Kappa Society that unless they dispensed with wine at their table they should not have the college building to dine in. They immediately refused to do so, and are

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going to have their dinner in Boston. This is no doubt the reason he spoke so disparagingly of them the other day. We went to Boston at 12. Went through the "Common," one of the greatest attractions Boston has. How much pleasanter New York would be if it had such a place.

Aug. 25th.—At Cambridge again to see the Commencement. Everything done in better order than at Yale, but not as well as at Old Rutgers, students wearing no badges, not even the Senior Class, only the speakers wearing gowns and Oxford caps. Church very crowded, almost impossible to get in. 32 speakers, who are to be limited to 3 or 4 minutes. Too short. Better have fewer speakers and longer speeches. To Plymouth in the afternoon by cars.

Aug. 26th.—Stayed in Plymouth at the Samoset House, which is very well kept but rather expensive. In the morning went to see the Episcopal church, which cost \$4,500 and is handsome. It is after a plan of Upjohn's, and is capable of seating 150 to 200 persons. Went to the burying-grounds, where we saw the graves of most of the Pilgrim Fathers, which are worth visiting. I should like to have stayed longer to examine the inscriptions. From here went to the Hall of Records, to see the original charter of the Plymouth Colony, (dated 1629, and signed by the Earl of Warwick,) which is on parchment and in a very good state of preservation. The seal, though, was broken. Is now put together and placed in a box with glass over it. They also show the old box in which the

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charter came to this country. It was lined with paper covered with various printed figures. Very singularly, the mice, for the sake of the paste, had eaten off the paper wherever it had not been printed upon. We then visited the "Rock," which is one of the greatest humbugs of the day. Only the top is to be seen, and that is right in the middle of a wharf, so that you might stand upon it and walk over it without knowing it. The Rock is very little above high-water mark, and wharfs are now built very much beyond it; in fact, at low water there is not much more than a foot or two of water within a mile of the Rock. The Rock is situated on the shore of a large cove, which is almost surrounded by land and has a very narrow entrance and is only navigable at high water, and so, instead of being a "rock-bound coast," it is a "mud-bound coast." Strangers are generally told that from a certain place on the wharf they can see the Rock. They very naturally go there, and after looking in all quarters for the Rock they generally suppose they have mistaken the direction and are on the wrong wharf, but what must be their surprise when they are told they are standing on top of it. We then went to Pilgrim Hall, a place in which are collected a good many curiosities of the Pilgrims, such as belts, swords, pewter dishes, pieces of chests, chairs, and the gun with which King Philip was shot. There is also a fine painting of the "Landing of the Pilgrims" by Sargent, and the heads are said to be likenesses. . . . Back to Boston at 11. Dined at the United States Hotel, which is an enor-

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mous house containing 300 rooms. 500 persons sat down to dinner the day we were there. They do almost everything by steam, and it is done in its best manner. A short time since they annexed a large building to the hotel, which they called "Texas." Very appropriate! Father, Mother, and Charles left at 5 for Newport, and I returned to Cambridge. Went to Mr. R., found he had done nothing towards fixing my room. Am very much afraid he has a great deal of "cry" about him and "no wool." Feel very unsettled, as I have not got my books, and feel that I have not a friend near me. I see more than ever that man is a social being. . . .

Aug. 27th.—Took breakfast at Miss Upham's for the first time. Table about half full; very good breakfast, beefsteak and hominy. Called on President Everett, got certificate of having been admitted to Senior Class. Got certificates also of having filed bond. Then signed a paper saying I was subject to the laws of the university, age, birthplace, date of birth, father's name, etc., etc. Got copy of laws of the college. Found President Everett rather less stiff than before, but still quite disagreeable. He invited me to call and see him. Said he was always home Sunday evenings, and explained to me that in New England they always begin Sunday on Saturday at sundown and ended Sunday at sundown. Poor practice, as it will make people very unapt to keep either, and I know they have faculty meetings on Saturday evenings, and see company on Sunday evenings.

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Aug. 28th.—Wrote to E. Collier and Ben to-day. Can't get settled, as Mr. Rice has not given me my bookcase. I brought my books from Danforth's. I find Mr. R. to be a man who makes a great many promises but never performs any at the time. Attended prayers in the evening. Dr. Noyes officiated; read part of the Sermon on the Mount, and made a short prayer, all the exercises taking up a little more than 5 minutes. I think they showed but too plainly that the prayers are a secondary consideration and merely an excuse to call the students together. The students here are very reserved and difficult to get acquainted with. I think it very doubtful if ever I become acquainted with many of my class.

Sunday, Aug. 29th.—Attended prayers for the first time in the morning. Took about ten minutes. Dr. Francis officiated. It is amusing to be in the campus when the prayer-bell rings and see the students rushing from the building towards the chapel, some tying their neckerchiefs, others putting on their coats, and others buttoning up their pantaloons. The bell rings a very short five minutes, and the instant it stops the doors of the chapel are closed, and woe to the unlucky wight who enters after that. They immediately give him eight black marks, although, strange to say, if he absents himself entirely he gets but two. This, I believe, is Mr. Everett's doing. Attended the Episcopal church in the morning. Found that the faculty had a monitor there, who noted down which of the students attended. Think it a poor plan, however, as

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the students would go to church of their own accord if for no better reason than to kill time; whereas now that they are compelled to go, nearly half of them do not attend to the service after the first few minutes, but fall asleep. The fault, however, lies partially with Mr. —, who is a very ordinary writer and a poor reader. The choir, I am sorry to say, is miserable. The organ, however, is quite a good one. I begin to enjoy being alone. Read quite a number of chapters of the Bible to-day and also some sacred poetry. I feel, however, I am quite too lukewarm in the cause of religion; have too much of a feeling in me of criticising others, and am very much tempted now and then to say with the Pharisee, "I thank God that I am not as other men are, extortioners, adulterers, and unjust." I must make it a rule to check and put under any such spirit whenever it arises. "O God, make me to have a broken and contrite heart, and renew a right spirit within me. . . . Make me to feel Thy immensity and my own littleness and nothingness; that I am a poor, miserable, sinful creature. Make me to dedicate both my soul and body to Thy service in a sober, righteous, and godly life."

How beautiful it is for man to die
Upon the walls of Zion! to be call'd
Like a watchworn and weary sentinel
To put his armor off and rest, in Heaven.

Aug. 30th.—Attended prayers this morning. A large number of students came rushing in, just in time, about half dressed and with their eyes about half open.

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Attended the various lecture-rooms; had our recitations given out. Called on Mr. Everett, and informed him I had made up my mind to study Latin, mathematics, and German in the elective studies. Was in one of the students' rooms a short time. Found them very profane. I trust, however, they are not to be taken as a sample of my classmates. John Austin called this afternoon. . . . I am very much pleased with him. This evening went to see the "Annual Kicking," that is, game of football, played first by the sophomore and freshman classes kicking against each other. Seniors then turn in and help the sophomores, and the juniors the freshmen. It is certainly a very exciting and beautiful sight to see 200 young men, stripped to their shirts and trousers, striving with all their might to kick the ball over their opponents' line. A large crowd of the town-people generally collect on this occasion, and various members of the faculty are generally among the spectators. It is rather dangerous sport, for if one of the players should happen to fall he is very apt to be trampled upon or kicked upon the head; in fact, I saw one or two with their shirts torn literally to rags, so that they were left almost naked.

Aug. 31st.—Heard a very good lecture of Dr. Channing on Rhetoric. It was written in a very colloquial style, and was instructive to the students. Have been studying hard all day. Had a class meeting, after prayers, to elect a "theme-bearer," whose duty it is to go every week to Dr. Channing and get the subject of the themes and post them up in all the

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halls; for which duty each member of the class gives him, at the end of the term, 75 cents, which in our class will amount to \$45. The poorest and most needy member of the class is almost always elected. I think it is a very good plan, as it not only saves the members of the class a great deal of trouble, but also is a great assistance to the student who is elected.

Sept. 1st.—Attended recitation with Mr. Torrey. Very much pleased with him. In the morning studied Arnold's *Lectures on Modern History* with him. In the afternoon with Dr. Beck called on President Everett. He treated me more politely than ever before. After some talk with him, found I could drop Latin, provided I could make arrangements with Prof. Longfellow to study French with one of the classes, which no doubt I can do. I begin to see that my letters to President Everett have been beneficial to me, as I am told that he refused to let several members of my class drop one of their elective studies to take up French, as I intend to do.

Sept. 2d.—This evening went down to see two of the boat-clubs go off in their race-boats. It is really a beautiful sight to see them start, all dressed in their uniforms. There are four boat-clubs here, owning as many boats. Each class is represented. Now and then they have races, which certainly must be very exciting.

Sept. 4th.—Went to Boston this morning. Found it hot and oppressive. Wrote a long letter home. Received a letter from Ben. There is a young man who rooms on the opposite side of the hall, by name

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of C——1. He was in the Law School last year, but is now doing nothing. He rises between 11 and 12, and when he goes to bed I know not. He uses most profane language, and seems to be disgusted with life and everything else. He has a mother, I am told, in Philadelphia, and his father is in Paris. I feel very sorry for him at times. I think I ought to go in and talk to him, but then again I feel it would be utterly useless.

Sunday, Sept. 5th.—Attended the Episcopal church. Found about twenty-five of the students there. I observed, however, that not more than two or three paid any attention to the services, and one in the same pew with me even brought a number of *Blackwood's Magazine*, and as soon as the services were fairly commenced began reading it. I felt very uneasy and could hardly sit still, to see such disregard paid to the House of God. I am persuaded that this practically arises from the plan of the faculty compelling the students to attend church, and then paying no attention to the way in which they act when they get there. I sincerely hope and pray that God may give my fellow-student a new understanding, in order that he may fully comprehend the irreverence and sacrilege, if I may so call it, of such an action. As it is Communion Sunday, we had no sermon, which I think very singular, as who knows how many souls might be saved and how many persons might be induced to partake of the Lord's Supper by a good sermon on the day on which it is celebrated?

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Sept. 6th.—Walked out to the gate of Mt. Auburn with Townsend. Feel much better for it.

Sept. 9th.—Rehearsed my speech to-day before Mr. Torrey. Was much pleased with his manner, etc. How much I wish I had time to spend a month or two studying elocution under a good teacher. If I can by any possible means get a chance to study it, I shall certainly embrace it.

Sept. 11th.—Had fire in my room to-day for the first time. In the evening C——l and Harvey, two of my fellow-boarders, came into my room. I found that C——l (if I could believe one-half he says) is one of the most dissolute and dissipated men I know. He uses very profane language. I myself could never before have believed there could have been so dissipated a young man occupying the station in society that he does. I hardly know what to do,—whether it is my duty to go and talk to him and try to reform him, or not. I am afraid, however, he would not listen to me, as I am an undergraduate and he a law-student. I shall, however, make it my duty to earnestly pray God to give him a new heart and to renew a right spirit in him. Shortly after writing this, Mr. Rice came into my room and said that some of the men came home drunk last night, made a great noise, not only in the house, but in the streets, and that the watchman followed them, found out who they were, and that on Monday they would be arrested for it. I rather think my best plan will be to keep entirely aloof from them, as I am pretty certain, from what I

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have heard, that C——l at least has no sense of shame whatever.

Sept. 14th.—Much better to-day, but not out however since Sunday. Have had a pretty bad attack, pulled me down a great deal. Hope I shall be able to attend recitation to-morrow. . . . I have abundant reason to be thankful that I was not more ill than I was, as twelve or thirteen of my classmates are now quite sick, and one of them is at the point of death. "In the midst of life we are in death."

Sept. 15th.—Out this morning for the first time since Sunday morning prayers. Felt much weaker than I had any idea I was. Called on Mr. Everett, and on asking how my excuse for absence was to be rendered, he went into a full explanation, which was very polite of him. He apologized for the severity of the rule, saying it was necessary in some cases, and that it would be difficult and unpleasant to make distinctions. Attended all my recitations to-day. Took tea as usual at Miss Upham's. They were all very kind to me, particularly Mrs. Wood, who called on me when I was sick.

Sunday, Sept. 19th.—Was told at breakfast this morning that Fowler could not possibly live another day. It has cast a gloom over everything. Hardly a word spoken at the table. In the afternoon had a long talk with T——d. I am afraid he is in a very bad state of mind. He appeared to disbelieve a great many parts of the Bible. He said it had been proved by Tom Paine that the Pentateuch had not been written by Moses.

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He said religion was a hard thing and that there were many unreasonable things in it. He however wished he could talk with Dr. Walker and ask him all the questions he desired to. I advised him to read Paley's *Evidences of Christianity*. I shall send him a copy. I pray God that our conversation, being ordered by His governance, may be righteous in His sight, and tend to the lasting and spiritual benefit of both of us.

Sept. 20th.—In the morning received notice from Mr. Everett of Fowler's death. The class immediately held a meeting and resolved to attend the funeral and to wear the customary badge of mourning for thirty days. They appointed a committee to take charge of and attend the body to its final resting-place, the grave. Fowler had been in college three years, and was the most popular member of his class. He had a very strong constitution, and to all appearances was the most healthy of his class. What a warning should not this be to all of us, to prepare for the coming of the Great Archangel, for we know not the day nor the hour of His coming! Fowler's death has caused a much greater gloom and much more serious thought in the class than I supposed it would from the way my classmates spoke of his sickness. Attended his funeral in the afternoon. Dr. Walker made an affecting prayer on the occasion. The body was taken to the Brighton Station for conveyance home to Westfield. As it was raining hard, the class only went as far as the bridge over the river.

Sept. 21st.—From the actions of many of the

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students, I begin to think that Fowler is forgotten already. So it is!—man cometh up like a flower, is cut down like grass, is cast into the oven, and then he is forgotten. O God, teach us to know the vanity of all earthly things!

Sept. 23rd.—Called in the evening at Misses Upham's. They gave me full particulars of Fowler's death, which must have been perfectly awful. The whole of Sunday he was entirely delirious, and at one time caused his father to faint away. They could only keep Fowler quiet by constantly giving him cordials, which quieted his nervous system.

Sunday, Sept. 26th.—Attended the Episcopal church here. A stranger preached for us. He looked very hard at the students several times, who were nearly all asleep.

Sept. 28th.—In the afternoon went to the "Mechanics' Fair" in Boston. It was a splendid exhibition, far better than the one held in New York. The rooms over Quincy Market and Faneuil Hall were very fine rooms and just the thing for such an exhibition. In the evening went to the Opera and heard the "Barber of Seville" by an Italian company, Tedesco forming the principal character.

Sunday, Oct. 3rd.—Went to Trinity Church in Boston, and heard the Bishop preach a splendid sermon from St. John, 6th chapter, 68th verse. "Lord, to whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life." He is certainly a splendid preacher, although I am told he is not very popular in this city.

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Oct. 4th.—Heard a lecture from Prof. Lovering. He tried to prove the theory that the plan of the solar system, viz., of bodies revolving around each other, is carried out even in the infinitely small particles of matter. He also seemed to think that there is a Being to whom the whole solar system appears the same that a piece of lead appears to us, viz., as one solid mass. He also seemed to think that every particle of matter is arranged in the same manner as our solar system, with only this difference, that of being infinitesimally smaller. I possibly may have somewhat mistaken his views, but he left the above impression both on myself and on one of my classmates. In the course of the lecture he stated the following interesting facts, viz.: That a spider's web was composed of 6000 strands, and that a pound of it would reach around the earth; that one ounce of gold could be divided into 14,000,000 parts; that a platinum wire could be made $\frac{1}{3,000,000}$ inch of thickness; that a soap bubble, when about to burst, is only $\frac{1}{4,000,000}$ of an inch in thickness; that iron could be detected in 3000 pints of water which contained but one grain of iron, and that therefore it must be divided into at least 24,000,000 parts; that decks of ships had been covered with dust 600 miles from land; that the human body is covered with scales, and that there are 1,500,000 in the space of an inch; that a drop of water contains more living animalculæ than the whole population of the globe; that it would take 323 miles in length of the thread of which Holland lace is manufactured to make a

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pound; that some animalculæ take 1000 steps in a second; that the wings of gnats move 700 times in a second. He did not, however, prove his theory, though he made it appear somewhat probable. I however think all such speculations utterly useless.

C——l has left here to-day and gone to Philadelphia, and I must say I am not sorry, as I have disliked to board in the same house with a person who is continually getting drunk. I hope, however, he may see the folly of it, and amend his ways. He is, however, at present a very lazy character, and I can not but think how well Solomon's words would apply to him, when he says, "Go to the ant, thou sluggard: consider her ways, and be wise."

Oct. 7th.—In the afternoon started for home by the Stonington route. Got aboard the steamer *C. Vanderbilt* about 9 o'clock. She is truly a splendid boat, and I do not think I ever sat down to a better supper than they gave us on board. Every utensil except the china was of silver, the waiters using silver salvers to hand things around in. The Sound was very rough, but still I was not at all seasick. Looking over the side of the boat, I saw a most magnificent display of the marine phosphorescence.

Oct. 8th.—Arrived in New York about 7 o'clock. Immediately took the cars for New Brunswick, where I arrived at 11 o'clock. Met Dr. Strong in the street, who treated me as cordially as ever and begged me to call and see him. Afterwards met the President, and could not help but notice the difference with which he

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treated me. He only asked me coldly to call and see him. In the evening called on M. C. E. She seemed very glad to see me. I found her working a most beautiful pair of slippers, and from a casual remark she made about them I have no doubt they are meant for me.

Oct. 11th.—Left New Brunswick at 12 m. in cars for New York. I saw the two Misses A. and also Mrs. Hasbrouck getting into the cars. I offered them my services on the way. Mrs. Hasbrouck was very polite, and invited me to her New Year's levee. Left New York for Boston on the *C. Vanderbilt* at a quarter of 5, and arrived at Stonington at a quarter of 12 p. m. Arrived in Boston at 4.30 a. m., where I immediately drove to the Revere House, breakfasted, and then proceeded to Cambridge, where I attended recitation at 9 o'clock.

Oct. 15th.—I have to-day commenced using candles, which I find do not injure my eyes as much as a lamp. Got weighed to-day. Weighed 128 lbs.

Oct. 19th.—To-day the exhibition took place. As I wished to study, I only stayed a few minutes. The audience did not fill the chapel. Things seemed to be done in a rather slovenly manner, for in the dialogue I heard both the speakers at one time had their backs turned towards the audience. The speakers too were very awkward in getting on the stage and leaving it. The President was in the pulpit, and acted as prompter, a queer duty for him, I should think. He got up and read off the name of each speaker and the subject of

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the piece, and it was not until he was taking his seat that the side door of the chapel opened and the speaker marched in. This custom suggested to me the master of the ring in a circus, calling off the names of the riders the moment before they appear. It certainly did not appear to me very classical. In the afternoon, on my way to the post-office, I passed through the campus, and such a scene as it presented I hope I may never again witness there! The students, especially the Senior Class, had been having a Bacchanalian feast in one of the rooms. A large number of them were now in the campus so drunk as to be unable to walk straight. I was told that one of them was lying in one of the out-houses unable to get up and walk. It perfectly astonished me to see such a scene; and when I saw, too, that it was some of the best scholars of the class who were in this condition, the poorer ones taking care of them, it really heartsickened me. It will hardly be noticed, however, as it is Exhibition Day. It certainly exemplifies the President's character, who makes a great fuss about small offences and says nothing about large ones of this kind.

Oct. 23rd.—Went up in the evening to the Observatory. It was very crowded, and for that reason almost impossible to see anything. I however got a very good view of the belts and the satellites of Saturn. The telescope is an enormous instrument, and yet is so nicely poised as to be moved by a slight touch of the hand. It is mounted on a solid rock of granite, and has clock-work attached to it which will, when in

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motion, keep the telescope continually moving in right ascension.

Sunday, Oct. 24th.—Walked to Boston this morning and heard the Rev. Mr. Clark preach a most eloquent sermon on the “Completeness, Stability, and Eternity of God’s Plans,” from Matth., 3d chapter, 14th and 15th verses. It was truly a splendid discourse. Would that, if God should spare my life, I should by constant study be able to write and preach as well.

Oct. 25th.—I am every day more and more impressed with the, I would almost say, utter worthlessness of man’s exertions, and with the thought of how little we can do during the short time allotted to us on this earth. I now study every day in the week, except Sunday, from 5 a. m. to 10 p. m. Out of this I am obliged to take three hours for meals and exercise. When I think over at night what I have done during the day, and compare with it what I still have to do hereafter, it really appears as if I had done nothing, and I can not help wishing that the day were longer or that I could do with less sleep. But I find that I am obliged to devote from $6\frac{1}{2}$ to 7 hours to sleep, unless I use some strong stimulants, such as tea or coffee, which I think unhealthy, but still I am obliged to use them in order to get through my duties. I devote about one hour a day to my devotions, but oh, how small a tithe of my time is this to be devoted to God, in whom I live and move and have my being! I trust, however, that next year, if life and health be spared me, I may enter a new field and give up my

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whole time and talents to His service, and press forward towards the mark of the priest of our high calling in Christ Jesus.

It is a notable circumstance that, with his heart full of love towards God, and with the vision of his future vocation to priesthood looming up before him, and in his eighteenth year, young Hoffman had not yet made his first communion. It is curiously indicative of the supremacy, at that time, of the subjective and emotional idea of piety over that idea of sacramental grace which the Anglican mind has had restored to it through what is called the Oxford Movement. We can hardly, in our day, conceive of such a state of things as a young man of eighteen, most devout and religious, looking forward to the Christian ministry, not having received as yet his first communion. To those who knew the Dean's later devotion to the sacramental conception of religion, and the earnestness and increasing devotion with which his life and work became steeped in the sacramental spirit, the anomalous abstention of mature youth, such as his, from the great gift of the Christian altar, seems to mark the great chasm between the non-historical and more or less uncatholic views current in 1847 and those almost universally obtaining at present among all loyal subjects of Anglican Christianity. The future pages of this biography will reveal the growth, as time goes on, of devotion to those traditional Anglican conceptions of truth and life which stand off so markedly against the

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puritanized and current conception of religious things which belonged to the period of young Hoffman's boyhood. No man in the history of the American Church will in future times be remembered as a more perfect representative of Anglican and Caroline theology and practice than the great ecclesiastic whose boyhood began under such different conditions and apprehensions of things. But as yet, all this is latent.

Sunday, Oct. 31st.—Went to church and heard a sermon by Mr. Hoppin on Revelation, 7th chapter, 9th verse. I find that, in spite of my endeavor to the contrary, my thoughts while in church will wander to temporary and earthly things. O God, in my pride I have dared to forget Thee. Still, O heavenly Father, wilt Thou not cleanse my heart and not take Thy Holy Spirit from me, so that I may serve Thee truly until my life's end.

Nov. 1st.—Lecture by Prof. Lovering. He showed us an instrument containing only three or four wheels and very simply made, and yet by it a hair would lift 56 pounds. He stated that there was a machine in Europe so nicely made that if it was continually in motion the largest wheel of it would only revolve once in 7,000 years. In the afternoon went to Prof. Peirce's as usual. He has the queerest way of teaching mathematics I ever heard of. There are six in my class who study mathematics. All the reciting we do is to go to his house three times a week, and when he is there he asks us how far we have gone and pretends

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to look; also if we have found any difficulty. If not, (which none of us have,) he gives us the mark of a perfect recitation. Some have shown him the same place two or three times and he never knows it. I wonder how much mathematics he thinks we learn!

Nov. 2nd.—Spoke this morning in Harvard Hall before the class, and I never felt so self-possessed before on the rostrum. I can account for it in no other way than that, going from home and being left to rely on myself, I have gained a good deal of confidence. I find that in my recitations I can compete with the first scholars, but on themes I fall far below them, and the reason is because I have never been used to writing, having written only two themes and one forensic at Rutgers College. Therefore my style is not able to undergo the criticism of Prof. Channing. I find, however, that the very first scholars study not only on Sundays but also during the various lectures. This I am determined not to do if I can possibly help it.

Nov. 3rd.—I am very much troubled to know whether it will be best for me to enter the Seminary next fall, or the year after; and in the latter case spend a year here as a resident graduate and pursue the study of French and German, and more particularly the study of history (especially ecclesiastical), of which I am almost totally ignorant. I think, at present, I shall do this if Ben does not return next year; or if he would come on and stay here with me. All this, however, may be, as the French say, *un chateau d'Espagne*.

Sunday, Nov. 7th.—Went to church as usual. In

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the afternoon Mr. Hoppin read a letter from the Bishops of the Church. It was very well written and very appropriate to the present state of the Church. In the evening Samuel T——d of Mississippi came to see me. He commenced to talk about future rewards and punishments. He is in a very bad state of mind. How keenly I feel my own ignorance and incapacity for reasoning about such things. After he left I prayed God to enlighten his understanding and renew a right spirit within him. O God, from whom cometh every good and perfect gift, send upon me the continual dew of Thy blessing, and grant that I may hereafter use my slender and humble abilities to promote not only his salvation but the salvation of all mankind, and that whatever I do may tend to promote Thy glory and honor.

Nov. 12th.—To-day received a letter from home in answer to mine asking whether I was old enough to partake of Communion. Pa wrote me in a very affectionate but sincere manner about it. I am myself so deeply impressed with my own sinfulness that I feel I am unworthy to partake of it. I sat most of the evening in meditation upon this subject, and I shall, God permitting, endeavor to prepare myself as much as I can to partake of it on Advent Sunday, Nov. 28th. It has been my wish for a year past to partake of it, but I felt I was too young. I am every day more and more impressed with the wonderfulness and greatness of God's plans and the way in which He makes everything turn out for the best, even though things seem

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to us great misfortunes. For instance, when I graduated at Rutgers College they did not give me one of the honors, which rather incensed me. Though I did not care anything about it myself, it was generally reported through the town that I was to get one. Then again, Ben's going to the West Indies I thought a great privation to me. When I came here, they set us studying Dr. Whewell's *Elements of Morality*, which caused me to make certain resolutions which I have now kept for some time, so that I have good reason to hope that by God's help I shall be able to keep them hereafter. May not all these circumstances and that book therefore be a means of my eternal salvation, if I do not falter hereafter, but go on from strength to strength until I become a perfect man in Christ? I devote but about an hour a day to reading the Bible and to private prayer, but how small a portion of the day is that to devote to my God and to the welfare of my soul, which lives and moves and has its being only in Him!

Nov. 17th.—Although I am perfectly satisfied that this is, by far, the best college in this country, still I have one objection to it, viz., that they give the students almost too much to do. It compels us to do everything at the eleventh hour. This I do not like. Still I find the majority of the students do everything at the last minute, whether they are compelled to do it or not. There is also another objection. It compels those students who stand first in their classes to study as hard on Sunday as on any other day of the week, and also

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to study recitations at the lectures. I made up my mind not to study at either of these times. I am every day more and more astonished to see what mere book-worms the first scholars are. But they know nothing about any books except those they are obliged to study in their college course. For instance, W——t, who took first honor at Yale a year or two since, came into my room the other evening to borrow a classical dictionary to find out who Simon Magus was, and what crime was called “simony.” He had never heard of it.

Nov. 19th.—I am now reciting three times a week in Hallam’s *Constitutional History* to Henry W. Torrey. I am very much pleased with him, and although he is only a tutor I consider him one of the best instructors in this institution. He takes a great deal of pains to make things interesting to us, reading us extracts from a great many works which we would never see. I feel perfectly safe in saying that there is probably not a better read historian of his age in this country.

Sunday, Nov. 21st.—To-day read the proclamation of the Governor for a public Thanksgiving. It was very long, and almost like a sermon. I am told that a few years ago they read it three Sunday mornings and afternoons before Thanksgiving.

Nov. 25th.—To-day went to Boston and attended Trinity Church. Saw but very few persons there. I was very much astonished at this, as I expected to see all New England flocking to their respective churches on this day. I was therefore perfectly surprised to find that instead of going to church they stayed at home to

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bake pies and to feast. How different is this from the way they keep Thanksgiving in New York, where almost everyone goes to church and makes no talk about it as they do in New England. I found, too, that although they have a great many churches here people do not attend as regularly, nor when they get there do they pay as much attention to the service, as they do in New York. Mr. Clark delivered a most splendid sermon, but I noticed he did not preach more than half of it, as there was no congregation. It was one of the best sermons I ever heard, and it must have taken him a great while to prepare it. They certainly make a great fuss feasting, etc., here, but that is the only way they seem to keep Thanksgiving.

Nov. 26th.—Called on Bishop Eastburn. He seemed to think that the New Englanders have very little religion about them, and I think he is perfectly right. His congregation won't allow him to have a weekly lecture in the church in the evening, nor to have service on Sunday evenings, though he wished so to do. The Bishop's opinions are what they call "Low Church," which views I must say I hold myself. In the afternoon called on Mr. Nicholas Hoppin, the rector of the church here in Cambridge. He is just the opposite of the Bishop, being very "High Church." He treated me very kindly and invited me to call again. I told him it was my wish to partake of Communion. I hoped he would have talked to me considerably on the subject from the way I spoke to him of it, but he said very little.

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Dec. 4th.—I have this week been endeavoring as much as possible to prepare myself for uniting with the congregation in the Holy Communion of the Body and Blood of our blessed Redeemer. Oh, how deeply do I feel my own sinfulness and unworthiness of the least of God's favors, much less to be permitted to partake of the Communion of the Body and Blood of the Son of God; but O God, I do not presume to come to Thy table trusting in my own merits or righteousness, but placing my whole reliance and trust in Him who has said, "Come unto me, all ye who are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest," and believing that he who eateth of that bread and drinketh of that wine worthily shall have eternal life. I do steadfastly purpose to lead a new life, and Thou, O God, give me grace that my soul may be strengthened by the Body and Blood of Christ, which are spiritually taken and received by the faithful in the Lord's Supper. I have used during the past week Bishop Hobart's *Companion for the Altar*. I consider it an excellent work, and it has been the greatest help to me.

Sunday, Dec. 5th.—To-day endeavored, as much as I was able, to prepare for my Communion. Employed myself in prayer and reading, reading Bishop Hobart's *Companion for the Altar*. Read also St. Matthew's account of the suffering and crucifixion of the blessed Redeemer, and earnestly prayed for divine assistance and grace until time for church arrived, when I felt myself much composed and comforted. Oh, how infinite, ever blessed Redeemer, is Thy love for mankind!

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If our lives were entirely devoted to service and praise, how far short of Thy just due wouldst Thou receive. Eternity itself is too short to celebrate all Thy praise. O Lord, have mercy upon me, a most miserable sinner. They do not preach a sermon here before Communion. Never did I more feel the want of one. If my life shall be spared and I be permitted to become a minister of Christ, as I sincerely trust I shall, may I remember this and preach always on Communion Sundays. Just before the Communion service began I was so much agitated that I felt I should be unable to walk up to the chancel; but as I joined in the service I became more composed and was at last tranquil enough when the time came to go, but still trembling so greatly throughout my whole body that I was almost unable to hold the cup containing the consecrated wine steady enough to drink therefrom. After returning to my seat, however, and again pouring out my soul to God in humble prayer, I felt renewed strength and was enabled to join in the service with more composure. When at the chancel I was so much agitated that I heard nothing and saw nothing but the cup containing the consecrated wine. After returning to my room I again prayed, and felt quite calm and composed. After church I again had a talk with T——d, my classmate. He believes only in those parts of the Bible which he can perfectly understand. He says it is perfectly useless to talk to him on the subject, but he says he wishes to believe, but can not. As I find that all my talking to him has apparently not changed his views in the least,

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and I can not as yet get him to read Paley's *Evidences*, which I sent him, I shall hereafter rather avoid talking to him on the subject, but can nevertheless pray to God that He shall give him an understanding heart, so that at length he may be brought within the fold of God.

January 3rd, 1848.—I have now, for the first time in my life, passed by New Year's Day without noticing it. Indeed, I have been so busy that I have not had time to scratch down even a few remarks in this book. I really think that these festivals should always be kept up. They bring families together, and are the means of adjusting many little family feuds which otherwise might last until death. To-day had a very interesting lecture from Prof. Lovering. Among other things he stated the following interesting facts, viz.: That there is a difference of 200 feet in the level of the Red and Mediterranean Seas; that there is a difference of 101 feet in the Caspian and Black Seas; that the Pacific Ocean at Callao is 23 feet higher than the Atlantic at Carthagená; that it is not true that bodies, after sinking a certain depth in the ocean, then float about until destroyed, because, as the water becomes denser, the bodies themselves are made to be of a greater specific gravity by the pressure of the water. To show how great a power wood, in swelling, is able to overcome, he stated that in Germany it is a common practice, when they wish to split large rocks, to drill two or three holes in them in the direction in which they wish them split. Then in the evening, after

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driving hard pieces of wood into them, the wood is wet, and the rock is split before morning with very little labor.

Feb'y 28th.—Left Brunswick to-day to attend to my college duties. There was a feeling of sorrow at leaving, however, but still there was a feeling of pleasure when I reflected that I was about resuming my preparations for the service of my Maker; for I count all things loss which in any way hinder the great object I have in view, the promulgation of the truths of the Gospel to the full extent of my ability. On leaving I gave — \$10, although I must say I hardly think it charity to give to him, as he does not know the value of money. I am determined, if I am able to avoid it, not to give any money in charity except I can make it or save it myself. I went without any supper to-night on board of the boat, thus saving 50c., and I shall, this time, board in Commons, or some boarding-place equally cheap, and also make my own fires and black my boots instead of paying a negro for so doing. This will give me, without much inconvenience to myself, \$18. for charitable purposes.

March 10th.—To-day Mr. Adams' remains arrived in Boston. Day rather unpleasant and unfavorable for the funeral obsequies. Mr. Everett attended them, but shame upon him and disgrace for the faculty, the doors of Old Harvard were not closed and the students were prevented from honoring the most distinguished of her alumni and one of our country's greatest statesmen. The funeral procession was nothing like as splendid as

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the one in New York; and yet an anecdote was told by one of my classmates at the table with much *éclat* of a New Yorker who asked who Mr. Adams was and what he had done to merit such rewards. This, however, only goes to show the great envy of the Bostonians towards all New Yorkers.

March 20th.—To-day is what is called Class Day, or Election Day, by the students, it being the day on which the Senior Class elects the various class officers and makes arrangements for Commencement. Everything passed off quietly, as the class was almost unanimously in favor of the candidates named. To-night they are to have a supper, which I am afraid will be a rowdy affair. However, I should have gone and seen how it was conducted were not this the season of Lent set apart by the Church for fasting and prayer. I am sorry it takes place now, as it is the only supper I shall be here to attend.

Sunday, April 9th.—Called this evening on President Everett. I found his wife and daughter in the parlor reading the *History of the French Revolution*. He was in his study preparing his eulogy on Adams. While I was sitting there a Mr. L—— of New York came in. He is of one of the first families there, and is a fair representative of the Upper Ten Thousand. During the course of his conversation he asked Miss Everett whether she liked to go to the chapel on Sundays and sit with all those boys. She replied she liked it very well, as all the family went there and the preaching was very good. To this he objected that

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she "there never had a chance of seeing any people," which he thought was one of the principal objects in going to church; but he was immediately met by the response that she "did not go to church to see people," which as a matter of course caused a rush of blood to his face. This is but a fair sample of what induces our young men of fashion to go to church. I should like very much to write some comments on this, but time forbids.

Easter, April 23rd.—Mr. Hoppin preached a quite good sermon this morning, from Cor., 15th chapter, verse 58. This is the first time since I have been here that he has preached on Communion Sunday. I only wish he would do so on every Communion day. I now feel that the more I see of the church and her festivals and fasts, the more I am in love with her. Oh, how vividly does each returning Easter bring before our minds the scenes of the Resurrection. How thankful should we be for the good inheritance we have,—for our ministry, deriving its authority in a direct line from the holy Apostles; for our liturgy, which has never been equalled in comprehensiveness and conciseness, in beauty and sublimity, as well as in simplicity. I am determined to get or buy some of the tracts of the Massachusetts Episcopal Tract Society, and to sell as many as I can, or else, if the people will not buy who can, to give them away. This is the only way almost to reach the minds of prejudiced people. And who but our heavenly Father knows how many souls may be saved by these penny publications, for, as

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Tupper says, "Trifles lighter than straws are levers for building up character." Yesterday I bought Taylor's *Holy Living and Dying*, together with his *Prayers*, all of which I shall endeavor to make good use of. I shall also, when I go home, buy a nice copy of the *Holy Living* and present it to my brother.

May 2nd.—This is Exhibition Day. It is the first I have attended here. Everything went off very well, but, as usual, the most flashy, flowery, and least sound piece took the best. It was, however, exceedingly well declaimed, for Edward J. Young is without doubt the best speaker in the class. Oh, that I had the pen of a ready writer! One of the speeches, by a Mr. Judkins, of Boston, was a good one, but, true to their principles, my fellow students criticised him because he placed the poetical writers of the Bible above Milton and Shakespeare. Mr. Everett, as usual, was present. There was at one time a rumor that his marble features were relaxing and that there was a possibility of his smiling, but the hope was soon disappointed. He has, without exception, more coldheartedness displayed in his countenance than any man I ever saw, and although I have seen a great deal of him, I have never seen him smile but once. I may be wrong in judging him, but I can place little confidence in a man who leaves the ministry and drops his title of D.D. for a more lucrative and honorable (in a worldly view) employment.

May 3rd.—I slept over until nearly prayer time this morning. I found my alarm did not wake me. This I

am sincerely sorry for, as I am in the habit of getting up at 4.30 a. m. so as to have an hour before prayers for reading the Bible and private prayer. If I do not hear the alarm, I sleep until so near prayer time that I am obliged to give up the morning's reading of the Bible, as I have no other time during the day to devote to it. Being a day or two since in the room of the chorister of the college choir, he brought some music to show me which he said they occasionally chanted in the chapel on Sundays. I was utterly astonished to find that they were parts of Roman Masses published in London. One of them was a literal translation, part into Latin and part into Greek, of our "Gloria in Excelsis." Another was a literal translation also of the Nicene Creed. My question of how often they were chanted he answered by saying that it depended entirely upon the choir; that when the choir was good it was done frequently. "Why do you chant Latin Masses?" asked I. He replied, "Oh, the music is so fine." O Tempora! O Mores!! who will now complain of the Romanist, who chants in Latin what he believes, if he only knew how to translate it, while these infidels chant in their chapel the opposite of all their doctrines for the sake of the music, only they do it in Latin! I am told that these chants are also used in Dr. Channing's church in Boston every Sunday. This Dr. Channing is a relative of the late Dr. William Ellery Channing, the idol of the Unitarian people. I can however hardly believe this, although I got it on good authority.

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May 8th.—A young man in my class who is looking forward to the Unitarian ministry came into my room to-day, and seeing my Church almanac lying on my table immediately began asking about Church doctrines. He supposed that Apostolic succession was a succession of the ministry from father to son. Is it not absolutely astonishing to see in what ignorance men are about the Church? This ignorance I have not only noticed in him, but in the majority of the Unitarians I have become acquainted with.

May 9th.—“He hath done all things well. He maketh both the deaf to hear and the dumb to speak.” I have lately adopted the practice of singling out a text from the portion of scripture I read in the morning and meditating on it at various times during the day. Though I am too apt to forget it, still it is a great consolation to me to feel at night that I have at least learnt one text more. To-morrow the Dudleian Lecture takes place, and very naturally the conversation turned on these lectures to-day at dinner table. The four subjects are “Episcopacy,” “Catholicism,” “Natural,” and “Revealed Religion,” and as they are always preached by Unitarians they are of course sectarian. If I get time I shall speak of them more particularly to-morrow. The conversation at times ran pretty high, but I endeavored as far as possible to keep out of it. At tea, however, we had hardly got seated before they opened on me. It must be remembered that there is only one other Episcopalian at table beside myself. He was not there at tea. It appeared

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that one of the men had got an English Prayer Book this afternoon, and after reading the Athanasian Creed had showed it to the rest; and then, as I suppose, they meditated an attack so as to draw me into the controversy about it at tea. So one commenced by saying, "Hoffman, I have been reading your faith this afternoon." "Where did you see it?" said I. "Oh, in your book," says he. "What book?" said I. "Oh, in *your* book," replied he. Here one of the others spoke up and told me "the Athanasian Creed." The first then said, "Well, I found a good many fine jokes in it," in a very sneering manner. This of course raised a general titter and drew the attention of all upon me. It looked as though they were only waiting for a reply from me to make a general attack. I merely replied, however, very coolly, "Ah!" This seemed to perfectly astonish all, for it caused a momentary silence. They now hardly knew what to say; they saw me eating away as if nothing had happened. Soon one of them broke the silence by a remark on a new subject which quite turned the conversation, although one tried to renew the talk about creeds, but he could not do it. I begin to feel satisfied that the best way is to pass all such insulting (and I might say blasphemous) remarks unnoticed. By this their sneers are made to return on their own heads. It does, however, grieve me to hear such remarks made by men professing to be Christians. I can stand on the ocean beach and see a noble ship hurled to destruction; hear the awful shrieks of the mother torn from her children, of the wife doomed

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never again to behold her husband; but is it not an awful sight to see such noble minds as Dr. Walker, Dr. Channing, and others going themselves and leading others to the gates of death without a belief in the necessary truths of Christianity, without a true faith in that Saviour who came to redeem mankind?

May 10th.—“Watch and pray, lest ye enter into temptation. For the spirit truly is willing, but the flesh is weak.” I find my clock, the alarm part of which I have had repaired, wakes me so that I now get up at 4½, having thus, after making fire, cleaning boots, and dressing, about an hour to devote to reading the Bible and to prayer. I also devote about twenty minutes to prayer after dinner, and about an hour to reading the Bible and prayer at night. I am reading Patrick, Lowth, Whitby, and Lowman’s Commentaries in connection with the Scriptures. These I bought with money Grandpa gave me on New Year’s Day. I also use Bp. Jeremy Taylor’s *Prayers*, and the prayers set forth in the Prayer Book for families, and such collects as I think appropriate. But oh, how little time is this to devote to the salvation of my soul and the service of my God! Though I try to be contented, still I have a secret yearning that the time may soon come when I shall leave this place, where I am surrounded by so much infidelity under the name of Christianity, and when I shall give myself up wholly to the service of the King of kings and Lord of lords; when I shall be directing my humble endeavors entirely to the salvation of my fellow men and to the

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preaching of the kingdom of heaven. O God, grant that, if it be Thy will, my endeavors may through Thy grace be powerful aids to my brethren in working out their salvation. To-day the Dudleian Lecture was delivered. The exercises, which were held in the chapel, were commenced by the choir's chanting the "Te Deum"!! (in English). How consistent for Unitarians to preach against the doctrine of the Trinity in their pulpits and then to have their choirs chant their belief in the Trinity! They were also to have chanted the "Gloria in Excelsis" in Latin and Greek, but the preacher made one less prayer than they expected, so they were prevented from so doing. The lecture was delivered by Dr. Gilman of South Carolina. The subject was "Revealed Religion." He did not, however, speak altogether to this subject, for his remarks all went to prove the antecedent probability that a revelation would be delivered, and that a revelation had been delivered. But as to the question, "What is Revealed Religion?" he never touched upon it.

June 3rd.—Have very suddenly made up my mind to accompany Prof. Agassiz to Lake Superior, provided the faculty will give me my degree. Accordingly I intend petitioning for a leave of absence next Monday night.

June 6th.—Have luckily obtained my request, and expect to leave for home this week. Over head and ears in work packing up, so have no chance whatever to write in journal.

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June 15th.—(N. B. This part of my journal I have written since my return from the “expedition,” from notes I kept in another book.) Left home this morning, passed through N. Y., and in company with Drs. Leconte and Stout went up the Hudson in the evening in the splendid steamer *Oregon*. For the first time met Dr. Stout. Found him a very pleasant and jovial character. Went along in fine style, the wheels making thirteen revolutions per minute. Saw the telegraph wire where it is stretched across the river. This is certainly a great achievement, for I believe it has never been broken since it was first placed here. As we shot along under the Palisades, could not help, with the pride of an American, glorying in the fact that we have the most beautiful river in the world, which I think cannot be denied by an unprejudiced person. They are usually classified as basaltic rocks, though not true basalt; and in fact we have not true basalt in the United States east of the Rocky Mountains. The evidence that the rocks have been thrown up in a melted state is very strong; for a Mr. Gregory Watt (I believe I have the name right), after melting 700 or 800 pounds of this rock, allowed it to cool slowly and discovered that it crystallized into the same form again. The evening was clear and with a full moon; we could not have had a pleasanter night on the Hudson. As soon as we entered the Highlands a violin made its appearance and dancing commenced on the saloon deck. The persons who took part in it were evidently countrymen who probably had never

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been ten miles from home before, as they showed by the manner in which they threw their legs about and cut up all sorts of gyrations. They however appeared to enjoy themselves much and no doubt thought they were the admiration of all the passengers. After watching them some time and laughing heartily, we quietly crept up to the top of the pilot-house and lay there enjoying the magnificent scenery until the boat passed Poughkeepsie; after which we bid the world good-night and were soon wrapped in the arms of Morpheus.

June 16th.—Woke up at 4½ a. m. and found the boat had just arrived at the dock, where there was the usual scene of noise and confusion. After some trouble got our baggage sorted out and took it up to the depot, where we put it on the cars for Buffalo. We then betook ourselves to the American Hotel, where we found the rest of the party, which with ourselves made sixteen in number (five or six more than we expected to meet, or had made any calculations for, on leaving N. Y.). After taking breakfast at the hotel, which is merely a good plain hotel, took seats in the cars for Buffalo. The track part of the way is good, and part wretched, being of the old flat rail and very rough. The valley of the Mohawk is a magnificent part of the country and appears to be very fertile. Agassiz remarked the great difference in the vegetation and the appearance of the animals in New England on the metamorphic rocks and here on the limestone, the latter being much the most promising; for limestone

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aids vegetation as well as increases the size of the animals. Stopped at Utica for dinner. Road in some places hardly fit for the cars to pass over, though I suppose we were somewhat led to complain by the great heat and by the large quantity of dust which penetrated every part of our clothing, so that by the time we arrived in Buffalo it was difficult to distinguish between the color of our linen and our coats. The pine-trees now began rapidly to decrease in numbers, and the maples, elms, beeches, ashes, and the arbor vitæ became quite numerous. It is remarkable that in this country all the great geological elevations and depressions appear to run North and South. Thus we have the Alleghanies and the Rocky Mountains; the Mississippi and North Rivers. And again, in the hard rocks in New York cracks have been discovered running N. and S., and thus we have Cayuga and Oneida Lakes. There is, too, a great contrast between this country and Europe and Asia in this respect; for in the two latter countries the great elevations run East and West. This, too, effects many important differences in the relative climate of the two countries, and in the relative distances to which animals migrate. Stopped at Syracuse for tea. Went into the Empire Hotel, where we washed and asked where the tea-room was, but were told that it would not be ready for fifteen minutes. This would not do for us; so out we rushed in search of another hotel, much to the disappointment of our host. At every stopping-place persons came into the cars and distributed cards of the various hotels. Many

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of these cards contained the various distances along the route, and were very useful for reference. After we left Syracuse the cars became much worse, the track miserable, the cinders almost unbearable, and in fact all the arrangements outrageous and full ten years behind the age.

June 17th.—Arrived in Buffalo about 8 a. m. after an unpleasant ride in the night, being awakened every few miles by the conductor wishing to see our tickets. The cars were pretty crowded, so were unable to keep a whole seat to each person and as a matter of course had little chance to sleep. Went immediately on to Niagara, where we arrived in time for dinner. Stopped at the Cataract House, where we were treated with unusual respect, being placed by ourselves at the head of the table, and given rooms adjoining, with a piazza, on the river side entirely to ourselves. Of course we dressed and did just as we pleased. For instance, I wore moleskin trousers and “seven-league” boots, which were far the most comfortable for pedestrians like ourselves. The house had about 500 visitors, and everything was done in the best style. A band discoursed sweet music while we dined, and the waiters cut up all the monkey-shines imaginable. After dinner went over to the Canadian side of the river, and looked at Table Rock, the museum, etc. They have placed a fine staircase and a car on an inclined plane to convey passengers down to the level of the river on the American side. This is a very great improvement. Evening, took a walk over to

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Goat Island. I was very much amused at the manner in which some, and I may say many, came to see the Falls. They came in the evening train, arriving about 6 p. m., and after walking around Goat Island later, left early in the morning. For instance, as I went over to Goat Island this evening, a man inquired of me the best place to see the Falls. I replied Goat Island. He told me he was going away early in the morning. Well, we walked together over the bridge until we came to the toll-gate, where they only sell season tickets and at 25c. each. After some debate with the toll-keeper he refused to pay, and probably returned to his home again without seeing the Falls.

Sunday, June 18th.—On inquiry I found there is no Episcopal church here, so I determined to spend the day in my room. In the morning, while the party made an interesting excursion to Goat Island, as I afterwards learned, I staid in my room, but was so fatigued and sleepy by the travelling of Friday and Saturday as scarcely to be able to keep my eyes open. In the afternoon I thought I should have a fine time for reading the Bible, but alas, I was doomed to be disappointed. For I had a room with one of the party, and he, instead of going over the river with the rest, stayed at home to paint a small crawfish he had caught. However, I did the best I could. To-day Prof. Agassiz has delivered two lectures. It is but too true a fact that he cares no more for Sunday than for any other day. I didn't attend either lecture.

June 19th.—Took a bath in the river early this

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morning, and although the water was very cold found it very refreshing. After breakfast went in a horse-car about a mile down on the American side to where the little steamer *Maid of the Mist* lands. From thence we walked on down to the whirlpool, where we descended the bank by a miserable flight of log steps. We were, however, well repaid for our trouble by the beautiful view we had of the whirl, and by the fine fossils we collected. On ascending again we were told we must pay 25c. for descending the stairs. This we thought a manifest imposition, but pay it we had to. We were now also shown a large rattlesnake nearly 4 feet long, that had been caught on the side hill only a day or two before. We now returned and took the steamer *Maid of the Mist* and ascended the river to within a few feet of the Falls. The view is beautiful, and when you go close to the Falls (for they approach very close indeed) truly sublime, although terrific. It is well worth some hazard to see it, and in fact is a daring experiment, for the boat approaches so close that it is only enabled to turn by trimming the boat with the passengers. If the machinery should then give way, or the pilot make a mistake, the boat and all in it would be hurled into destruction. On landing on the Canada side, I met a man with a little more than Yankee impudence. He wanted to see what curiosities I had. I showed him some few fossils I had collected, whereupon he immediately advised me to throw them all away, for, as he said, they were

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perfectly valueless. This I did not feel inclined to do in spite of his denunciations of them. It very much surprised him that I, a stranger at Niagara, should pretend to know the value of geological specimens better than he who had lived there all his life. After discussing another good dinner at the Cataract House, left for Buffalo. Here I purchased a buffalo skin and several other articles I thought would be useful to me. Our committee had engaged passage for us to Mackinaw on board the *Globe*, a new boat, at \$5.50 apiece (very low considering that it was a three days' passage, all of which time they boarded us). This boat as well as the *Niagara* were advertised to start at 7 p. m. We were all on board punctually and the *Niagara* left at her hour, while our boat, with the exception of a band of music playing, showed no signs of starting. At about 10 p. m., as the boat still lay quietly moored at the wharf, we thought it time to take some measures on the subject; so some of the party descended to the deck and after a fruitless search for the captain, who we were told was somewhere in the city, attacked the mate in a loud tone and told him unless the captain was found and the boat off in fifteen minutes the whole party of sixteen would take our baggage and go ashore. This roused up some of the other passengers, who chimed in with our complaint, and the result was the captain soon made his appearance. The boat at last got under way.

June 20th.—After breakfasting, had an opportunity

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to examine the boat. It is entirely different from our Eastern steamers, built much heavier and clumsier every way, and timbered and braced strongly enough to cross the Atlantic. The hold below the main deck was completely taken up by the boilers, wood, and freight, so as to leave no room for a cabin of any kind. The main deck was lumbered up with the engine, and rendered almost uninhabitable by the steam escaping and the wood and dirt lying about. Here the steerage passengers live, and they may be seen almost any time of the day lying about in groups, playing cards and dominoes, and drinking sherry cobblers, mint juleps, etc., etc. On the upper deck there is a pretty good saloon running the whole length of the deck and flanked on each side by a row of staterooms, each containing three berths and opening both into the saloon and out on deck. Above this, again, the passengers are sometimes allowed to promenade. Imagine also a few dirty looking waiters, and some still dirtier looking "hands" on the main deck, and you see one of these clumsy looking boats.

August, 1849.—(When I returned home last year, I discovered my notes to be so full that they could not be written out completely without considerable time being allowed to do it. And as I had but three weeks, and those to be spent at home amidst my friends, where I could do but little study, I put it off until I should enter the Seminary. When I entered there, my time was so taken up by my studies that

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from day to day I put it off, hoping to find time to copy them, until the whole year slipped by. This I the more regret as the expedition has been in many respects far the most eventful incident of my life so far. I now intend to write out but a brief narrative of the expedition to Lake Superior, as it will soon appear in a more substantial form from an abler pen than mine.)

We proceeded on our way up the lake with the usual incidents, such as a squall which brought many passengers in sight of "the cascades." I have been very much amused by a large family of German emigrants, consisting of father, mother, and seven children. They took a cabin passage, but evidently had not been used to the fare on the table, for the boys smelt the bread before they ate it. I suppose they had never seen white bread before. They are a very decent family, and I wished many times I could speak German enough to converse with them. On Wednesday (21st) stopped at Detroit. I was much disappointed with the city. It is a much poorer place than I had anticipated. All the stores and buildings are very ordinary second class affairs. The country on both sides of the Detroit River is of a very flat, low character, and to appearances such a country as would produce fever and ague. Soon entered on Lake St. Clair, which is a very pretty lake, although very shallow. There were not over 15 feet of water in many parts we were obliged to pass through. This will, I am afraid, ever be a serious obstruction to the navigation.

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The waters of this lake, as well as of Lake Erie, are of a rather light green. Some suppose this to arise from the infusoria or small insects in them. But I am of Agassiz's opinion, that it arises from the various depths and the different colors of the bottom. About dusk caught great numbers of "friganea," a beautiful insect which abounds on these lakes. In the evening had dancing in saloon in regular western hoosier style. Some of our party (by proxy) asked German belles to dance, and they all appeared to enjoy it mightily. Some of the cries of musicians amused me, such as, "*Each gentleman swing lady opposite to him,*" "*Swing your partners all.*" Thursday was spent on Lake Huron. It is really worth a trip out here merely to see what an inland sea it is. It has never been sounded in the deepest part, and I am sure must make an Englishman stare when he is first hurried over its waters in the large steamboats. And who can look upon it without bowing in humble reverence to that Almighty Being who has provided so bountifully for all the needs of man? On Friday (23rd) we were landed at Mackinaw a little after 5 a. m. Lost 5 gallons of good brandy and a buffalo robe by leaving them on the boat. Begin to see must have some better organization of the party than we have at present. The Mission House is a wretched looking hotel, but in keeping with the place. They had, however, an excellent table, principally furnished with lake trout, which were to us truly delicious. Here, as well as on the boat at leisure times, Prof. Agassiz delivered us

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lectures on various subjects of natural history, which were exceedingly interesting and very instructive. The island is small, composed of Trenton limestone covered in places with large quantities of drift. Found many fossils, and although it rained caught many new kinds of fish. But I had to pay for my imprudence in going out in the rain by a severe cold. On Saturday (24th) engaged a batteau and 5 half-breed Indians to take us to Sault Ste. Marie, distant 90 miles. By 8 p. m. we had made 40 miles, when we went ashore to encamp for the night. As I expected, none of the party had ever pitched a tent, and the tents themselves being new and not ready for pitching, we had a good deal of trouble. It was 10 o'clock before we got them pitched in anything like a position to stretch ourselves under. So, after a hasty meal of cold ham and bread, we soon were all wrapped in sleep, notwithstanding our strange beds.

Sunday, 25th.—Were off at 4 a. m. and soon came up with Detour and the lighthouse at mouth of Sault Ste. Marie River. After going four or five miles up river we landed at a log hut, where we found two hospitable backwoodsmen who gave us some tea and warm bread, for all of which we were very grateful, being about as ravenous as wolves. I must say I never enjoyed a meal more in my life. After enjoying this and bidding our hospitable friends good-bye, we proceeded up the river until nearly 12 m., when the wind came off ahead and in no way could we persuade our lazy voyageurs to row. So we landed on St. Joseph's

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Island. Here we were soon greeted by the owner, a Major R——n, formerly of H.B.M. Service. We found him a very hospitable man, giving us all a good dinner of fish and potatoes which we relished highly. He had a good stock of general knowledge and was withal very entertaining, although his character was very bad, having two wives on the island. This is the first Sunday I remember spending in such a loose manner, and what was very extraordinary has been that although during the whole expedition we endeavored to travel on Sundays, we were always prevented from so doing by rain, etc. I find the following entry in my note-book on this day. "Our party begin to use hard language." Would that on this day they would lay by and have some sort of a religious service, and endeavor to keep in mind that they are at least professing Christianity, though in a wilderness. It would, however, be of no use for me to speak on the subject, as it would be immediately sneered down by the rest, *all* of them seeming to care no more for religion than if no such thing existed. One thing I am determined to do, viz., not to assist in any way if I can possibly avoid it in gathering specimens, shooting, fishing, or anything of the sort on Sunday. Left the island about 6 p. m. and rowed until 1 a. m., when we encamped at "Campan Matelot." We first landed on a small island, when the voyageurs went ashore and had just lit a fire when they all came rushing back to the batteaux as if they were mad, yelling at the top of their voices. After

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pacifying them, they said "the devil was there," and we could not in any way persuade them to land again. After a while we discovered they had seen a small snake a few inches long and of a harmless character. So at their expense we had a hearty laugh, whereupon to cap the climax one of our party (Timming) fell overboard backwards and had what might be called a "sousing." On landing again about 2 a. m., we were too tired and the night too dark to pitch tents; so we merely made a large fire, and, rolling up in our blankets, ranged ourselves around it like the spokes about the hub of a wheel and took a comfortable nap, barring mosquitoes, which we found in the morning actually darkened the air. Left about daylight and proceeded up the river. Landed about noon on the wharf of Sault Ste. Marie in the presence of one half the inhabitants, who were taken in utter surprise to see such a large party. Remained at this place until Friday (June 30th). The hotel is very good for such a place. Table served principally with speckled and lake trout and whitefish. The place contains an American fort, and is the depot of the American Fur Co. It has a half dozen stores and about 1,000 inhabitants, mostly half-breeds, who are a lazy, vile, wretched race, sleeping during the day and drinking, stealing, and revelling all night. The river here is quite narrow, not more than $\frac{3}{4}$ of a mile in width, and has rapids opposite, 21 feet in height, which precludes vessels from passing from Lake Superior to Huron. This is a great inconvenience,

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as the copper has all to be reshipped. When business increases they will be obliged to build a canal around them. The banks of the river are formed of sandstone, supposed to be Pottsdam or even still older, covered with drift and very large boulders. The valley has an appearance as if the river was once much higher and several miles wide. The fences here are made by sharpening posts and driving them into the earth side by side. At noon started in a large batteau and two canoes, made of birch bark, about 30 feet in length. Soon found they were too heavily laden, and accordingly sent two of the party back to procure another canoe and catch us to-morrow. It soon came on to rain and to blow very hard, so that the canoes only made Point aux Pines, where we encamped for the night. The batteau was in great danger, being too heavily laden, and the waves rushing over her, she was obliged to put back and narrowly escaped running over the rapids, which might have been fatal to all in her. I had forgotten that at the "Sault" we met a Mr. McC——d, a man who had formerly studied first medicine, then law, then theology, and at last came out to Canada as a clergyman of the Church of England. This vocation he gave up and became speaker of the House of Representatives of Michigan, and being expelled from there he was appointed by the Montreal Mining Co. to survey the north coast of Lake Superior, all of which he did satisfactorily, and is now, I am grieved to say, become a perfect rake and toper. He still possesses a very

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gentlemanly exterior and manner, and has a very large stock of general information. But it appears that when a man falls from a high station in life he falls to the lowest depths of degradation, as in this instance.

July 1st.—Woke early, after passing a bad night, as it was very cold. As we were eating breakfast the batteau came up. The party had slept on board a steamer lying in the river. Tompkins on the way up shot a fine purple-throated loon, and after breakfast Dr. Stout wounded a large loon flying over, which I afterwards killed. Encamped at noon on Gros Cape. Here found some glacial scratches, and on the shore made a complete collection of nearly all the rocks on shores of lake. Moschetoes not very troublesome, but black flies numerous. The latter, when they bite, leave a blotch of blood as though a pin had pricked the flesh. The wound is made almost imperceptibly, and it was queer to see some one come into camp with his face covered with these blotches of blood and then tell some one in camp who only had one or two bites that his face was bloody.

Sunday, July 2d.—Woke up and found it raining hard, but as tents were well pitched kept pretty dry. Our party consists of sixteen, viz.: Prof. Louis Agassiz, Dr. Leconte and Dr. Stout of N. Y., Dr. Keller, Jules Marcon, Mr. Cabot, Mr. Belknap, Messrs. Timmin, Kendall, Gardner, Lee, Tompkins, Wiley, Loring, Stone, and myself, together with sixteen half-breeds

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to work the canoes; so that altogether we had 32 mouths to feed, and, being obliged to take nearly all our provisions along, we had very heavy luggage. As we shall soon collect mineral (and some heavy) specimens, I suppose it is now lighter than it will be hereafter.

July 3rd.—Ran but ten miles to Maple Island in consequence of heavy winds. Found here very large crystals of feldspar. Made great search for fossils in the sandstone of which the island principally consists, but could find none. Found some beautiful specimens with the ripple mark in them.

July 4th.—Splendid morning. Off before sunrise and fired a grand salute. Met many Indians in canoes going to Sault. They appeared afraid of us, although they came close to us from curiosity. Bought several fine fish from them. Arrived in Mica Bay by 5 o'clock. After dinner went into the mines. They had been worked about 12 months. As they so seldom see white men here, they were exceedingly glad to see us and show the mine to scientific men, as they took us *all* to be. Descended a slanting shaft on a ladder 80 feet. Shaft so narrow could just crawl down, and water continually pouring down our necks. All very fine to talk of. Obtained some fine specimens of copper pyrites and sulphuret of copper. The matrix is principally feldspar and very hard. Men principally from Cornwall, England, and a very fine looking set. They have two gangs, one of which works from 6 a. m. to 2 p. m. and the other until 10 p. m. This

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mine, beautifully laid out, well drained and ventilated, bids fair to be very profitable as far as we could judge. After returning to camp had a 4th of July celebration. Some of the party had brought some fireworks along, and we had a regular "Independence time" on British soil. The fireworks, particularly snakes, frightened the Indians exceedingly.

July 5th.—Calm day; made good headway. Encamped at night at mouth of Sandy River, where there is a fine waterfall. Bought fish of Indians, who are totally ignorant of the value of money. Gave them to us at $\frac{1}{2}$ a cent a pound. They are a wretched race. Have no clothes or anything else of any consequence. Stone was taken quite sick with bilious fever. Moschetoes and black flies began to be exceedingly annoying. Obligated to wear veils the whole time, and during meals to make a brush fire and then sit around it, with our heads in smoke while we eat to keep the flies from going down our throats.

July 6th.—I am in the batteau which almost invariably is behind, which is very annoying, as the rest get ashore, pick up all the dry wood, and get meals generally by the time we arrive. The batteau is very heavily laden and moves slowly even with four long sweeps. Found some pretty agates on a small island. Wished very much to reach Michipicoten to-night, as Stone is still very sick. Could not, so encamped ten miles short of it.

July 7th.—Got off early, preparing to reach Michipicoten by breakfast time, but we soon had a heavy

headwind which precluded all possibility of doing so. In rounding some points we could only just move the batteau with six men at the four oars. Quite chilly in the wind, but as soon as we got out of the wind the sun was most fiercely hot. This is a singular feature of the lake. Saw ice in the crevices of the rocks only a short distance above the level of the water. Saw also this day wild raspberries, (white, but not good,) onions, gooseberries, strawberries, buckwheat, and peas. Entered mouth of river about 3 p. m. Current very strong, color of water very red, arising from pine woods through which it flows. Beautiful stratification in old bar of the river, through which it now runs, the lake having evidently fallen some. Saw a miserable dirty Indian man clad merely in his breechcloth. He had three squaws and swarms of children. For a plug of tobacco he towed our boat some ways up the river.

July 8th.—Detained by Stone's sickness and by repairing a canoe which we have bought from Captain Swansain, one of ours being so leaky that we have condemned it. It is amusing to see how the Indians pet their canoes, never allowing them to touch the shore with any one in. As they approach the shore they all jump out, and while two, one at each end, hold the canoe parallel to the shore the others carry you ashore on their shoulders, and then, after unloading, carry the canoe ashore and lay it down bottom up for a tent. Every morning before starting they take two firebrands and, holding them together, blow be-

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tween them on the pitch and thus close up all holes or cracks that may have been made the day before.

Sunday, July 9th.—Oh, how little this day is kept in our camp! Some went off gunning and others fishing, and one who was writing a letter called out to me to know what day of the week and month it was, while our men are all still hard at work on our canoe. Walked out to see an Indian burying-ground. Through the influence of the Roman priests they are induced to place a cross over the graves, but they still cover them with bits of red flannel, etc., and bury all the deceaseds' utensils with them. Capt. Swansain, the agent of the Hudson Bay Co., has treated us very kindly, keeping Agassiz and Dr. Leconte in his house, and making us all take a glass of wine with him on leaving. Hoisted the Royal Ensign on our arrival and departure. While here it has looked more like savage life than any place we have stopped. We were encamped amidst Indian wigwams in what might be called the plaza of the village, which contains say 20 houses. After leaving here, much to my chagrin and annoyance, our various boatmen took it into their heads to have a race, although it was Sunday. At night stopped at La Chienne River, where they caught a large trout (speckled, 17 inches long and 6 inches in girth) in the seine. Found a bear's skull filled with tobacco and various herbs, shoulder-blades, and tail-bones tied on a pole with colored ribbon all in a very fantastic way. Probably left as a peace offering to the Great Manitou by the Indians.

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July 10th.—Gardner caught a trout 21 inches long and 12 inches in girth before we left. The camping-ground was the most beautiful we have yet had—seven terraces rising one above the other, showing, as we have since concluded, that the lake has been at some period 300 feet higher than at present. The water has fallen by the breaking away of the mountains at Sault. This is shown by the fact that these various terraces correspond in height around the lake and on the sides of the mountains of the valley of the Sault. Had dead calm in the middle of the day. It is astonishing how clear the waters of this lake are. One can see the bottom at a depth of 40 feet distinctly, and one of the party said he lowered a towel on a cord and saw it distinctly at a depth of 90 feet. This is astonishing, though some days they have seen it at a depth of 120 feet. The water is also surprisingly cold, the temperature being 37° Fahrenheit at the surface. This may account for the clearness of it. They have quite heavy frost here early in August, and although we are dressed in very heavy flannel shirts and drawers we find a great coat quite a necessary garment night and morning. The voyageurs we employ are a queer set of men. They are all half-breed Indians, although one has straight red hair. They speak a broken French and the Chippeway language. On starting from the Sault they seemed to care little for loading the boats, but the next morning they were up bright and early getting breakfast, etc. They appear to live very happily without a

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thought for to-morrow, although they merely live like beasts of burden. They generally work cheerfully, singing their wild Canadian boat-songs, and are almost indefatigable, working sometimes twelve or fourteen hours a day on the paddle or the oar. Their cooking, to be sure, is none of the best, and its best qualification is its speed; but then if sole leather were only boiled twenty minutes I believe we could relish it. To give an instance of our appetites, each of the party will drink two quart bowls of coffee or tea of the strongest kind, sweetened only with a little maple sugar, morning or evening; and then will eat salt pork boiled only twenty minutes, and bread made with flour and water and fried with a piece of salt pork. This bread will answer equally well to *lead* fish-lines and to eat. At noon, when we have not always time to cook, we devour raw ham with the greatest gusto.

July 11th.—Pushed on as usual to-day. Saw many beautiful lichens and mosses, which grow in great abundance in this part of the country on the rocks and trees. On the trees they grow in such great quantities as often to kill them, and by applying a match to them in the evening they instantly burst into a flame and we have an exceedingly beautiful exhibition of fireworks. The woods here are not very handsome, being composed of evergreen with a few birch-bark. In many places for miles they were entirely burnt off a few years ago during an unusual drought. Encamped to-night on a high rock some fifteen feet above the

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lake to avoid mosquitoes. Saw magnificent "Northern Lights." We lay out by the fire nearly all night watching them. They covered two thirds or more of the heavens, starting from a common center. They were beautiful beyond description, and I had no conception of what a northern light was before, although I have seen many that they called splendid ones at home.

July 12th.—Arrived at Le Pic, which is a miserable small station and surrounded by a wretched set of thieving Indians. Caught one or two sturgeons here. Found a dissection of them very interesting. The liver was of a peculiar gray color, the stomach being very powerful, the covering being in some places an inch thick. Shot some pigeons and a small squirrel, which differs from our "chip squirrel" in having four stripes instead of three. On Thursday took an Indian guide to show us a lake a mile distant. He could not speak a word of English, and we could only communicate with him by signs. The scamp led us, as we afterwards discovered, a roundabout way through a stream up to our waists, whereas he might have taken us dryshod. Mosquitoes and black flies here are terrible, although as we proceed north we find the weather sensibly becoming colder.

July 14th.—Left Stone quite ill and Loring to take care of him. Very sorry to leave them so. Passed, on our way out, the Governor of the Hudson Bay Co. He is a queer character, and when he travels he travels twenty-two hours out of the twenty-four.

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They say you might as well attempt to catch a whirlwind as to chase him. They tell many marvellous stories of his travelling. Saturday passed as usual. Sunday were prevented again from travelling by the high winds. Regret I cannot spend Sundays by myself, for I am prevented from reading my Bible or Morning and Evening Prayer as I wish.

July 17th.—Expected to-day to stop on St. Ignace and ascend the highest peak on the lake, 1300 feet above the level of the water; but the canoes pushed on so far that we lost them, and our chart being very small and the men ignorant of the country, we missed the place and ran by the canoes while they were lying in a little bay. The party in the canoes went up, but were disappointed and not repaid for their trouble; so we lost nothing, after all. Found a great many agates in the rocks. Encamped at night alone, knowing nothing of where the canoes were. Tuesday we pushed on, knowing if canoes were behind they would soon catch us, and if ahead might be waiting for us. After dinner we thought we saw them some four or five miles astern and accordingly fired off guns which they heard and answered. They had found the glacial scratches on the very top of the mountain. In afternoon came across an Indian village. The people were a squalid, wretched looking set, principally women and babies. Next day landed on Point Porphyry, where we saw a beautiful example of the intervention of trap into the sandstone formation. The sandstone had in places evidently been altered into

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porphyry. Had poor camping-ground this night; grass wet, and in fact everything wet, so much so that we could hardly keep up fire. Rained hard all night.

July 20th.—As it was very wet and men tired, routed up quite late. What a luxury it is to lie until 7 o'clock and not hear the cry of "Up! up!" at 3½ a. m., or else have the tent down on top of you to warn you we are going to start! Saw some beautiful metamorphic changes in the sandstone where it was intersected by trap dikes and very much altered. As we neared Thunder Bay saw some beautiful palisades, higher than those on the North River, though not so horizontal on the top. Pie Island looks, too, very like a pie turned upside down. Wind quite high and nearly swamped us in crossing Thunder Bay. Arrived at Fort William just before dark. Mr. McKenzie treated us very hospitably. The agents of the Hudson Bay Co. are all educated men. At all the stations they have hoisted their ensigns on our arrival and departure. Found papers and letters here from home up to July 4th. How acceptable they all were! The Indians here are a better class than any we have yet seen. Traded some with them. The station is the best we have seen; better buildings and more businesslike. In the evening our men and those of the fort assembled in one of the log-houses and commenced dancing to the music of an old broken violin.

July 22nd.—Prepared our baggage and canoes to

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ascend the river called Kaministiquia. Left all superfluous baggage and took only the three canoes. This was the first time we have actually paddled. We had eight men in a canoe to paddle, and it really was a beautiful sight. They keep stroke by a song, and the eight paddles strike the sides of the canoe so simultaneously that only one sound is heard, and this I can compare to nothing better than the puffing of a steam engine which has no condenser. The river was truly beautiful, being bordered by large birch-bark trees interspersed with a few evergreens and growing down to the water's edge. After ascending about 11 miles stopped to make a "walkage,"—that is, to walk through the woods while the men poled the canoes up the rapid stream. It proved to be about 5 miles long, first through a swamp and then through a pine barren. The latter was very fatiguing, and some of the party complained greatly. Encamped within five miles of the falls at night.

Sunday, July 23rd.—Showered during night, but still started before 5 a. m. on the "walkage" to the falls. The trail had not been travelled in a year, and bushes were somewhat grown over it. I led the way, but when I got at the falls I was as wet as if I had waded the river; in fact, I had to take off my boots and pour the water out which had dripped down from my trousers into them. The falls were magnificent, being 100 feet in height and falling conically; i. e., being smallest at the bottom. This caused them to roar tremendously. In the center there is a curious

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rock standing like a column and completely dividing the sheet of water. The water of the river is of the color of light brandy, and the rock through which it flows an old clay slate. Lay still to-day as usual.

July 24th.—Intended to have gone two days' journey further up the river to Dog Lake, but here our Indian guide declared he had never been any further up. We felt very much like ducking him, but as we could not travel the river without a guide who knew the portages, very reluctantly returned to Fort William. We went down in about eight hours, doing little more than steer the canoes a great part of the way. The agent said we were the largest party of white men who had ever visited the falls, and most of the ground we trod on had never been visited by white men before. Indeed, we were the second party of Americans who had been at the Kakkabekka Falls or up the Kaministiquia River.

July 25th.—Off by 9 a. m., but wind dead ahead. Stopped for dinner, and on going out again saw that a canoe containing an Indian and four squaws, which was quite wide off when we went in, had stopped but a short distance from us. The man had been pointed out to us at the fort as the greatest rascal in the country, so we thought his movements suspicious. As we went ashore to camp at night, saw a porcupine running up the bank; immediately gave chase and one of us killed him with the axe. He was afraid that it would throw its quills at him. Dissected it. Found the stomach full of mountain ash or Norway cherry-

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tree leaves. Skinned it, and made a good supper of the flesh. After working a great while to clear fat from the skin, hung it on a bush to finish it in the morning. About 10 p. m., saw the dog of the rascal Indian about the camp. This showed the Indian was again not far off. Moved baggage in tent to prevent stealing, but set no watch; for armed as we each are with a bowie-knife and a revolving pistol loaded and capped in our belts, there is little fear of Indians.

July 26th.—Waked up by two reports of a gun right near the tent. Found one of the men had seen the skin and skeleton of the porcupine to be missing, and seeing the Indian's dog prowling around had wreaked vengeance on him. No doubt he was the thief, and I only wished he had killed the dog. Arrived at Prince's Location by 12 o'clock. Here, to our astonishment, we again saw the rascally Indian, and to our still greater surprise we learned he had a letter from Mr. Mackenzie for us, and, to obey his orders, he had followed us here to deliver it, because Mr. Mackenzie supposing he would not catch us till we arrived had told him to come here and give it to us. Very kindly treated by Mr. Robinson, the superintendent here. After dinner visited Spar Island to see a beautiful vein of carbonate of lime, containing ponderous spar (sulphate of barytes), copper pyrites, and cobalt. Evening descended the mine by a rope and obtained some beautiful specimens of Iceland spar crystals. This mine contains much zinc, though they are working it for silver.

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July 27th.—Left with intention of visiting Isle Royal; but wind rising, encamped by 9 o'clock on a small island a short distance from the shore. Wind still rising, and the traverse being 14 miles from land to land, dared not attempt it, so very reluctantly rigged sails and started homeward. I verily think the girls at home must have had hold of the tow-lines, for we had a smacking fair breeze. Waves ran very high, so much so that, although our canoes were not more than fifty yards apart, when we sunk in the trough of the sea we lost sight of each other.

July 28th.—Again good fair breeze. Stopped only a few minutes for dinner, as we could not afford to lose the breeze. It is wonderful how a hungry man in the woods can eat raw ham and sea-biscuit! I am sure they tasted full as good as anything I ever ate at home. Some of the party begin to be awfully homesick, particularly those who take little interest in the expedition. I have not felt so at all till now, as I have been so interested making observations. But now that we are on our way home I feel a little so. Made over fifty miles to-day.

July 29th.—Wind ahead, made little progress to-day. Stopped in Neepigon Bay, and at Cape Gorgan at an old mining station now deserted. Found large quantities of cord wood, with which we made glorious fires.

Sunday, July 30th.—Woke up and found it raining. Tompkins and myself got into a discussion with Kendall and Wiley on the absurdity of objecting to the



Mary Crooke Elmendorf

From a daguerreotype, about 1849

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doctrine of the Trinity because it is against reason. We of course easily confuted the arguments they brought forward. Who can say but that the few words spoken by us on that occasion, earnestly but in all kindness, may not prove to them a blessing? I earnestly pray that they may.

July 31st.—Still raining hard and everything by this time saturated with water. Weather cold and disagreeable.

Aug. 2nd.—Stopped at some beautiful terraces to dine. Ascended them and found they were 300 feet high and laid at an angle of 30° to 33° , the greatest angle at which sand and loose materials can lay. Encamped at night on Black River. Beautiful falls in it near the lake. Rock, red granitic. Saw on the very edge, where the water would wear the rock if anywhere, the glacial scratches. Found Mr. Salter and company, who were surveying locations. They made us visit their camp and take some toddy and cake.

Aug. 3rd.—Unable to proceed on account of fog. Visited falls of 60 feet, two miles up the river. Arrived on Saturday at Le Pic by 8 a. m. Found Stone well again.

Aug. 9th.—Been detained here till now by head winds and so heavy we dared not venture out. If ever our fare is bad, it is while we are lying by in this way doing nothing. Out of sugar. Found it to be one of our greatest misfortunes, for I believe we could more easily do without anything else than it. Mr. Bagshad treated Stone very kindly, and Sir

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George Simpson, the Governor of the Hudson Bay Co., left him some port wine when he was there. All our thanks are due to the company for taking care of Stone gratis and furnishing us with provisions at a reasonable price. I suppose, however, it is due to the circular letter we have from the Lieut.-Governor of Canada.

Aug. 10th.—As we have been detained so long, pushed on without visiting Michipicoten Island, which disappointed greatly some of the party who had great expectations of collecting agates.

Aug. 11th.—Weather begins to grow sensibly warmer as we proceed South. Sun scorching hot, had to wet hats to keep head cool; and yet, notwithstanding all this, the water is too cold to keep the hands in it while the boat is in motion. Arrived at Michipicoten about 3 p. m. The distance from Sault Ste. Marie to Michipicoten is 135 miles, to Le Pic 90 miles, and to Fort William 135 miles—in all 360 miles. We found Sir George Simpson had travelled the whole distance in 5 days! He stops but two to four hours at night merely to allow a man to cook, and then is right off. He makes his men (8 or 10 in each canoe) paddle whether the sails are up or not.

Aug. 12th.—Pushed on. Passed what is called the "Devil's Storehouse." It is an island the one side of which is a perpendicular rock 200 feet or so high and 2000 feet long. It is colored by different mosses that grow on it, and presents a very singular appearance.

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In one corner of it is a place called the "Devil's Chimney." Here the men threw some tobacco into the water for propitious weather. Opposite to it we accidentally discovered a magnificent echo. By firing a gun the report was increased in volume and echoed from mountain to mountain until it burst like a report of thunder in a large mountain gorge.

Sunday, Aug. 13th.—Rained hard all day, and had they not all been in such a hurry to reach the Sault, would not have travelled. Rained so hard had frequently to stop and bale out the boat. Arrived at Mica Bay by sundown, having had no dinner and well soaked to the skin. Mr. Matthews was at Michipicoten Island, but Mr. Palmer treated us very kindly. Showed us a "pothole" in the mine 200 feet above the lake. The water has evidently been at that height once.

Aug. 14th.—Pushed on, and in crossing a traverse the wind arose as we were about in the middle, and we commenced in spite of all exertions drifting rapidly out to sea. For about an hour we were in great peril, expecting every wave to swamp us, which would have been instant death to all the party in such cold water. The men trembled like leaves. Providentially, by our exertions, we were enabled to make a low sand island, or bar I should say, which lay out to sea. If it had not been for this, there would have been but a slight chance for our lives.

Aug. 15th.—Reached Gros Cape in time for breakfast. Must say I now feel sorry to leave the lake, for

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I have enjoyed myself very much. But then I should like again to visit home. It is a strange feeling which comes over one when he has been shut out for six weeks from all communication with the rest of the world. A feeling comes as if he never again would care to visit his fellow men. Arrived at Sault St. Marie about 4 o'clock. The canoes shot the rapids. Almost the first thing we did was to hunt up the postmaster and obtain all the letters and papers. Wednesday and Thursday engaged in packing specimens in barrels and boxes suitable for transportation homeward. To give an idea of the quantity of specimens, we have seven barrels of fish, among which are 20 new species.

Aug. 18th.—To-day I unexpectedly met Uncle Laidlie in the hotel. He came up in the steamboat on a fishing excursion. Among the party was a son of Sir Robert Peel. I was introduced to them, and was amused at the deference with which I was treated as a scientific man.

Aug. 19th.—Left in the steamer *Gore*. Stopped at Bruce mines in the afternoon. Found two men very badly wounded by the explosion of a blast they were boring out. Took them on board to give them medical attendance. The mine is a very fine one worked very near surface, the greatest depth being 60 feet. The captain is quite pleased with Prof. Agassiz, and has given us the entire ladies' cabin. The Lord Bishop of Toronto and two clergymen are also on board.

Sunday, Aug. 20th.—Stopped at Manitouline Island

GRADUATE STUDY

to allow the clergy to hold service. They are building a very neat, pretty little church here, to hold about 300. Prayers were read by the Rev. Mr. O'Meara in the schoolhouse, in Indian, and a sermon preached in English by the Rev. Mr. Grisette from I Jno., iii, 1. There were some 50 or 60 Indians present, mostly women, and they all knelt in prayer. What a silent reproof is this to Christian congregations in a Christian land! Very much pleased with the service. Would that our own Church would make as great endeavors to spread "the faith once delivered to the saints" as the Romanists do their doctrines. I had intended speaking of the Bishop and clergy, but owing to an unfortunate controversy one of them commenced with Prof. Agassiz, which has prejudiced me against them, I pass without writing down anything of them.

Aug. 21st.—Arrived at Sturgeon Bay about 3 p. m. and took stage, or rather a large open wagon about six feet above the ground. A great part of the road was corduroy, and of a villainous character. The woods are magnificent, and consist of red and white pine, larch, spruce, arbor vitæ, Canada plum, red and white oak, black and white ash. One pine-tree we saw branched into four a short distance above the ground, each branch two feet in diameter. Arrived at Orilla at 10 p. m.; got supper in hotel, and went aboard of boat.

Aug. 22nd.—Boat started at 5 a. m., long before we were up. Boat small but nice. Lake small and

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very beautiful, although water was not so clear as in the large lakes. Stopped and took some ladies on board. Cannot help thinking how oddly they appeared to be dressed, full as much so as the Indians when we first went among them. All this shows what creatures of habit we all are. I am now becoming reconciled again to sitting on chairs and sleeping on beds. At first I was continually trying to draw up my legs and double them under me. And when I was in bed could not sleep, with the feeling that I was in a soft muddy camping-ground. About 3 p. m. arrived at Holland's Landing. Had to walk three miles to St. Albans. Here took dinner and then stage for Toronto. Only charge 25 cts. here for meals. Road to Toronto macadamized and very fine, cutting through numerous hills of drift. Observed many boulders on north sides of hills. Passed many fine country-seats. About 10 p. m. the servant of the Bishop fell off the box of the driver and was severely injured about the head as well as had his thumb completely mashed. Stopped at a tavern to dress. Arrived in Toronto a little after 12 p. m. Stopped at the Wellington House, which is but a poor one.

Aug. 23rd.—Took boat and arrived at Niagara, where we stopped at the Cataract House and had dinner at 3½ p. m. First civilized dinner we have had in nearly two months.

Aug. 24th.—Took carriage and visited St. David's to see the old channel of the river, Muddy Run, Lundy's Lane and towers thereon, whirlpool. The

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channel of the river has evidently been changed by drift, and the falls have worked up from the whirlpool to their present position.

Aug. 25th.—Woke up at 5 a. m., and as I had no watch and it was cloudy could not tell how late it was; so rang bell, and was told by waiter that breakfast was half over. Dressed and hurried down in great haste. Found to my surprise that it was the early breakfast for those who left in the cars. So took a walk to Goat Island and found in the water, just on the brink of the American Fall, the plant called wild celery which the canvasback ducks feed on in the Chesapeake. This I was told was the first time it had ever been found in fresh or rapid running water. Packing and writing letters till dinner, and then left for Lockport. Railroad villainous—flat rail; had to stop and nail down snake-heads, and once got out of steam. So took three hours to travel the 24 miles. Rained on my arrival about as hard as it did ten years ago when I arrived here at 11 p. m. The “locks” here are beautiful. There are five of twelve feet fall each, and they can “lock” a packet through in five minutes. It is a noble piece of work, and they are now adding a similar set alongside so as to have a double set.

Aug. 26th.—Went fossil hunting with Col. Jewett and Dr. Wooster. Found many beautiful ones.

Sunday, Aug. 27th.—Morning party went looking for fossils. I went to Grace Church, where we had a lay reader, the clergyman being absent on a tour with

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a new wife. This is the first time I have been to church in over two months. Was disappointed to find only a lay reader. No one can realize the great advantage of living in a Christian land until deprived of it for a time.

Aug. 28th, 29th.—Left in a stage for Batavia, where we dined and took cars for Utica. Arrived at 8 a. m. Went to Trenton Falls, where I spent a day and returned. Took cars at 12 o'clock at night and arrived in Albany Thursday morning in time to take the *Alida* down the river, and if had not been detained by a very thick fog would have arrived in N. Y. in time to take the 5 p. m. train home and thus make 270 miles in eighteen hours.

VI

CAMBRIDGE LETTERS

IN his first venture out into the world alone (which practically was the case with young Hoffman at Harvard) he was of course followed by the solicitude and love of his family, and by the interest and affection of his friends. A series of letters addressed to him at this time by his painstaking and anxious father, by his loving mother, by his kinsmen and a circle of devoted former companions, happily exists.

Much of their matter is, as in all such cases, only of immediate and passing value and interest; but, on the other hand, much in these letters has a certain human, special, and even historical interest, which has seemed to make it proper that they should be here reproduced in abbreviated form. It has seemed best, however, to place the letters in a chapter by themselves, so that the thread of the life story shall not be interrupted by the side issues and diversions of view incident to such correspondence. They are here given in their order of reception.

From Benjamin B. Leacock.

NEW BRUNSWICK, August 25th, 1847.

Your letter, dear Hoff, welcomed me yesterday on my return to New Brunswick. I rejoiced to hear of your success. I

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told you that they would receive you without an examination. You will be surprised to hear that I did not return to New Brunswick until yesterday. When you left, it was my intention to leave for the city on Friday night; but when the time came, they persuaded me to accompany them to a party given by Miss Hough. We spent a very pleasant evening, dancing until 12 o'clock. Next day we visited East Rock, and on Monday noon I left for New York, where I passed the night, spending the evening at Palmo's.

There is nothing new in Brunswick. Miss Molton tells me that Berry has called on me. I have not seen Wood Strong yet. I suppose the next visit I make will be to him. I am now in *statu quo* about my movements, waiting till I hear from you whether you will be able to make your tour to Saratoga. I am afraid that that "self important, rigid, stiff, and particular man" will interfere with our arrangements. Put the question soon as possible, and let me know the result.

Your friend ever, BEN.

From Mr. Samuel V. Hoffman.

NEW BRUNSWICK, Aug. 30th, 1847.

My dear Boy:

Your letter of the 28th was received to-day. Before opening it I felt a little uneasy, thinking something might have occurred, as I did not expect to receive a letter quite so soon, but we all were very glad to hear from you. You can not write too often, nor too many particulars, always provided you have the leisure time. I am very glad to learn the substance of the conversation between Mr. Everett and yourself, and you ought to feel highly flattered to think he would enter into an explanation about inviting us there on Sunday evening, and again repeating the invitation to you. I would, by all means, recommend your calling there next Sunday evening, or as soon after as you can. Pay some attention to his wife and daughter. Let

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me also advise you to cultivate the acquaintance and friendship of Professors Felton and Kent and their families. We did not arrive at Newport until 9 o'clock. Got good rooms at the Ocean House and soon went to bed; but it is the most noisy, unpleasant, and disagreeable house I was ever at, and I do not know what could induce me to remain at it any length of time. I presume by this time you are acquainted with several of your class, but I fear the great difficulty will be to select the right kind of companions. I have not seen Ben, but Charles said he was in church on Sunday.

Do not forget what I told you about Miss Upham's. Do not elect too many studies at first. I should think the required studies, together with German and French, would be quite sufficient to commence with.

I have written to have the *Sentinel of Freedom* sent you. I see by the papers that the Phi Beta Kappa Society did meet at Cambridge. Had you not better buy a narrow black silk braid as a guard to your watch? We expect your Aunt Margaret here next week, also Theodora Storm. Now see what you miss by being absent.

Ever your affectionate father,

S. V. HOFFMAN.

P. S.—Do not forget to call on Mr. Kent. I have forgotten to say that I think you had better sign your name Eugene Aug^r Hoffman.

To this fatherly letter of Mr. Hoffman, Mrs. Hoffman added a postscript full of motherly solicitude for the health of her son, giving him detailed instructions about avoiding damp sheets, about the importance of warm clothing, the importance also of avoiding pastry and other things likely to foster a bilious habit, to which her son seems already to have had a tendency.

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From B. B. Leacock.

NEW BRUNSWICK, Sept. 2, 1847.

Dear Hoff:

I received your long and welcome letter on Monday, and I am glad to find you so comfortably settled. Immediately after taking your letter from the office I met Collier, who had just received your letter. We spent the evening together, and having added Wood to our party, we ended off in a good old style, in mint-julep, etc.

Collier left town next morning. We promised ourselves to pay John Ferdon a visit together. How I wish you could join us. In relation to my coming to Boston, I can say nothing definite at present. I have also received a letter from John. He has written to all his friends, begging them to write to him. He must be very lonesome. Wood Strong has received a letter from him. My last letter to Frank Russell I sent to Medford, but received no answer from him. He must have gone somewhere else. Make some inquiries about Medford; it must be somewhere near Boston. I am now spending some days with Wood Strong. I came here yesterday evening.

Yours as ever, BEN.

The above letter of Mr. Leacock has a special interest as bringing into view, for the first time, one of the late Dean's early companions, his lifelong and beloved friend, since known as Rev. Dr. Francis Thayer Russell, revered and most tenderly loved throughout the whole American Church. He was at this time simply young "Frank Russell"; but he was already an accomplished teacher of elocution, as he is at the moment in which these words are being written, being still occupied in his duties as an instructor in the General Theological Seminary in Chelsea Square, where

he has for almost half a century been the helpful and able and modest professor, the beloved companion of his colleagues, and the venerated model to all of every Christian virtue and social charm.

It would grieve and pain him were all said of him which here might be said by one who has had the signal honor of having been his pupil, his colleague, and his friend. One is not, however, led captive by the spirit of friendship merely when one speaks warmly and appreciatively of Dr. Russell. Though he has now passed the 70th year of ordinary human life, he is still youthful in heart, in manner, and in charming personality; and the acclaim of generations of pupils and friends testifies with unbroken voice, everywhere, to the humble piety, the professional ability, the unselfish devotion to duty and to friends, which seem always to have distinguished this beloved person. He was the last of the friends of his youth to be near the Dean when the end came. He had been his friend in Rutgers days, and the friend of the Dean's young friends. He had even been his personal instructor in his special art. He had been his colleague in the work of instruction through all the years of the Dean's administration of the Seminary. He had been his groomsman at his marriage in far-off years, and stood at his side on that memorable and beautiful day, so well remembered by all who shared its incidents—the day of the Golden Wedding. And at last, when the Dean's body lay in the beautiful Chapel which had been so long the delight of his heart and imagination,

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this faithful friend stood by his coffin with his eyes full of tears and his smile and speech full of faith and hope and love. To such a man and such a friendship it is a privilege to pay a tribute in this connection. To say more would be possible; to say less would not do justice to a lovely spirit whose life and qualities have been a benediction to all who have known him, and who, it may be hoped, will forgive these words of an affectionate and yet measured appreciation. They are placed here that they may serve as a link of more or less permanent union, binding his memory, let it be hoped, with that of the great Dean whose soul was knit to his friend's soul.

From Mr. S. V. Hoffman.

NEW BRUNSWICK, Sept. 8th, 1847.

My dear Boy:

Your letter dated the 4th, and postmarked the 6th, was not received until to-day. Saturday is a bad day to mail your letters, as they must always lay over till Monday. If you keep them open until then and mail them on that day, you might have something to add. For instance, I was anxious to hear about your call on the President, what was done, whom you saw, etc. Do not elect any more studies at present, but see how you get on with those you are now pursuing. You may find your mathematical professor very easy just now, but he will wake up one of these times, and if you are not prepared will wake you up also. I did not misunderstand you about your name. I would either sign it E. A. or Eugene Aug^s, but the latter both myself and your mother think much the better. Tom Thumb was in Brunswick yesterday exhibiting himself, and a great many went to see him. I thought he had made

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money enough to retire. We expected your grandfather, Stephen Storm, and Theodora here this morning, but it commenced raining about 9 o'clock and has continued ever since. Let me know how many young men room in Rice's house, whether they belong in your class, what division of your class you are in, in what part of it is your place, and how many young men you have become acquainted with. I trust enough to make it pleasant for you by this time. I think you must feel a little more settled and at home. How do you get along with the Misses Upham? Do you sit near them at the table?

There has been a great flight of pigeons, but I do not hear of any being shot. Is this letter long enough? I want your mother to write another as full, but she won't.

Ever your affectionate father,

S. V. HOFFMAN.

From Ezra Warren Collier.

NEW BRUNSWICK, Sept. 10, 1847.

My dear Friend:

I confess to an unpardonable delay in replying to your delightful epistle, which I have just read over for the twentieth time with interest. I have been out of town a few days with Berry, a few hours with John Todd, and the remainder of the time in New York. Berry is in perfect health, and as tranquil as though he had not been the innocent cause of a tempest that has rocked old Rutgers to its base. John Todd is in excellent condition, and as hearty and jovial as ever. I have not had time lately to pay my respects to *the* ladies. Miss E—f is still charming as ever, though hardly recovered from the shock of your departure. Indeed, I think the touch of melancholy, increasing paleness, and fragility which she exhibits, together with an occasional sigh, add a new interest to her beauty. Genl. Tom Thumb has been in town, and created tremendous excitement. His little Highness will furnish a topic of conver-

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sation to gaping Brunswickers till next Commencement. A letter from John has just reached me. He is still at Havre de Grace, and writes glowingly of picnics, fishing-parties, boats, ladies, and other equally delectable sources of enjoyment. So punches, smashes, cobblers, and similar fluids are under an embargo with you! Well, there is this consolation, there is no danger of your forming intemperate habits. I stayed last night with Wood Strong. He sends such an abundance of love that I can not express a tithe of it in one letter.

The ladies undoubtedly would pour out the secrets of their hearts more freely, but unfortunately they do not know of my writing you; and now, my dear friend, in the anxious hope that you will not follow the example of my delay, allow me to subscribe myself,

Very cordially yours,

E. W. COLLIER.

From J. Romeyn Berry.

HACKENSACK, Sept. 11th, 1847.

My dear Hoffman:

Your letter was received in due course of mail. I was somewhat surprised when I heard at New Brunswick that you had gone to Cambridge. I had heard you say some things about it, but did not expect you would really go. In your present situation I would suppose that you will have to apply yourself pretty closely to your studies, as your classmates will probably expect you to take a high stand on account of your having already graduated at one college. You are certain to be a learned man when you get through Harvard and can show to the world two literary diplomas.

When I permit selfishness to get supremacy of my feelings I regret that you have gone, as I had anticipated much pleasure from your company at New Brunswick when I should return; but I think the course you have taken will be beneficial to yourself, and it seems to be not improbable that I may one

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of these days have the pride and pleasure of knowing that at least one of my schoolmates is filling a professor's chair. I felt much disappointed in not seeing you when I visited New Brunswick. I enjoyed my visit very much. Ez. Collier came home with me. We had the pleasant company of Miss Elmen-dorf and Miss Skillman on board the boat.

Let me hear from you soon and remember your letters are doubly welcome to me.

Yours with sincerity and fervor,

J. ROMEYN BERRY.

From Mr. S. V. Hoffman.

Sept. 15th, 1847.

Your letter was received to-day. Your having been unwell has been giving your mother a great deal of uneasiness, but she will write you on the subject. I sincerely trust, however, that you are perfectly well before this. I fear you eat too great a variety, or too rich pastry. I must say I am sorry you live so well, as I can not but think it will be better for you to live more plainly. We have also had the same storm here that you mention. This storm has brought on a great many greenback plover, but they are very wild and difficult to shoot. Yesterday, after breakfast, Charles and I went out and got but one. This morning Charles and Robert L—— went at daylight. Charles shot six, killing five at one shot. I did not get any. A great many have been shot on the common back of the college, they making that a general resort. About fifty loafers are stationed all over it, behind every bush and tree. If you have too much to do, I would discontinue the French or the German, as it is not wise to pursue more than you can accomplish well. If you drop either, perhaps it had as well be the German, but I leave that to yourself. Am sorry there are none of your classmates in the same lodging-house with yourself. Am glad to hear you are so punctual in getting up, and I hope you

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are always in bed by ten, as seven hours rest is not any too much. If it is not the custom to introduce any one, I presume you are at liberty and justified in conversing with any one you think proper, or you will never become acquainted.

You do not say anything about the societies in the college. Have you joined any, and which one, and how do you like them? William is now putting out the box in the garden, and before he leaves I will have the bulbous roots put out.

Write whenever you have leisure, and only then, and we will do the same. Have not heard from Aunt Margaret, but have been looking for her for some time.

Your affectionate father,
S. V. HOFFMAN.

From B. B. Leacock.

NEW BRUNSWICK, Sept. 17th, 1847.

Dear Hoff:

Your welcome letter greeted me yesterday on my arrival in town. I think I wrote you last from Dr. Strong's. After leaving there I went to John Todd's, where I have been for the last ten days and enjoyed myself very much. John has now the management of the *Somerset Whig*. The editor has gone to Geneva to be absent some weeks, and John supplies his place. I assisted him in his editorial duties while with him. Did you receive the paper we sent you? The piece signed "Whiskers" is a criticism on the most foolish tale you ever read. The distinguished William Rodgers is the author of it. I am very sorry to hear you have been so ill. I hope by this time you are able to resume your duties.

I heard from — yesterday. His letter was written from Preble the 8th inst. He says, "My mind is still undecided as to study and duty." He mentioned having received a letter from you. I feel somewhat anxious about him. There is no doubt he would like to enter one of our seminaries if he could

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see his way clear, and I should like to do something for him. I have been reading an account lately of a seminary which has recently been started by Bishop Kemper in Wisconsin. It is situated not far from Milwaukee. It is somewhat on the manual labor system. From what I learn of the institution, I think it admirably adapted to assist young men who are desirous to enter the ministry and who are bent on the attainment of their end with all their soul and strength; but alas for poor —, I fear that he has not the energy and that he loves too much to write himself down somebody to submit to the hard work and the undistinguished position which he would occupy at such an institution. Berry is in town and intends entering the seminary. Voorhees is endeavoring to enter the office of the *Newark Daily*.

Adieu, BEN.

The above letter has special interest through its allusion to the then recent foundation of Nashotah House, Wisconsin. The history of that institution has always been interesting, but never more so than at its inception. Three students of the General Theological Seminary, James Lloyd Breck, John Henry Hobart, a son of the distinguished Bishop of New York, and William Adams, a graduate of Trinity College, Dublin, were three of a group of seven young men at the General Theological Seminary who, in their study of the missionary work of Sts. Boniface, Willibrord, and Ansgar in their middle year, asked themselves: "Why may we not go out and undertake some such work, along some such lines as they?" They submitted their plan to Prof. Whittingham, afterwards the distinguished Bishop of Maryland, who advised them to

pray over the matter for a year and then to come to him for further advice. By that time three of the seven had abandoned the scheme, and a fourth, a Mr. Miles, who ardently desired to enter upon the project, was forbidden by his Bishop to leave his diocese. Breck, Hobart, and Adams, however, remained resolute, and after consultation with Bishop Kemper, the Apostolic Bishop of the great Northwest, ventured upon the enterprise in the year 1841. The general plan of the work was along the old monastic lines of life and organization, devoting one third of the time to study, one to prayer, and one to some kind of manual occupation. The life began under the obligations of poverty, chastity, and obedience in the old monastic sense, and the first years of the enterprise at Nashotah constituted an idyll of the American Church. Nashotah was the symbol for years not only of the heroism but of the romance of religion. The times were not ripe, however, for the continuance and the perfecting of work upon its original lines. The "atmosphere" of the American Church at that day was not congenial to the general spirit of the special work at Nashotah. Eventually this originally "religious house" had to become a theological seminary of the more or less commonplace type. The original brotherhood had to disband, Breck going to Minnesota, Hobart returning to the East, and Adams remaining as a theological professor on the ground until the end of his days, when he passed away full of the loving remembrance of generations of pupils whom his almost unbounded learning

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had made his admirers and friends. Breck, however, was the great predominating spiritual influence of the enterprise, and his heroic spirit and his temper of mind, illustrated in his maxim, "Catholicity without partisanship," have governed the life at Nashotah ever since. His remains have been in recent years translated from California to his beloved Nashotah, where they now rest in the beautiful cemetery he had had consecrated more than half a century ago.¹ His spirit still broods over the institution, with its inspiring suggestions of selfless consecration and heroic ardor.

From Mr. S. V. Hoffman.

NEW BRUNSWICK, Sept. 22nd, 1847.

My dear Boy:

Your letter dated the 20th we received last evening. I notice what you say about leaving for home on Thursday, Oct. 7th, and enclose you a letter to the President to that effect, though I do it with some reluctance, as I think you have been there so short a time that you can scarcely have become fixed or established in the college or in your class, and I fear it may cause you to have less good marks at the expiration of the term. My wish was to have you come the latter part of October; but as you prefer coming the 7th, so be it. I think the society at Cambridge are perfectly right about having the students introduced to them, unless they know well who they are. I do not know exactly what to recommend about calling on Prof. Felton. If it is customary or usual for the students to call on or visit any of the faculty, I would certainly wish you to call on him and his family, as he was very polite to me and I think he rendered you a great assistance in entering the

¹ When Dr. Adams heard of the proposed translation, he touchingly observed to his wife, "My dear, James is coming back."

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college; and if you should want any advice or information about your studies or anything else, if you would ask him I think he would freely and cheerfully give it to you. On the whole, I think you had better call and see him, and that before you make your application to visit home.

Ever your affectionate father,

S. V. HOFFMAN.

From Mrs. S. V. Hoffman.

Sept. 26th, 1847.

My dear Eugene:

Feeling very anxious about its being so very sickly about Boston, I am fearful of your having an attack of dysentery, which is so prevalent; therefore I feel it my duty to caution you against taking cold, to abstain from eating fruit or anything not properly cooked, and to dress yourself warmly. We had a letter from your Uncle Phil last evening. He says that Mrs. Van Rensselaer, Alida, and Mrs. Rutgers are to be in town on Tuesday to stay with them. After they leave, they intend going on to Boston. Your uncle mentions that Mr. Mesier is getting better. They say that Mr. Howland, who is to be married to Miss Cogsville, has the asthma very badly at times. I bought a pair of very pretty candelabra when I was in New York, that is, on the day I came through home. I don't hear the sound of a party around Brunswick. I shall want to go to New York this week or next to get my winter hat and some dresses. Your lemon trees I have brought into the house. They look very well. I have made quite a quantity of peach sweetmeats and some plum preserves, which you will be able to test when you come home. I will make up a few quinces also. Let us hear from you as often as you can. If you are sick, take measures to let us know immediately. I must now subscribe myself,

Your mother with true feeling,

G. R. HOFFMAN.

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From Mr. S. V. Hoffman.

NEW BRUNSWICK, Sept. 26th, 1847.

My dear Boy :

I met President Hasbrouck in New Brunswick one day last week. He stopped me and inquired particularly about you, and said he would be pleased to receive a letter from you, etc., etc. But as I was on horseback I could not say much to him. He had been absent during the whole vacation in Ulster and Delaware Counties, and looked very well. I have not seen any other professor, having been so busy on the farm.

A day or two since I met Mr. Nelson and Mr. Kilpatrick. During the conversation I mentioned having taken you to Cambridge, and your having written how very busy you were kept. Kilpatrick said it was as it should be. William has set out the hyacinths, but not one of the tulips as yet. I had to go to church to-day in the lumber box wagon and the water even came into that. Ben was not in church to-day, or I would have asked him whether or not he intended visiting you. The last I heard of him he had gone up the North River. There have been a good many pigeons around. I shot seven last week in Dunham's lot adjoining mine, where the men were cutting up corn. Yesterday and to-day there have been a good many flying over, but I can not make time to go after them. I merely take my gun with me when I go to see the men at work. There are very few or no rail, there being scarcely any wild oats this fall. I saw a flock of teal light in the mouth of the creek. Charles and I immediately started after them, and as they jumped up I knocked down two, but could succeed in finding only one in the grass, the water being quite low.

Your affectionate father,
S. V. HOFFMAN.

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From Francis T. Russell.

MEDFORD, Sept. 29th, 1847.

Dear Hoffman:

I acknowledge receipt of two kind letters from you, received a few days since. As regards the first, you will remember I was to come to Cambridge Tuesday (a fortnight ago yesterday) if possible. I thought afterwards it would make the time pass more agreeably if I should get two or three to join us, and we could take some ladies with us from here and go sailing on the Spot Pond, etc. I left the message with Lane and I awaited your arrival at the depot, but no boys came. Next day I went to Cambridge to see about it. The other two gave excuses, but you were not at home when I called, and as I was in haste I lost the pleasure of seeing you and regret this very much. I very much like the plan proposed in your last letter; but it was a stormy and muddy day here and not for pleasure of any kind. I should have called on Monday if I had thought that the storm would continue till Tuesday. I am very sorry I can not see you at Medford before I leave. I am in the midst of preparation, as I leave to-day for New York. When I think of my having been at home for two or three weeks past and have not had you over to see me, I feel very badly indeed, but I shall see you frequently, I hope, when I return in spring.

I shall see you in New Brunswick in a week's time, I suppose. If circumstances should prevent my going to New Brunswick, you will find me at 190 Atlantic St., Brooklyn. I hope to be at New Brunswick, however. I have received a letter from Ben within a few days, in which he gives us many cautions not to lead each other astray. He is evidently piqued at the idea of us going to Spot Pond with some ladies. He disdains our pity for his own outcast condition! I should remain here for the purpose of seeing you, if only for a single day, but I have an adopted brother who sails for France from



Mrs. Samuel Verplanck Hoffman

From a daguerreotype

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New York, and I am anxious to see him off. At the conclusion of this letter it is unnecessary to say that I am in haste. I have stopped with my trunk half packed for the purpose of writing you. You must keep me in possession of the doings of Cambridge, and I shall give you whatever is interesting from New York.

Your affectionate friend,

FRANCIS T. RUSSELL.

From Mrs. S. V. Hoffman.

NEW BRUNSWICK, Oct. 3rd, 1847.

My dear Eugene:

This is Sunday evening, but I wish to write you before I go to New York, which I expect to do on the half-past three train to-morrow afternoon, if nothing happens. Shall stay until Thursday morning. We saw young Ben Stevens, who came here for the purpose of joining a picnic party at Bordentown gotten up by Edward Stevens of Hoboken. He had an extra car sent on. They say it was a most splendid affair, peach trees taken up by the roots and placed in the rooms loaded with fruit, with colored lamps interspersed, also a very elegant supper. They stopped at Princeton and took up twenty young ladies and young gentlemen. What route are you going to take? I think you had better take the one we took. Then you will be able to take the *Massachusetts*, we think, which is safer. The *Vanderbilt*, you recollect, met with an accident a short time since.

The Bishop is to be here a week from next Sunday, for Confirmation. Miss Cogsville is to be married on Thursday morning at home. They will have a private wedding, owing to two or three deaths in the family. They have ordered everything from New York. He is nearly 40 years old. They say she has told him she knows nothing about housekeeping. He said, "Never mind," he would "order the dinners"; but I

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guess he will find out there will be a few more things to give orders for. They are to start for Philadelphia that day.

Your mother with true affection,

G. R. HOFFMAN.

From B. B. Leacock.

PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 14th, 1847.

Dear Hoff:

I received your kind letter with one enclosed for father, and I will see that it is delivered. Yesterday I visited my vessel. She fully meets my expectations. The captain seems a pleasant, gentlemanly man. We have as many passengers as we can carry. Two of them, brother and sister, must be Lil's cousins, from the name. The young lady and Bess have one stateroom together, and the brother and myself another. So far everything promises a pleasant voyage. I received a letter from father just before leaving Perth. He writes in a very depressed spirit. Property in the Islands is becoming valueless. The British Government is doing everything in its power to ruin them, and her last act has accomplished it.

I will write you more fully on this subject when I reach B. Remember me to your family when you write, and believe me,

Your old friend, BEN.

From Mr. S. V. Hoffman.

NEW BRUNSWICK, Oct. 28th.

My dear Son:

Your letter of the 23rd (Saturday last) was duly received, and I think you entitled to a reply sooner; but really I have not had the time, and we also have been in a state of confusion with the servants all this week. The two Misses Smith and Franklin took tea and spent the evening with us. Old Mr. Livingston, Robert's father, has lost the sight of one eye and the other is quite bad. His health is failing fast, and I should

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not be surprised if he does not live until Spring. Miss Dorr was married to-day to Mr. Wilmerding of New York. I should like to know the result of my letter to the faculty. If you learn it, let me know. Am glad you are pleased with your new room. I always preferred it to the one you selected, and I think you will find it still more pleasant and agreeable if you get a pleasant chum. I did not send you the papers, partly because I had forgotten it, but principally because I did not think the debates very interesting, much longer than you could find time to read. You did not mention before the breaking of your watch. I can not but think you are careless as well as unfortunate, but your mother and Aunt Margaret say I must not scold you, but say I am very thankful it was not worse and that you did not break a bone. You must try and be more careful. You must excuse this scrawl, as I do not feel at all in the humor of writing and have written in very great haste. Still I think you are entitled to a reply, as your letter was not only long but a good one.

Aunt Margaret sends her love and will write you when she gets settled.

Ever your affectionate father,
S. V. HOFFMAN.

From B. B. Leacock.

ST. GEORGE'S, BERMUDA, Oct. 28th, 1847.

Dear Hoff:

Here I am in Bermuda. It has been nearly two weeks since I left Philadelphia, and we are no farther than this. Have had a rather rough passage. I was sick for two days; indeed, during the greater portion of the voyage I was under the weather. Notwithstanding that, however, I enjoyed myself very much. We had as many passengers as we could accommodate. You know how people will find one another and form themselves into little knots. Well, so it was with us. Bess Parker scraped

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an acquaintance with Miss Tucker and I with Messrs. Jones and Smith, two gentlemanly, clever fellows. We have enjoyed ourselves, I assure you. Miss Tucker proved herself one of the most pleasant girls I have met with in a long time. Bess and herself were inseparable after an hour's acquaintance, and I need not tell you that very soon a trio was formed which was ready for anything in the shape of fun, eggnog, punches, etc. But the best of friends must part. Our little club has been broken up. Miss Tucker lands at Bermuda, much to our sorrow. There is no one on board ship to take her place. Miss Tucker was as sorry on leaving us as we were parting from her. The other women on board are not such as we cared to associate with. Mr. Jones and Mr. Smith go to Barbadoes, but Bess will want a female companion very much. I am in hopes, however, that our passage to B. will be short. All the wind we have had has been favorable for that island.

We are now discharging our flour, and hope to weigh anchor by Saturday morning. Our vessel is one of the best and fastest that sails out of Philadelphia. Our captain, Mr. Bowen, is an excellent fellow. The mates are also clever fellows. Our steward and cook can not be beaten, so you see we have everything to make us comfortable. While the vessel is here, Bess and I are staying at the only hotel in St. George. It is kept by a colored woman, and we find it very pleasant. Mr. Smith, myself, and Bess Parker were invited to drink tea with Mr. Higgs, an old gentleman a fellow passenger with us. I spent a charming evening. He has three daughters grown up and a whole raft of little ones coming on the stage. I nearly lost my heart, and should be obliged to surrender the citadel were it not for the difficulty I find in making a selection. Heigh ho! it is a very trying situation for a poor youth like me to be placed in. I do hope our barque will get off by Saturday, or I shall find some difficulty in tearing myself from this delightful place. To-morrow, wind and weather permitting, we purpose going to Hamil-

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ton, a town situated on another island, and where resides my friend Miss Tucker. I won't write more to-night, but to tell you the truth, I have eaten so heavy a supper of plantain, orange marmalade, bread and butter, that I feel quite incapable of an effort. Good-night for the present.

Friday, 29th. You see Bess Parker has been helping me to write to you. To-day we intended going to Hamilton, but this morning has commenced with a regular northeast storm, which promises to last some days and will detain us till middle of next week. This will be too bad! However, everything is for the best. This is a lazy life we are now leading. If we had a party of our own, even our little trio, we could enjoy ourselves very much. We are doing so to the best of our ability, however. Bess is now helping us to some figs, which our landlady has brought by way of lunch.

We have sent for some limes and intend making punch. How I wish you were with me, Hoff! By George, we would enjoy ourselves!

Remember me to your family when you write.

Your old friend, BEN.

From Mrs. S. V. Hoffman.

NEW BRUNSWICK, Nov. 5th, 1847.

My Dear Eugene:

Your Aunt Margaret left us on Friday, to remain in New York a few days before she goes to Hudson to remain for the winter. She said she did not think she would spend the winter in Boston. She has commenced your purse, but it is so fine I don't think it will wear at all. Your Aunt Louisa left here yesterday to go to New York to remain until Saturday. She thinks she may have an operation performed on one of her eyes. The tear duct is closed up. It makes me sick to speak of it. What a world of trouble this is!

To-night Miss Rutgers is to be married. So Mr. Stubbs

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told me this afternoon. You no doubt will be surprised to hear that William Hoffman has lost his wife. What a sudden change this makes for him!

Your mother with affection,

G. R. HOFFMAN.

From Mr. S. V. Hoffman.

NEW BRUNSWICK, Nov. 10th, 1847.

My dear Son:

Your letter was received last evening. We will always be glad to hear from you, but if your time is too much occupied, do not write oftener than you can find leisure. You say you are entirely out of money. I think I had better send you some immediately, though I must say that you are spending much more than I calculated you would find it necessary to do. You must be of the same opinion. Be as economical as you consistently can, and keep an account of your expenses. You will find a satisfaction in doing so. From the time you started to go to New Haven to the present I think I have given you \$150, and I will now send you a check for \$50 more, which I trust will be sufficient to pay all your necessary expenses until vacation. Old Mr. Livingston died Sunday, in his 79th year. The funeral took place from his son-in-law's (Major Delafield's) yesterday afternoon, and to-day they are to take his body to Staatsburg. Robert went to town yesterday, Louisa and children to-day.

Charlie says some of the students a few nights ago tore pretty much all the fence down around the campus, partly painted Mr. Crosby's house, and wrote on the fence that he was to preach on Sunday. I wish I had more time to write you about going to Communion. It certainly requires a good deal of thought and reflection. For one so young as yourself, it is a serious and very important event in life; but once you have put your hand to the plough you must not go backwards,

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but strive to constantly increase in goodness. Should you have thought sufficiently of it, and feel as though you would rather join the congregation in Communion, do so at once, as I have full and sufficient confidence in the stability and firmness of your character. It has afforded me much gratification to know you have a wish to do so, for I feel confident you will never regret it. Do not hesitate, if it is your desire, but comply with your inward feelings.

I will write you again on this subject, but you need not wait to hear from me before communing.

Ever your affectionate father,

S. V. HOFFMAN.

From J. Lawrence Poole.

LOCUST HILL, Nov. 16th, 1847.

Dear Eugene:

I received your letter some time ago, and at the time of its reception I was keeping bachelor's hall, assisted by Wood Strong. John has gone to boarding-school at Peekskill for the winter, and as father and mother were with him for some days, I was monarch of all I survey. With the assistance of Wood, I did pretty well.

Since you were here there were two weddings in Brunswick, Miss Dorr's and Miss Rutger's, the latter of which I attended. Although you must have heard all about it, nevertheless, as it is possible you may not, I will tell you a little respecting it.

It took place a week ago last Thursday evening. There were very few married people there, except relations, (any quantity of them,) but mostly young people. Miss Johnson from New York, Mary Smith, and Elizabeth Neilson were bridesmaids. Larry Hasbrouck, Bob Warren, and Charlie Whitehead were groomsmen. I never saw Charlie look or act as well as he did that evening. They are not quite as dead and alive at college as I thought they were. Brown had a little

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adventure with Dr. McClelland, who caused his suspension. Brown met "Sandy" in front of the college the other morning, and in his free and easy manner, as if saluting a classmate, said, "Good morning, Dr. McClelland." Sandy turned around and said, "Anything special?" Ever afterwards, when Brown saw the Doctor, he would salute him with "Anything special?" Sandy reported him to the faculty, and told them one or the other must leave; the consequence was that Brown was suspended. Sandy preached last Sunday evening in the Second Presbyterian Church. Twice the sun shone in his eyes, and as often Cortelyou, one of the elders, turned the blinds. The third time it shone in his eyes while preaching he said in his natural voice, "We will try that experiment with the window again, Mr. Compton." It must have been rather laughable at the time.

Your attached friend,

J. LAWRENCE POOLE.

From John W. Ferdon.

PIERMONT, Nov. 17th, 1847.

My very dear Friend:

You will pardon me if on the present occasion I shall write only a few lines. I must thank you, as I have done Wood and Berry and Galusha, for your kind letters, which were received with deepest feelings of gratitude. The subject of my sister's death is most painful to me. I talk upon it at present with as much readiness as upon anything, but I write upon it with pain. My sister is dead! I have lost her, whom I loved as none other! My loss is irreparable, but why should I weep and moan, when I can look towards Heaven and say, with the greatest assurance, that she is now happy, that she now lives and reigns with her Redeemer? What a great consolation. My sister died upon the very Sunday which you spent at home. She was taken with a relapse a few days before, from

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which we thought she would recover, but it proved otherwise. Dr. Parker of New York paid her a visit two days before her death. He did not think that she was dangerously ill. On Saturday, the day before her death, she grew much worse. On Sunday, the last day of her life, she said in the morning that she felt better, and made the remark that it was a very beautiful day. Two or three hours afterwards she was told that she must die. O, my friend, how can I write more? She had requested that Dr. Parker be sent for next day. She also requested that her watch, chain, and some other little valuables might be given to some of her most intimate friends. At 12 o'clock she was no longer able to speak. The last question that was ever put to her she answered with a smile, being unable to speak. At three in the afternoon she died. At the time I was standing between my old father and mother, who seemed to be afraid that I too would be taken away from them. It was there, at the deathbed of my sister, in the very bitterness of woe, that I saw, in a moment, all my sunny hopes and bright anticipations crushed. There, too, I again learned the vanity of all earthly things. The Lord hath given, and the Lord hath taken! Blessed be the name of the Lord! I can write no more. I have just written a long letter to Wood Strong. When I commenced this letter I felt as if I could not write at all, but I have, and how glad I am that it is finished.

From your sincere friend and classmate,

J. W. FERDON.

From Mr. S. V. Hoffman.

Nov. 22nd, 1847.

My dear Son:

I was a little disappointed in your not coming home Thanksgiving Day, but if you are obliged to go back on Monday morning it is much better you would remain. I want you to embrace the first opportunity to call and see Bishop

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Eastburn, and tell him you do so at my request. Say we all called to see him when we were in Boston, but unfortunately he was not at home. If you desire it, he will give you a letter to Mr. Hoppin. I feel anxious to hear whether you have as yet partaken of the Holy Communion. If you have not, I would advise you first to call and see Mr. Hoppin, or the Bishop if you should prefer doing so. Let them know your wishes; that you are desirous of joining the Communion, and that you do so by my wish and approbation. Either one, but the Bishop in particular, will be most gratified to see you, and will give you every encouragement, advice, and counsel. With the feeling you possess and the love and veneration you have for our Church and all her good ordinances and regulations, you are perfectly right, not only to desire, but at once to partake of all the privileges and advantages of a Christian. Though young, I feel confident that neither you nor myself will ever have cause to repent so good a deed. It will therefore give me real happiness to hear and know that you have by word and deed entered, of your own free will and accord, into the bosom of our Church, partaken of her most sacred ordinance, and become one of Christ's flock. Never be ashamed to acknowledge Him, in whatever situation you may be placed, as your guide and example. Since the receipt of your last letter I have been looking for Bishop Hobart's *Companion to the Altar*. I think to read it over again and send to you, but not being able to find it, I think you must have taken it with you. If so, it is all right, as I wanted you to have it. Yesterday Mr. Stubbs gave us a most excellent sermon on the subject of healing the ten lepers. I mean to ask him to lend it to me to read. Some parts were very interesting subjects to me, *e. g.*, the power and authority of the clergy or the priests to pardon sins. I understood him to say that those whose sins were forgiven here would be forgiven hereafter, or they who had received absolution here would have their sins

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remitted hereafter. But I again want to hear, or rather see, his sermon.

Ever your affectionate father,
S. V. HOFFMAN.

From Mrs. S. V. Hoffman.

NEW BRUNSWICK, Dec. 1st, 1847.

My dear Eugene:

As the weather has set in most intensely cold, I feel anxious to know whether you have on warm clothing. We have bought a most delightful stove for our bedroom which has an open grate. I think you will like it much, it has such a cheerful appearance. We saw very little of your Aunt Maria, after all her talked-of visit to me. As to the Commodore, you can tell him for me he took it out in talking. I saw John Stevens yesterday in church. His grandfather is still living at his place. They say Stewart, the dry-goods man, has bought three stores adjoining his as far as the corner of Reade Street, intending to build upon the property. I expect John Storm on Saturday to make us a visit he has talked of some time.

Accept always the same share of affection from

Your mother,
G. R. HOFFMAN.

From Mr. Garrit Storm.

NEW YORK, Dec. 10th, 1847.

My dear Eugene:

Your mother has sent me two letters written home by you, which I have read with great satisfaction and pleasure. I am highly gratified to learn from them that you have come to the conclusion that your removal to Cambridge is very beneficial. That it will prove essentially advantageous to you, I entertain no doubt. I rejoice exceedingly to find it to be your intention to enter into Holy Communion with the Church. God will bless you for this early manifestation of your belief in the

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Christian faith. I hope your holiday vacation will allow you to stop with me a few days on your way home. Arrange this so, if you can. I close this with the warmest feeling of regard, and am, dear Eugene,

Your affectionate grandfather,

GARRIT STORM.

From Mr. S. V. Hoffman.

NEW BRUNSWICK, Dec. 15th, 1847.

My dear Son:

Your letter of last week was received. Your mother says that if you can find time to write letters we should find time to answer them, so here goes. In the Episcopal marriage ceremony you know a ring is always used. Bishop Brownell gives a long note on this subject: "It is a pledge of the nearest friendship and highest trust." "But the main end is a visible and lasting token of remembrance of the covenant which must never be broken." Dean Comber: "The ring is a positive institution, a token of the pledge and covenant made by the parties contracting marriage. It is a permanent monument of the vows and promises then reciprocally made, so it ought to be a perpetual monitor that those vows be religiously observed and those promises faithfully performed." Sheppard: "'With this ring I thee wed' is a pledge of that covenant of matrimony which I just now make with thee. 'With all my worldly goods I thee endow' is a promise of maintenance, suitable to a man's quality," etc. Now I have answered all your questions except the postscript. Charlie has just come in and brought in a white kitten with a black tail, with which your mother is much tickled. Tom's nose is broken; ain't you sorry?

As Christmas and New Year's are near by, when cake is expected to be in plenty, I must caution you not to eat too much, for fear of consequences. I know of nothing going on in Brunswick to tell you. I suppose, of course, there will not

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be any recitations or lectures on Christmas Day, but if there should be, say to the President that it is customary for us to keep that day sacred. Ask to be excused, and of course attend church.

Ever your affectionate father,

S. V. HOFFMAN.

From Francis T. Russell.

BROOKLYN, Jan. 4th, 1848.

Dear Hoff:

Your kind letter with the unmistakable "Please Don't" seal, came to hand some time since, and I must plead guilty to tardiness in replying; but my time has been so occupied with sickness and professional duties that my correspondence has suffered materially. I was reminded of my duty in this respect very forcibly yesterday by the sight of a familiar face, our friend John Ferdon. The sight of him recalled to my remembrance many happy hours that we have spent together. The sight of his honest face and the good grip of his hand soon made me feel I had the genuine John by my side. He came to spend a few hours in the city, and left this morning for home. I suppose the loss of his sister affected him deeply. It must have been a severe trial for them all to part with her. I spent the afternoon and evening with him very pleasantly, talking over past times and present. How has your health been at Cambridge? My own has been quite poor this winter, having been troubled with a succession of severe colds. We have had no sleighing yet. I suppose you have had snow enough. There is usually a good supply of snow throughout the winter in Cambridge. A few of the nonsensical ones turned out on Christmas Day to slide over the pavement, but as it proved to be an expensive operation, both for the nerves and the sleighs, they soon went home again, like a guilty dog, with his tail between his legs. I intend to go to Brunswick in a few

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days, to see about giving instruction. I closed a course at Princeton a few weeks since. John told me he expected to meet you in a few days at New Brunswick. I shall see you when you are on, I hope. Till then, adieu!

Your affectionate friend,

FRANCIS T. RUSSELL.

From John W. Ferdon.

PIERMONT, Jany. 8th, 1848.

My very dear Friend:

You can not imagine how much pleasure it gives me to write to and receive a letter from my old friend and classmate Hoff. You said in your last letter that you had made up your mind to study a profession, and write me to guess what it was. Well, here goes — Divinity! Last week I was in New York twice, and spent two days and a night each time. Whom do you think I met on Broadway? No less a man than Frank Russell. It did my heart good to see him. We spent the afternoon and evening with each other. There was one thing which made me feel sad on meeting Frank. He is not so lively as he once was. He too has seen affliction. Perhaps you may have heard, some time or other, of a man called Billy C——. Well, I saw him on Monday, walking up Broadway with a young lady. We know him to be a fool, and I thought she acted very much like one. He had his mouth stretched from ear to ear, and she went along with her petticoats flapping about her, giggling and laughing like some country wench. They did not see me. Frazer, you know, has entered college. Wood can't go to Washington. You want to know if I am a member of the church. All that I can at present say is that I am not, but how glad I am that you introduced the subject, and how happy I will be to talk over the matter when we meet. I do sincerely thank you for the inquiry, my dear friend. I will read with pleasure the little book of Bishop

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Hobart's which you spoke of. Come home. Write soon. Good bye.

From your old friend and classmate,

JOHN W. FERDON.

From Francis T. Russell.

MEDFORD, Jany. 10th, 1848.

Dear Hoff:

Let us cease to apologize for delays in answering each other's letters, for if we do not the opening sentence on both sides will become stereotyped and it will be necessary to copy it very frequently; at least I feel this to be so in my own case, and my capacity of expression for making excuses is decidedly on the wane, but if we have anything new to make an excuse of I propose we make use of it.

As I have something new and good this time, I will try it. It is this. I expected to have the pleasure of seeing you about this time, but have been disappointed. But regarding this matter of answering letters, I suppose we pursue very much the same course, which is to reply at the most convenient time. Nevertheless, opportunities are not always at hand, and if we are behind hand sometimes I am sure it will not be construed into neglect on either side. I was truly glad to receive your letter of last month, which brought such good accounts of your health and happiness, which are always matters of interest to me. It must be pleasant indeed to have John, our solid friend, visit you. His presence is enough to make the heart of any man glad, but as he is part and parcel of a happy group once real, now living only in recollections of days past, his presence is doubly cheering. What is he doing now? I wish I could see him. I am very sorry to say that my business, contrary to my expectations, will not allow my visiting New York this winter as a field of labor.

The Theological Seminary at Newton and Cambridge will

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occupy my time, I expect, for a few weeks, and then I intend to instruct the teachers of Boston and the adjacent cities until spring, when I shall accompany my father to New Hampshire. I shall hope to see you in New York before long, however, for my attachment to that city is so strong that I find it impossible to stay away from it for any great period of time. I like New York so much, because you can do just what pleases you. Not so with Yankee cities! I went to New York about New Year's time to bring my sister home, but did not call at your boarding-place, as I knew it to be your vacation time. The demon of this climate, influenza, has perched upon my shoulders and is holding me down under the surface of health, determined to keep me there till I shall be strong enough to push him off. This looks like a sick man's letter, don't it? I had the pleasure of receiving a letter from Ben a few days since. He appears to be enjoying himself in "the wilderness."

Well, dear friend Hoff, another year has commenced its course since we parted. May it be to you a happy one, as I trust all coming years will be to you, and all of us, as emblems of the happy seasons we shall eternally enjoy hereafter, dear Hoff.

Yours sincerely,

FRANK.

From John W. Ferdon.

PIERMONT, Jan'y. 18th, 1848.

I am afraid you will not get this letter in time to come on before Monday. I shall therefore expect you Monday evening by the cars, if I do not hear from you. The Brunswick train leaves at 5 p. m. What the mischief is all this about? What's the matter? Has the President of the United States broken a leg, or has the Mexican War come to a close? "Up, up, Hoff has got home!" That's the matter! So a letter from New Brunswick yesterday morning told me. How glad I am. My dear fellow, how have you been, how do you do, and how do you expect to be? If I could get hold of your hand just now,

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perhaps you would very soon be minus an arm. So you see I had better not visit New Brunswick until my ardor is somewhat cooled down. You must not expect me until two weeks from next Monday, and I will write before that time. I hope you will be able to go to Washington. I am ready—that is, I shall be in two weeks, if nothing happens. If you should come to New York within two weeks, and you can tell me when, I will try to meet you.

Your old friend,

J. W. FERDON.

From Charles Frederick Hoffman.

March 8th, 1848.

My dear Brother :

I am now about to address you for the first time in my life, therefore I do not know what you will think of it. However, as the saying is, "Better late than never," and as I know you will make allowance, this shall be a beginning. There is scarcely any news in Brunswick at present which will be interesting to you. Notwithstanding, I will give what little there is.

Mr. Adams's remains passed through here to-day, amid the firing of the cannon, intermingled with the tolling of bells, for every bell in town was tolling. It all created a beautiful and solemn effect!

President Hasbrouck is, and has been for some time, sick, and you know Dr. Strong always presides in his place. It is said Mr. Clay will pass through here to-morrow or next day on his way to Washington. I mean to see him if I can. On Monday the *Antelope* got aground, going to New York, about 5 miles below New Brunswick, and had to stay there until evening, when the new *Philadelphia* came and took the passengers off, having been there all day without anything to eat or drink. What a pleasant time they must have had! Mr. Crosby

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said something to-day before the whole class which I assure you did not raise him in my opinion. Having called me up to-day for the first time since examination, I made a pretty good recitation, and after I had finished he said: "That's very well, Mr. Hoffman; you have commenced the term well, and I hope you will continue so. I know just how it is over there with you. It is very pleasant to walk around the barns and look at the cattle and all such things, and very hard to go in the house, sit down, and turn over the leaves of your dictionary."

I have now given you all the news and must close this, my first letter.

Your affectionate brother,

CHAS. FREDERICK HOFFMAN.

From Mr. S. V. Hoffman.

NEW BRUNSWICK, Mch. 12th, 1848.

My dear Son:

Last week Mr. Adams's remains passed through here. They made quite a time firing the minute-guns, ringing the bells, and so on. To-morrow Mr. Clay is to pass through here on his way to Philadelphia. I presume he will stop a few minutes to show himself at the depot, as a committee has been to New York and invited him to call. No doubt there will be a great many persons at the depot to see him, and probably the most conspicuous man will be Theodore Fulkerson. If he makes his usual remarks and observations, it will be giving a character to the place. We have had a great many smelt or frost-fish here this Spring. I am told they once caught 60 bushels. I have not got your letter before me, but do not recollect your asking any questions that require an answer, except allowing you the difference in the board between Miss Upham's and Commons. Your mother says she thinks that is the reason of changing your board. I have no objection to giving you the

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difference, but I do not think you ought to give all your income away.

Should you not find the board in Commons as pleasant as Miss U.'s I would go back there, and perhaps I will allow you the same.

Ever your affectionate father,

S. V. HOFFMAN.

From Miss Margaret E. Hoffman.

BOSTON, Mch. 13th, 1848.

My dear Eugene :

After you left us yesterday I felt anxious about your cold, and regretted you had not remained here a few days until you felt better. I hope you will be more careful of yourself, as oftentimes such colds prove more serious than we anticipate; and remember, dear Eugene, however important the acquirement of learning may be, there is one thing of still greater importance, and that is health. Although you may be strong now, you are just at that age where the foundation of a good or bad constitution may be laid.

Too much study may injure, and not improve, the mind; but do not think I will discourage you in your pursuits. Dear Eugene, it is so beautiful to see the young come out from the world; to see them, with strength of mind and heart, turn from its allurements and say, Vanity! to see them take that stand which so exalts them that even the wise and great of this world bow and in heart acknowledge them to be the wiser. But the Cross must be daily taken up; it is a constant subduing of the natural man.

I must close, but must ask you to let me hear from you some day this week. I would also remind you of your promise, that if you are sick you are to come to us immediately.

Believe me, ever your truly affectionate aunt,

MARGARET.

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From B. R. W. Strong.

NEW BRUNSWICK, Mch. 13th, 1848.

Dear Eugene:

Your interesting letter of Feb. 29th I received with much gratification, but without experiencing the surprise which you supposed I would feel at your punctuality. I know you too well to expect anything else, and therefore was not surprised, but pleased, to hear from you so soon. Your will received some impulse, you say, from your motto: *Carpe Diem*.

To-day Henry Clay came through here and created quite a sensation among the natives. He stood upon the portico at Ben Stelle's and made a short speech. There was something of a crowd, and no little excitement. Here I must bring my letter to a close, as my ideas cease flowing.

Yours truly,

B. R. W. STRONG.

From B. B. Leacock.

BABBS, BARBADOES, W. I.
Mch. 14th, 1848.

Dear Hoff:

I received from you last night two welcome letters. One was dated the 7th and the other the 21st of January. I also received a joint letter from Frank Russell and John Ferdon. Your letters were very interesting to me. So the old Phi Sigma is approaching her latter end. I am sorry for it, but still would rather have it so than that she should have sons unworthy of her. I think a little band of grateful hearts can be called together who will always cherish her among the reminiscences which the memory holds dear. Her secret tie has awakened feelings of affection in some of us that I hope may ever be cherished after Phi Sigma ceases to exist. Old Rutgers may go as soon as she likes. I am sorry to hear such reasoning from — as he has given you. It is disgusting. Were I to

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judge by his reasoning, I should say he was not fit to enter the Church.

From his first reason, it is manifest that his object in entering the ministry is to obtain a maintenance, not a desire to save souls. He seems, by refusing to build up a new congregation, to have his eye upon a handsome city church with \$2000 a year attached to it. This is too mercenary, and if our Church is not apostolic in its government I am quite sure his spirit is not. I am glad he has such a good opinion of his reading powers, but there is more required from an Episcopal clergyman than good reading; and if this is his only qualification for entering our Church, he had better stay out. I tell you what it is, Hoff, if he leaves the Dutch Church and enters ours I do not want him in the same Seminary that I am in.

I have lost much of my respect for him from the "he might, and he might not" manner of speaking in relation to things of which I knew it was in his power to give a direct "yes" or "no." This last display of his sentiments has completely sickened me. In relation to his being a clergyman, I do not say, "Thou hast no part or lot in this matter," but to me he seems not to breathe the self-sacrificing spirit which the Saviour taught both by precept and example. Perhaps I judge him hard. I hope I may. I have no right to judge. I shall write to Frank Russell, and use my endeavors to persuade him to enter the Seminary with us. I think he would prove an ornament to the Church. What think you of it? If favorably, use your endeavor to persuade him to it. John writes in better spirits than he did the last time. He says, "My greatest employment is to write to and receive letters from my old college fellows. Hoff is my most regular correspondent. We exchange letters once every two weeks. If anything, I think more of him now than I used to do. He is one of the best fellows that ever lived."

In reference to my return to America, it is my present intention in May to go to Nevis, and if a vessel can not be obtained

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for America there by the end of the month, I shall return to Barbadoes and embrace the first opportunity from the States. If I am permitted to carry out my plan, you may look for me about the middle of July. Having arrived, I will visit about New Brunswick and Amboy till August. I will endeavor then to reach Cambridge in time to join you at your Commencement. From there I shall proceed at once to Alexandria and enter upon my future labors in earnest.

Remember me to your family when you write.

BEN.

From Mr. S. V. Hoffman.

NEW BRUNSWICK, Mch. 19th, 1848.

My dear Son :

Your letter dated the 15th, postmarked 16th, was not received till Saturday morning. I have heard nothing about Bishop Doane having chanted in Latin. I intended going to church this afternoon, but just as I got all ready it commenced raining. I would then, after the service, have asked Mr. Stubbs. At 3 it stopped raining and I do not think we will have any more before night. Am sorry I did not go. I do not think it worth your while to attend Prof. Horsford's lectures. Before, you said you had too much to do, and now talk of increasing your work. If you have not yet commenced with Prof. Agassiz, I should think you might as well omit that also. It certainly is not advantageous to attend so many different studies at the same time. Before the receipt of this you will no doubt have heard of the Revolution in France. I shall be very anxious, from the next arrival, to learn what will be the result or end. How restless and discontented the French are. They do not appear to know when they are well off. I can not but think Louis Philippe was a very wise king, and was doing all things for the good of the French nation. The probabilities are we may now expect war in Europe, and the sooner we settle

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our peace with Mexico, and have our troops and navy at home to be prepared for the worst, the better it will be for us; for if they once get fighting in Europe, there is no knowing how soon we may be drawn in.

Your affectionate father,
S. V. HOFFMAN.

From his brother.

NEW BRUNSWICK, Mch. 22nd, 1848.

My dear Brother:

I received your letter Monday, the 13th. It is now just two weeks since I last wrote you, and since that time I have gathered up all the news that is to be got here.

Since you have not instructed me in the art of letter writing, I hope you will inform me of any mistake I shall make in my letters hereafter and for which I shall be very much obliged.

Mr. Clay passed through here on the 13th, and I have never seen such a mob in Brunswick before. They got him up on Stelle's portico, and he gave them a speech on the manner in which he had always been received in New Jersey. Also on Jersey beauty. He had a good reason to talk of this, as he kissed several ladies. He has the largest mouth of any man I ever saw. As Pa was passing over the bridge the same morning, seeing Mr. Nevius having a large bunch of japonicas in his hand, he asked him what he meant to do with them. He exclaimed, "These are geraniums." "Those are not geraniums," said Pa. Mr. Nevius, looking rather blue, said, "Well, now, I thought they were. I mean to give them to Mr. Clay if I can." But you have not yet heard the best of it. Mr. Nevius, after proceeding to the depot, could not get near Mr. Clay till the cars were starting, when, climbing up on the side, to his dismay Mr. Clay was seated on the other side. Some of the committee attending Mr. Clay offered to hand the flowers to him, but Mr. Nevius said he meant to hand them to him himself.

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The mob outside, learning this, caught hold of his legs and feet and shoved him head first through the window, with his hat in one hand and the flowers in the other. He handed them to Mr. Clay, and now he brags he had quite a speech from the old gentleman.

Our class is now reading Homer. The President is yet sick.
Ever your affectionate brother,

CHARLES.

From Mr. S. V. Hoffman.

NEW BRUNSWICK, Mch. 29th, 1848.

My dear Son:

Your double letter was duly received. Though it did not give us much news, still it was acceptable. Your grandfather was down last week for three days. He stayed at your Uncle Robert's. He trimmed or headed down his trees with a vengeance, but did not offer his services to me. As to your next "forensic," about the addition of new territory to the States, read Mr. Webster's speech, which I send you, and I presume you can get from the library Mr. Gallatin's pamphlets on the War, published this last winter.

Ever your affectionate father,

S. V. HOFFMAN.

P. S.—John Jacob Astor died yesterday in the 85th year of his age.

From Charles Albert Downes.

BOSTON, Apl. 11th, 1848.

Dear Eugene:

I received your kind invitation to attend Prof. Agassiz's lecture. If it were in my power, would be happy to hear it, and also accompany him on his excursion to Brighton; but I am very busy trying to sell my portion of the cargo of the *Nonantum*, and therefore shall have to postpone my visit to Cambridge to some future period.

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As for Mr. Gilman's sermon, I have no doubt many students would have conscientious scruples if it would save them the trouble of hearing it; though, to tell the truth, collegians are not, generally speaking, troubled with any conscience at all, I believe. Hoping to see you Saturday, I remain,

Your affectionate cousin,

C. A. DOWNES.

From Mrs. S. V. Hoffman.

NEW BRUNSWICK, Apl. 18th, 1848.

My dear Eugene:

I received your letter to-day. Mr. Stevens has returned here again. Mr. Leacock has resigned his position at Amboy, not being certain when they could return. Their present clergyman has had a call; they therefore are obliged to elect another. The failure of Mortimer Livingston and Fox has created a great sensation. Their houses are both to be rented with the furniture. Robert's mother intends sailing for Europe. It was altogether owing to the Revolution in France. What sudden changes, after living in so much style!

Your affectionate mother,

G. R. HOFFMAN.

From Mr. S. V. Hoffman.

Sunday, April 23rd, 1848.

My dear Son:

Your letter was received last evening. There is nothing has taken place since I wrote you last. I am very much gratified to hear you got so high a mark for your forensic on the Puritans. I wish you would bring me the draft or copy and let me see it. I think, with you, that the question in regard to France is immature. If you could see some extracts from the English papers on that subject, they would give you a good many ideas. I think the troubles in Europe since we last heard from them have scarcely commenced. The probability is, by this time,

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that the Provincial Government, or its members, have been overthrown; but it is all guesswork. No one can know what the public or mob will do, for they now appear to have everything under control in Paris. I think, in my last, I wrote you that Fox and Livingston (Robert's brother) had failed. They owned a line of ships running to Havre, and were consequently in the French business. Last year they were supposed to have made \$100,000; now they will probably be that much short in paying their debts.

Ever your affectionate father,

S. V. HOFFMAN.

From Mr. S. V. Hoffman.

May 2nd, 1848.

My dear Son:

Your letter of Friday last I received Sunday evening. I sent to the post-office, being anxious to hear and to know whether you were well and whether you were coming home. Is it good policy to argue with the abolitionists? Do you not rather beget a feeling against you? Say you are from the State of New York, originally, and now from the State of New Jersey, both of which are Free States, as they well know; that you stand, as it were, a peacemaker between the two extreme parties, hoping eventually to see the whole of the United States as free from slavery as Massachusetts now is, the deliverance, however, to be accomplished in a proper manner and in a proper time, which manner and time should be left to our most able statesmen, such as Mr. Webster, Mr. Clay, etc., to decide. Does not Mr. Everett in his Eulogy of Washington say this? One hundred years ago Massachusetts, or the commerce of Boston, was largely engaged in the slave trade.

I can scarcely believe what you say about the Unitarians chanting in Latin the "Gloria in Excelsis."

Your father,

S. V. HOFFMAN.

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P. S.—I forgot to mention that when Charles was in New York grandpa told him that Aunt Mesier was dead and buried; that she had been dead six weeks. I had heard nothing of it before, nor since, nor do I now know any of the particulars. Ask Aunt Maria and Margaret if they have heard of it.

From John W. Ferdon.

PIERMONT, May 2nd, 1848.

My dear Friend:

Your letter of April 22nd came to hand on Wednesday evening last, just as I arrived home from New Brunswick. I had the pleasure of receiving a letter from Ben about the same time. He says very little. Most of his letters have been anticipated by an old friend, Miss Parker. The principal thing he speaks of is Mr. Leacock's resignation of Old St. Peter's at Perth Amboy. He says nothing about his return to me. Miss Parker remarks that before many months I shall see Ben in this country. He has spoken to you rather positively on the subject, inasmuch as he makes mention of the intended time of his departure from the West Indies for the States; so I presume we shall see him in a few months, which will be to me a most happy circumstance. Now, then, you shall know something about the visit to New Brunswick. I left home on Monday last and remained in New York until the next morning. While in the city I saw Dusenberry and Brinckerhoff. They are both quite well. Dusenberry, when I called upon him, had just received a letter from Ike Van Wagoner. Perhaps you don't know that the latter has very recently been married to a young lady near Paterson. At half-past ten Tuesday morning I met Wood Strong and Frazer at the depot in Brunswick. Very soon after Wood and I called first upon Miss Elmendorf, whom we found in good spirits and looking as well as ever, then upon the Skillmans, where we saw all the ladies. At half-past one Wood and Frazer dined with me at Stelle's. At 3 p.m.

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I called at "Bellevue." Your parents were both at home. The day was fine, and everything looked as pleasant as possible at the old place. Charles was in the city. Your father and mother were very well and in excellent spirits. They said they had heard from you very recently, that you were well, and expected you home soon. Your father cut a pretty bouquet of hyacinths and tulips to give to Miss Strong, with the message they were yours. About half-past five Wood and I arrived out at the mansion of our time honored old friend Dr. Strong. It was my intention to remain until evening and return to Stelle's to spend the night, so that I might be ready for the boat in the morning; but they insisted upon my staying all night, with the promise that they would see me in time at the boat in the morning. What could I do but stay? I believe I am indebted to all my friends to that extent that I will never be able to pay them. I can assure you that at times it makes me feel quite unhappy. On Wednesday morning I commenced my trip homewards. Miss Strong, Miss Skillman, and Miss Elmen-dorf accompanied me as far as New York (by invitation) for the purpose of visiting the Academy of Design and the exhibition of Thos. Cole's paintings. Among the many paintings at the Academy there are very few good ones. I made up my mind on a previous visit that the "Blind Pilgrims," by William Fisher, was the best of the collection. There is a portrait of Dr. Proudfit at the Academy, by Shegoque, which is an excellent likeness, but seems to be rather overwrought. At Cole's exhibition we agreed upon the "Voyage of Life" as being the best of the collection. It is very fine. It is made up of a series of allegorical pictures. I should like to say more about these pictures, but as you see I have not the room. After dining at the Merchants' Hotel I saw Miss Strong on the Staten Island boat, (she intending to spend a day or two at her cousin's Miss Bogart,) then I saw Miss Elmendorf and Miss Skillman on board the boat for New Brunswick. We all

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wished very much for you. As soon as the ladies had left the city I took the boat for the small town of Nyack, where I arrived at 6 in the afternoon. Met one of our men with our horses. The little carriage was home in less than no time.

Yours as ever,

J. W. FERDON.

The following letters refer to that notable episode in young Hoffman's life already detailed in his Journal, his association with the expedition to Lake Superior under Prof. Agassiz.

From his father.

NEW BRUNSWICK, May 5th, 1848.

My dear Son:

Your last letter was received to-day, and for fear you may not receive mine of yesterday's date I enclose another letter to the faculty; but I hope before the receipt of this letter you will have obtained the required leave of absence, and as you appear so very anxious I want to make it doubly sure. Should they not have another regular meeting, by your calling on the President, or Prof. Felton, I have no doubt they will arrange it all for you. I should think you had better bring all your things that you well can with you, because there can be no use of leaving them there.

Come home soon as you can. If you come home on the Brunswick train, they will land you on our side of the river. Let me know when you will be home and on what train, and whether to meet you at the depot or on our side of the river.

Your affectionate father,

S. V. HOFFMAN.

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From Mr. S. V. Hoffman.

NEW BRUNSWICK, May 22nd, 1848.

My dear Son:

Your letter was received on Saturday. I do not care about purchasing *Punch*, as I do not think it worth the cost to us. I do not know that I have any particular objection to you accompanying Prof. Agassiz to Trenton Falls, should he and some of the other students go. The principal question is, will it not interfere with your other studies? But of this you and the professors are the best judges. Your mother is rather opposed to your going, for fear something might happen to you. You must remember there are some very dangerous walks and places around the Falls, and if you go you may as well be careful and not expose yourself to any danger whatever; for if anything should happen your mother would never forgive me for letting you go. I enclose you my check on the Phenix Bank for \$50. You must try and get the money for it without a discount. I presume this will last you until you return home. Before you come away, get all your bills and bring or send them to me. In your letter before your last, you say you rise at 4.30 a. m. and were then writing at 10½ p. m. Now this is not allowing yourself sufficient time for rest and sleep. It is true that some persons can accustom themselves to six hours' sleep, but they should be older than you are and their constitution strong and good. You, I think, require more rest than you take, and I had much rather hear that you are in bed seven or eight hours instead of six.

There is no necessity of your applying yourself so closely, as you are yet quite young, have sufficient time to study, and do not expect to depend upon your acquirements for a living. I feel quite proud to know that you do attend so closely to your studies, but at the same time do not want you in the least to injure your constitution, and if you do injure yourself now, after you have graduated I will have to keep you on the farm

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for the next year. I have just received a very long letter from your grandpa. He must be in a very good humor. I must answer it this evening or in the morning.

Mr. Schuchardt and his family are here. They came on Thursday last. All well.

Ever your affectionate father,

S. V. HOFFMAN.

From Francis T. Russell.

AUBURN, N. Y., May 30th, 1848.

Dear Friend:

I was truly glad to receive your very kind letter, which reached me a fortnight ago. I was very glad to hear of your welfare and happiness and to know that you are in possession of health and faculties; very clever companions, by the way. I very often think of you, caged up in No. 6, Massachusetts, and wish that I might be with you there. I could enjoy your society. Circumstances thus far have forbidden that frequency of social intercourse which I wish to enjoy, but the facts can not always look forbidding. There is a season when they must smile. I am really sorry that there should be so little sympathy between the Yankees and yourself, but this is a matter our likes and dislikes cannot control. One learns self reliance and its benefits under such circumstances. It is then we feel we have a society within us which requires managing and ruling laws as strict as those which govern nations. We do, no doubt, possess a consciousness of soul when among friends; but when alone, or surrounded by uncongenial spirits, we have this soul to rely upon, and how doubly valuable it is when the outward influences are adverse or cold! You can always thank the Yankees for giving you time for reflection, if nothing more, can you not? Well, do not "blaze out" till I come home; then I will endeavor to make up for the deficiencies of my

countrymen by placing at your disposal a heart full of earnest affection for you. Meanwhile accept my pity, for I do pity you truly. You must indeed have had a melancholy time of it, but above all endure it, and don't get the blues. You ask me if I like the fellows I am with. Of course I do! I always settle that point upon my arrival. I find that the only way to get along through the world. If I allow myself to make a single exception, I am sure to take two, and so on till none are left. O yes, I always enjoy myself very much. I am always kindly dealt with and endeavor to pay it in kind, but that I can not do in full measure. I am constantly receiving benefits from my fellow creatures, and were I to live to the age of Methuselah I could not repay them all. A kind word aptly spoken — what a load of gratitude it leaves in the heart! I am nearly weighed down with obligations. I live happily. Have you ever read Carlisle's "Everlasting Yes" in *Sartor Resartus*? I am of your opinion on the "Dudleian Lectures." They afford some of the "big-bugs" an opportunity to buzz a little, but they don't amount to much, I imagine.

Does Mr. Everett resign at the close of the term? Poor man, he is surely to be pitied. I have read *Jane Eyre*. It is good! One of the New York critics thinks it the best novel which has been before the public for a number of years. If you have not seen *Werthering's Nights*, another novel by the same author, I advise you not to read it. It is most diabolical and unpardonable in scenes and plot. It settles the question at once that the author of *Jane Eyre* was a man, and not a woman; that is, if both books are from the same pen, which I exceedingly doubt.

I suppose you are quite learned in anatomy after attending Dr. Wyman's lectures. Have you had any of the exciting scenes that you predicted? Doctors love to practice their profession in season and out of season. I shall leave here two weeks from to-morrow, if all things go smoothly. Before re-

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turning home I shall visit Niagara. This will detain me for several days, but I am convinced it will be well worth the sacrifice of time. Can't say how long I shall stay then; it will depend upon the movements of the trustees of the Brooklyn Female Academy. I can not leave New York before the 1st of July, and on my way home must stop at Hartford for a day or two. This will bring me at home some time before you leave, will it not?

What cheer from Ben, and what from John Ferdon? I forgot to ask you, did you hear Mr. Everett's Eulogy?

Dear Hoff, Your sincere friend,

FRANK RUSSELL.

From Mr. S. V. Hoffman.

NEW BRUNSWICK, June 4th, 1848.

My dear Son:

Your last letter was received yesterday, and in compliance with your urgent appeal I send you a letter directed to the faculty, agreeably to your request. I presume this letter will be sufficient; but if you entertain any doubts on the subject, first show it to Prof. Felton and Prof. Agassiz and get their opinion and enlist them in your favor. The reason I did not grant you permission in the first place was because I know you will have to undergo more fatigue, hardships, and exposure than you are aware of, and perhaps greater than you are able of sustaining, and my judgment does not now fully and clearly (as I should like it to do) justify me in letting you go; therefore, should we change our mind after seeing and talking it over with you, you must not be very much disappointed.

You had better agree to meet the party at Albany. Ask Prof. Agassiz how much money you had better take with you and what kind of money, American or English, gold or silver. On leaving for Sault St. Marie I should not be surprised if

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you find it necessary, either alone or in connection with another gentleman, to hire a servant to carry your baggage. As I do not think a blanket will be sufficient for you to lie on, I think it will be necessary to have a thick skin or india-rubber bed. Ask Prof. Agassiz if he had not better take india-rubber beds for all the party. You know the air can be let out and then they will take but very little room. Why not leave immediately on receipt of this? Having sent my letter to the faculty, they can excuse you after you have left, or leave it with Prof. Agassiz to see that they excuse you; or if you will call on Prof. Felton, and let him know you are anxious to leave at once to make the necessary arrangements, I have no doubt he will arrange all for you.

Of course you will give up your room, surrender the furniture, and discontinue your board, as you do not expect to return to these again. What I mean is, not to let unnecessary expenses be going on. If, however, you have to pay for the room and furniture during the whole term, you may as well keep possession, as you may want to occupy it a few days before Commencement. Had you not better bring your things home with you now? Your grandpa is going down to Aunt Louisa's to-morrow. How long he will stay I do not know. You can probably get your flannel drawers and shirts made here; if not, you can buy them ready made in New York. I do not know of any more suggestions to make just now. You must get all the information from Prof. Agassiz you possibly can before you start for home, so as not to go half prepared. If the letter I send is not sufficient for the faculty to excuse you, come without their permission if you choose. I will not plead too much to them, as I think we are old enough to act a little for ourselves. As I expect to see you so soon, will say no more at present.

Ever your affectionate father,

S. V. HOFFMAN.

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From Miss M. E. Hoffman.

BOSTON, June 8th, 1848.

My dear Eugene:

I wish you to accept the accompanying little volume as a small token of the sincere love I bear you; and on my parting from you, my dear Eugene, as you are about to commence, I fear, a hazardous journey, let me say a few words to you which I beg you will regard with seriousness. Be careful of yourself, avoid all unnecessary risks; never expose yourself to night dews; avoid getting wet, if possible, lest you might get the fever and ague, or "lake fever." Remember, dear Eugene, you are going with hardy men, while you have never known exposure of any kind. Should you become fatigued, seek rest; remembering that you may, instead of improving your constitution, injure it for the remainder of your life, should that life be spared, remembering also the duty you owe your father. It is a sacrifice for him to part from you. Much of his happiness depends upon you; therefore for his sake, dear Eugene, be careful of yourself, and I would add, for my sake, dear Eugene, be careful of yourself. And that you may be kept in perfect safety by your Heavenly Father, and return to us with a grateful sense of His goodness towards you, will be the prayer of your Aunt Margaret while you are absent from us.

From Watts Galusha.

THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY, NEW BRUNSWICK,
July 14th, 1848.

My dear Hoffman:

Your very welcome letter came to hand in due time. I am now seated, cigar, etc., attempting a reply. "Of course!" you say. So here goes.

Unless you open your letter from Ben before you peruse mine, this will in due form announce to you the safe arrival in this country of his British Majesty's subject, Benjamin Bab Leacock, Esq. I saw him just one week after you left town. I

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need not tell you how rejoiced I was to look on him once more, and how, in a few brief moments, I seemed to live the past over again. There was a twofold happiness in meeting him, for he brought the very welcome intelligence of his father's return to Perth Amboy, and that has righted the parish. Amboy was in a perfect fever of enjoyment at the news. Ben says the old gentleman will not remain in Perth Amboy very long. I have very good reasons for believing that by the time the family returns all the old sores will be healed, and that too in such a way that no scars will be visible; and I see no reason why he may not, on his return, settle down for life. He is rapidly advancing in years and he now needs some permanent location. I would very much like to have you back here for a day or two, that we might drop in on Ben at the parsonage; for, would you believe it, he has taken possession and is "monarch of all he surveys." His first intention was to proceed to Alexandria immediately; but to such a course none of his friends could for a moment consent.

It is now vacation. Then, besides the lonesomeness of a vacation in a strange place where one has no acquaintances, it must be exceedingly hot, and, to one unacclimated, exceedingly dangerous. After much importunity he consented to remain in Amboy. There is a family in the parsonage, and really Ben is "laying off" with a vengeance. The way the "books suffer"! By the way, Ben spent a week in the vicinity. John W. F. came up with him and spent three or four days. Of John's present likes among the ladies I know nothing. He made a few calls on the ladies in town, among the rest on the McClellands. Strange, here one thing calls up another. An evening or two since I saw Miss Mary Elmendorf and Kate McClelland walking together quite lovingly.

As to college affairs, there is nothing very strange. The honors have been announced, and we fare no better than we did the last year. They were awarded in the following order:

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Coddington, Mandeville, Mulford, Scudder. The first two are well enough, perhaps, although Bernard was the best mathematician in the class. How he was left off entirely no one knows why, but so it is. I understand that Thos. L. Janeway presented Jo. Scudder the gold watch in consideration of having taken the fourth honor.

Well, Eugene, we are nearly through. Next week our examination occurs and will consume two days. We are to be examined in Hebrew, Biblical Archæology, and Pastoral Theology. We have not reached "Church Government" yet. I suppose that by next year this time you will have passed your theological examination. Do I guess right? There is no nobler study than that of theology, and no nobler office than that of God's ambassador for the following world.

The ladies, I believe, are all well. I see but little of them nowadays. My calls are mere matters of ceremony. Do write, if possible, on receipt of this. Meanwhile believe me, now as in time past,

Yours most truly,

WATTS G.

From Benjamin B. Leacock.

PERTH AMBOY, July 12th, 1848.

Dear Hoff:

Yours of the 28th of June was sent from New Brunswick to Amboy for me. I am glad to see you are enjoying your trip. It will be of use to you in many important respects. We know that there may be too much of a good thing. There is not a business, amusement, or pleasure in life of which the appetite of the soul (no matter how keen it may have been) does not become quickly satisfied, and if it is forced to feed upon it, soon loathes it. There is but one business (a great business in life) which gives a return sufficiently great to satisfy the soul.

If your party continues out until September, I have no doubt that you will often wish the excursion at an end and

yourself at your quiet home. However, notwithstanding my prediction, I hope for your sake it may not be so. I am now in the large second-story room in the parsonage. A family was placed in the house after Mr. Halsey left, to care for it. The woman attends to my room and my meals, and I enjoy myself with my books amazingly. I do not know that I was ever more happy in my life, nor is there any situation that I would willingly give my present one for. The worst of it is, I will be obliged to change it soon.

But now let me speak a word on the contents of the latter part of your letter. I read with pleasure the view you take of the Christian ministry, it caught so well with my own; and I have often thought and felt that three years are too short a period to prepare for duties and to finish studies that will occupy eternity. I agree with you also in your opinion that "the ministry is a profession for which a man can not be too well prepared," but cannot agree with you that it is "the duty of a minister to know at least these two languages" (French and German). Now what is it you propose doing? Spending a year in acquiring history, French and German languages? Why, you have cut out work for a lifetime. Now and then you may meet with a fortunate individual who has the gift of acquiring languages and who can speak them with fluency, having acquired many. But such men are rare, and when found are considered extra-ordinary.

The acquirement of two languages by an ordinary mind can not be done in many years, and after they are attained they must be retained, which can not be done without constant attention.

History is of course useful and necessary, but may be acquired in a man's leisure hours. It may be a relaxation from more arduous studies. But in regard to the languages you speak of, I cannot see in what way they will be useful to a Christian minister. It is true, there are many sterling theolog-

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ical works in those languages; but the most of them have been translated, and had they not, there is such a field before us in our own language that we would find employment for constant inquiry and a life of hard study. It is a part of wisdom to husband our time, and not to waste it in unprofitable studies. I have written to one of the faculty of the Seminary on certain points which will be of use to both of us. When I receive an answer I will give you information in relation to them.

I have accepted the invitation to the Phi Sigma finally, which takes place Friday the 21st. With how much more pleasure would I go if I could meet you there.

Your old friend, BEN.

From Mr. S. V. Hoffman.

NEW BRUNSWICK, July 12th, 1848.

My dear Son:

Your two letters, one commenced at Niagara and mailed at Detroit, and the other from Sault St. Marie, were duly received and gave me much satisfaction; and it convinced me that thus far you have been as much pleased with the expedition as you expected to be, though then you had not entered on the trials and hardships of the undertaking. I have no doubt you will be delighted with it all if you continue to enjoy good health and are not taken sick, which I do not fear provided you do not expose yourself to the night air. If you receive this, as I have no doubt you will, before examining Lake Michigan, let me enjoin strictly upon you not to be out after sunset more than you can possibly avoid, as it is the night air that does and will give you the fever and ague or some other fever. Don't neglect this. And again let me caution you against handling serpents or other venomous animals or insects. It is not only dangerous, but to me almost disgusting. I commence this letter now, and expect to write it by snatches, but to finish by the 15th so as to mail it agreeably to your request.

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Perhaps you may have heard that Ben Leacock arrived in New York, or rather in New Haven, not long after you had started. He took tea with us in company with Mrs. De Russy. He said he would have much liked to accompany the expedition if he had been here. John Ferdon has also been down here and got his two lambs. I read the most of your first letter to both of them, and your description of the "cascades" interested them much.

Your grandpa has been spending a few days with us and returned yesterday, but he was quite unwell all the time he was here. We, however, gave him a ride in the new wagon. He appeared to like it very much. There were four persons in it. I think it is the easiest wagon I ever rode in, and with all quite showy. Your grandpa has been buying a pony for Warren to ride on horseback, but I do not think much of him. He is too small, old, and has not a good action. Keep this to yourself! Charles spent the "Fourth" in New York. I let him take two riding lessons, and I think he learned a good deal and can now improve himself by practice.

Thursday, July 13th.—I again commence this, though not in the very best of humor, as it has been raining again pretty much all night and is now very close, muggy, and hot. Very bad weather for my hay, and has beaten down most of my oats in the lot by the barn, they being so very stout and heavy. I received a letter from Laidlie last week, saying a party of gentlemen were to leave Cincinnati about Aug. 1st for Mackinaw to fish and hunt for two weeks, and wishing me to join them there, or if I would not come they thought that you might like to do so. He said his accompanying the party would depend somewhat on my meeting them. I should have liked nothing better, and would certainly have gone had I known what to do with your mother. He wanted me to bring her to Cincinnati and leave her there, but that would have made it necessary for me to have gone from Chicago to Cincinnati four

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times,—too much of a good thing! I wrote to Laidlie saying I could not come, but told him about the expedition on which you had gone, and said that possibly you might fall in with the party on your return if you should hear anything of them. Try and ascertain if he is with them and see him. You say it is doubtful if you will be home by September 1st. I trust, however, that you will be back in time for Commencement at Cambridge, and if the party should not be back in time I think it will be as well for you to leave them at Chicago, or some other point, and come directly through so as to be able to reach home in time. You will have seen enough by that time and the most interesting part of the expedition.

I will expect you to bring “lots” of curiosities home with you, but do not know of anything you can order from the Indians for us. I do not think it worth while to let the party know how much your letter of credit is for, or how much you have a right to draw for. If they know, they may want you to draw for the full amount and say it shall be refunded to you on your return. I had rather you would only pay your own proportion, and if you should leave the party before the accounts are closed, tell them you will pay your share immediately on their advising you what it is. But do not pay beforehand if you can possibly avoid it. I have not been shooting this summer, except in the cornfield, out of which Charles and myself have shot a dozen woodcock, but it is now too wet there for them.

I know of nothing going on in Brunswick that will interest you. I have heard that Bishop has purchased ten acres of land on the common back of the college. He intends building on the highest ground, where the old fort was, and improving the ground. If he does so, it will quite alter the appearance of the old hill. All well.

Your affectionate father,

S. V. HOFFMAN.

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From Mr. S. V. Hoffman.

NEW BRUNSWICK, July 31st, 1848.

My dear Boy:

Your letter dated the 8th, from the shore of Lake Superior, was received on the 26th, the day of Commencement here. The Commencement went off as usual. I was over a short time in the morning, but it was so very hot in the church that I could not remain. We did not go to the President's levee; weather too warm and night dark. Charles says it was much more select, and consequently not near so crowded as last year. Mulford got the ring.

When you get on the south side of the lake, or along Lake Michigan, you will find birds in abundance, such as woodcock, quail, and grouse. I expect to hear of you making some wonderful shooting of grouse, as August is just the month for them. Then, I understand, they are in packs and not wild. We have shot several woodcock in the cornfield, but the ground is now getting too dry and corn too high. If Prof. Agassiz should go to Philadelphia by our place, ask him to stop and spend a day with us. I think I should like to see the man you are so much fascinated with.¹

I received your bill from Cambridge, sent to me in a letter by Chas. E. Huse. The charge for books is about \$1.00 more than you gave me. Also for rent and care of your room \$15.00, which I think is the charge for a year. I will, how-

¹ Prof. Agassiz seems to have exercised a singular fascination over all who knew him, partly by his genius, partly by his amiability, partly by his great learning, and partly by the quality of his humor. In connection with this last point, the late Bishop Knight of Milwaukee, who knew him well and who was much with him at Harvard, delighted to tell the following incident. While with the Professor on one occasion, a person entered the Professor's room with a picture which he desired to sell and which he denominated a "Bird's-eye view of Cambridge." The Professor contemplated it for a moment, lifted his eyes, looked at the vender of the picture, and said with his characteristic accent: "Well, I thank my God zat I am not a bird!"

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ever, pay it, and if the charge is wrong you must get it corrected when you go on. Commencement takes place there on August 23rd. I still trust you will be back in time to attend. John Ferdon was here during Commencement. He says he will probably go as far as Niagara to meet you on your return, but when you get back there I hope you will not linger by the way, but come home as fast as you can, as you will have got enough by that time. After you return, if you stay home for a short time to take charge of the place, I think it probable that your mother and myself may take a little turn somewhere around the country, but where I do not now know.

Charles, as you know, will have a long vacation. I think he will find the time hanging heavy on his hands. I will probably write you a few lines directed to Buffalo; so inquire at the post-office as you pass through.

Ever your affectionate father,

S. V. HOFFMAN.

VII

STUDENT DAYS AT THE SEMINARY

ALMIGHTY GOD, who is the inspirer of all vocations in life, had moved the heart of young Hoffman to that of a priest. From the time he was at all able to reflect upon his future career, his mind seems to have been drawn steadfastly to the divine ministry. Down somewhere in the depths of his quiet nature the purpose of his heart steadily formed itself, until during the Harvard year he felt quite certain of his vocation; and from that time till the moment of his death the interests of the Kingdom of Christ were the great interests of his life, the delight of his mind, and the ultimate object of all his endeavor. On the eve of his entrance upon his Seminary course he wrote: "During the past year I have laid my hand to the plough. I have chosen to serve God, to devote my life to His service, and to lay my time, my talents, my all, as an offering on His holy altar." With this spirit he entered the Seminary in the autumn of 1848.

What an epochal day that of entrance into Seminary life always is to a youth who has offered himself up to God! One of the Saints has said that the priests themselves are "hosts" which they offer up to God. When one has the unmistakable call to priesthood, all life

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changes from the moment one enters the Seminary. Whatever hopes, aspirations, and dreams one may have had previous to this moment, they all are now to become crystallized into a course of life, a sense of separatedness, of consecration, a finer realization of special nearness to Him who said once for all to His elected ones, "Ye have not chosen me, but I have chosen you. Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world." The young neophyte has now reached the threshold of the Sanctuary, and the perfume of its incense, the melody of its music, the atmosphere of its sanctity, the grace, the mystery, and the awe of its sacred rites, the resounding voices of its past, suggestions of its great heroes in the long and wonderful history of the holy Church of God,—all these more or less take possession of the sincere and consecrated soul, and make his whole outlook henceforth one of delight, holy rapture, and expectation.

There are of course men who enter the Seminary who never feel all this. They have come to the priesthood as to one of the "learned professions" of the world, open to their choice with the others; as a theatre upon which they can exercise their gifts of eloquence, their impulses of philanthropy, and their general desire of usefulness to mankind. Such men can take up the studies and life of the Seminary in an entirely cold-blooded way, as they might take up the pursuit of medicine or law. They may graduate and enter Holy Orders, but they never hear what souls of truer vocation hear; they never see in the Church, its

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life, its mystery, its spirit, or its history, what the truly priestly heart discerns. They become decorous, influential, and often most useful persons in the Church, and attain in the public eye what is called and thought to be eminent success in their holy office and place. But the atmosphere of the Saints does not form around them. They are felt, somehow or other, to belong to the sphere of philanthropy rather than of religion; to this world rather than the next; to the plane of morality, good manners, and law rather than to one touched with the supernatural spirit, the supernatural insight, the sense of supernatural values.

If the divine ministry does not call for the heavenly as distinguished from the earthly mind, for a predominant attraction to God, the Church, and the Saints, and for the life beautified and exalted by the special virtues of Faith, Hope, and Love, for what does it call?

The spirit that sent young Hoffman to his first Communion trembling with awe, reverence, and humility, accompanied him to the Seminary. He went as one whose eyes had been opened to the overpowering greatness and importance of divine things; and there he began that life of systematized and religious devotion to God and the Church which ended on earth only when he breathed his last, when all the unflagging work of his life was over.

The era of his entrance into the Seminary was a very notable one. For the most part the American Church was quietly going on in its old habits of mind and the old settled order which it had inherited from

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its seventeenth and eighteenth century days. There was not much general variation from the quiet modes of Church practices which gave the services of that time the virtue of general uniformity at least. Everywhere divine services were celebrated or "performed," as the phrase was, in much the same way.¹

No great controversies had as yet shaken the national Church or the Anglican Communion generally. There were, of course, the old "High Churchmen," with their high views of Church, ministry, and sacraments; and there were the "Low Churchmen," with their lower views of these things. But there had been "High Churchmen" all along in the Post-Reformation Church of England and its American extension, and there have been "Low Churchmen" in fact, if not in name, since the Puritan times in England. But their differences disturbed no one seriously. They were accepted as part of the accustomed order, like the sun, moon, and stars; and the public calm, the external look of things, had not yet been much broken in upon. The world had here and there unbelievers, indeed, of the Tom Paine and the Voltairian type; but what it is the fashion now to call "scientific" thought and methods had not yet arisen. Men had, as yet, nothing to distract attention from first to secondary causes in the study of nature and life. "Darwinism," "evolution," and the "survival of the fittest" had not

¹The writer well remembers that in his native parish in Pennsylvania, in the old days of the '40s and '50s, the announcement of the rector always was that on "Sunday next" (or the Saint's day following) "divine service would be performed in the church at — o'clock."

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yet been heard of. Mr. Huxley, and Prof. Tyndall, and others had not yet arrived to (for a time) materialize the public mind and to blur the childlike vision of faith. No "higher criticism" had yet shown itself, except as the German "Illuminists" represented it across the water; and people here were not seriously disquieted with what seemed to be an outgrowth of the idiosyncrasies of the German mind. It would have been thought then, as some of us think now, that a good deal of it represents simply German mental gymnastics. There was nothing then to disturb the general peace of the Church.

But something had been happening in Great Britain, and, above all, in Oxford. The British government had, of its own motion, and as a mere exercise of State power, suppressed a number of the ancient sees of Ireland. Vigilant minds took up the issue, and demanded to know whether the Churches of Ireland and England were mere departments of the State, or were spiritual entities, associated indeed with the State, but not deriving their essential life from it. "Tracts for the Times" began to be issued, and the whole question of the origin, nature, and rights of the Church began to be discussed, together with questions of the ministry, the sacraments, and (as all things hold together in the order of the world and of the Church) questions of the Church's worship and practice. And so the "Tractarian" movement burst upon the world.

Curiously enough, a way seems to have been prepared for it by Alexander Knox, a layman of the Irish

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Church, a sort of Irish Origen, secretary to Lord Castlereagh. Knox's *Remains* are pregnant with what may be called catholic issues, as distinguished from the prevalent ideas of his time. It is also said that Sir Walter Scott's *The Monastery* and *The Abbot* had done much to conciliate the British mind towards Pre-Reformation days and life. The Irish incident, however, precipitated the discussions which created Tractarianism. Keble's *Christian Year* opened the English mind to the reception of the newly emphasized principles of old Anglican belief and order.

Like all great movements, the Oxford outbreak made itself heard and felt elsewhere. It vibrated across the Atlantic, and in 1848 the Seminary itself, like the whole American Church, began to feel its stirrings. In 1842 the memorable ordination of Arthur Carey had taken place under circumstances of great excitement in the popular mind. The case is too well known to require detailed review here. It brought, however, clearly to the front the whole issue between Historical Theology, as taught by the standards of the Church of England, and the popular beliefs under the influence of latent Lutheran and Calvinistic ideas. The Seminary had been aflame with the controversy, and in 1848 its life was too close to the memorable event not to be still moved by its memories and issues. The faculty of the Seminary at this time were all men of conservative type. The Deanship as yet did not exist. The resident members of the faculty in turn governed the institution under the trustees.

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The Professor of Biblical Learning during young Hoffman's residence was the Rev. Samuel Hulbert Turner, D. D., who held the chair from 1821 to 1861. Dr. Turner was a man of accurate linguistic learning, and of large reading in the direction of his special department. But he was singularly resistant to the new ideas, as they were thought to be, and most especially hostile to the sacramental principles commonly believed to be taught in the sixth chapter of St. John's Gospel.

Much, indeed, of the good old Doctor's labor in the Seminary lay in evacuating the sixth chapter of St. John of its eucharistic significance. If the dear old man could be said to have had a hobby, it lay in the exegesis of that chapter. He had not, indeed, feared to cross his lance with Cardinal Wiseman on that subject. Never in his teaching did he cease to express satisfaction over that encounter. The Doctor was short in stature, a little lame from rheumatic affliction, very peppery in temper, and unsparing in class-room severities. When he had been especially severe in any case, he speedily made the *amende* by inviting the crushed and maimed student to dine with him in his always hospitable home.

His manners, the occasional fierce glance of his eye, the soft tones of voice in which he invited the recitation of a suspectedly deficient student, the restlessness of the old man at a poor recitation, his trouble with his wig at such moments, and the relief he experienced by moving from his chair to the fire, and, withal, his

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hatred of the Gregorian chant,—all these make his memory picturesque and after all very precious to his old pupils.

The Professor of Divinity was the Rev. Dr. Samuel Roosevelt Johnson, a man of distinguished family, and in early life of great wealth, almost all of which he gave away in unbounded charity. He was a man of singular simplicity and quiet sagacity. He was a man also of full and accurate reading along the then accepted lines, and the always kind friend of the student, anticipating his needs and shrinking from no personal toil or act of humility on his behalf. Above all, if sanctity be, as it has been defined, “the confluence of all virtues in a single soul,” Dr. Johnson was a saint. He was preëminently endowed with the distinctly Christian graces of humility, meekness, tenderness, modesty, selflessness, and Christlike activity in “going about doing good.” He was picturesque, too, especially in the loveliness of his character, the gentle and benevolent aspect of his countenance, his occasional absentmindedness and quaint phrases.¹

Who can be unmoved who still remembers the dear old man as he read the lessons in the chapel, some-

¹The Doctor on one occasion encountering the writer on the Seminary grounds, seized him by the hand, carried him over to Bishop Kemper, who was standing near by, and introduced the embarrassed student to the Bishop as “the son of our beloved Bishop Wainwright.” As an illustration of the quaintness of his phraseology, many of his old pupils will recall an occasion on which, while reciting to the Doctor on “the descent into Hell,” he broke into the recitation by remarking that an “interesting essay had been written on that subject by a Mr. Griffin, a grandson of a distinguished English divine.” He then went on to say that this young man had also “written other things of interest,” and concluded by the observation, “I am sorry to say he died prematurely, but his remains have been collected in two folio volumes.”

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times breaking down into tears as he uttered the words, "O Absalom, my son, my son!" Who but smiles in retrospect as he recalls his quaint announcements of interesting personal details, either in lecture-room or chapel notices? Who of all whose happiness it was to be under his instruction but can recall the short pencil which he turned up and down in his fingers as he lectured; or the sweet unconsciousness with which he fell into traps laid by crafty students desiring to escape recitation by "drawing the Doctor off" into an excursion of some sort, but which often filled up the hour. To have known Dr. Johnson was a benediction to all who can value guilelessness, unselfishness, simplicity, sanctity.

Dr. Haight, for so many years assistant minister of Trinity Church, was at this period Instructor in Pastoral Theology. All who remember him know his sturdy conservatism of character and churchmanship. All that Trinity Church stood for he stood for in his day, and would doubtless stand for now. His temper of mind was that of an old-fashioned Anglican theologian. His teaching was conservative and judicious, while his general influence was on the side of healthy progress. His accomplished son, Charles C. Haight, Esq., the architect of the noble group of buildings now adorning Chelsea Square, who has inherited all his father's sound beliefs, stands for the same fidelity and good churchmanship. His relation to the Seminary happily links the past days of his father with the present, in which his father would have delighted.

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The Rev. Dr. John David Ogilby was from 1840 to 1851 (the year of young Hoffman's graduation) the Professor of Ecclesiastical History. He was looked upon as a decided High Churchman in his day. His work on Lay Baptism records his memory for the whole Church, although its theory has not been, and is not, generally accepted.

In the autumn of 1851 Dr. Ogilby was succeeded by the Rev. Dr. Milo Mahan as professor in this department. This very great man, one of the very greatest presbyters the American Church has ever had, and whose very greatness, one sometimes thinks, has prevented the general recognition of what he really was, remained in possession of the chair of History from 1851 to 1864. He had a wonderfully formative and stimulating power over the minds of the students, through his learning, wisdom, and magnanimity of qualities and vision. While young Hoffman had not the advantages of being his pupil, he was his admiring and appreciative friend.

The chair of Hebrew was occupied by a distinguished lay professor, Clement Clark Moore, LL.D., best perhaps remembered by his munificent endowment of the Seminary with the great block on which it stands. The chair of Evidences was occupied by another noted layman, the Hon. Gulian Crommelin VerPlanck, a gifted and accomplished gentleman of the old Dutch type, and both in aspect and quality one of the most notable as well as one of the best illustrations of his race. Some of his descendants at

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this moment are living in a residence overlooking the grounds so dear to their ancestor and so memorably associated with his name.

A late Bishop of New York, the Right Reverend Benjamin Treadwell Onderdonk, D.D., was Professor of Ecclesiastical Polity and Law from 1821 to 1861, though for years he was obliged to remain in a retirement as sad as it probably was undeserved.

Chelsea Square itself was very different from what it is now. Dr. Morgan Dix has graphically described its old aspect in his tribute to the late Dean.

“In the year of our Lord 1852, half a century ago, the city block between Ninth and Tenth Avenues and 20th and 21st Streets was a dull, monotonous expanse of land, having upon it no structure other than two stiff and uninteresting buildings of gray stone, which gave on 20th Street and stood above the level of the thoroughfare upon a terrace accessible by rude stone steps at their respective entrances. The block described as above was protected from invasion by a picket fence of wood, from which the vagrant might occasionally extract a paling when in search of kindling-wood in the winter or of material for a bonfire on the Fourth of July. A bell hanging in a framework in the open air sounded from time to time to give notice of chapel services or lectures to the four or five professors and the little band of students who formed the academic community of the General Theological Seminary. The grounds within that enclosure presented somewhat the appearance of a plot of pasture land; a few trees

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anxiously struggled for life amidst the adversities of their position."

No refectory existed in the days of young Hoffman. Breakfast and tea were often prepared in their rooms by the Seminarians themselves. Dinner was had outside, sometimes at places far distant from the Seminary.

The chapel then was very different from the glorious fane now in use. It was an oblong room in the second story of the West building, extending along the entire west side. Its ceiling was low, its walls dingy, the seats were unpainted pine benches arranged chapel-wise (laterally). It was lighted by tallow or sperm candles, placed in sconces fastened upon pine sticks which were nailed to the backs of benches on which the men sat. The chancel was an elevation on the northern end of the chapel. It was entirely unornamented by altar or lectern hangings, by color, or by any of the *ornamenta* so universal now. The altar itself was indeed a good and altarlike structure, with a simple wooden reredos behind it. The whole was surmounted by a cross. But it was not until ten or eleven years later than 1851 that any embellishment of the chapel took place, and even then there was but the introduction of bronzed gas-fixtures, new pine seats adorned with fleurs-de-lis, and a single set of green altar and lectern hangings.

A small pipe-organ stood at the extreme southern end, which was "blown" by the students in turn. The music was simple, such as young men without training might be equal to, and was largely antiphonal in the

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chants and Psalms, the Gregorian chant being generally used, except when Dr. Turner officiated, who would have none of it. The services were the usual Morning Prayer at a very early hour, with Evening Prayer at 6, and the celebration of Holy Communion on the festival days.

That little upper room, however, left uneffaceable impressions. "Do you remember," asked the writer in 1894 of the Rev. Professor Francis T. Russell, "do you remember the old chapel in the West building?" "Yes," said the Doctor, "I can smell it yet."

Such was the primitive environment in which the students of the Seminary lived in the years of the late Dean's studentship. There was nothing of the splendor and richness of life of these later days, when splendid halls, a glorious chapel, well appointed lecture-rooms, a refectory worthy of a palace, and a faculty more than twice as large as that of 1848 have happily supplanted the old arrangements. The intellectual environment was, in a way, equally primitive. Not that there was not intellectual power, theological learning and zeal, and more or less completeness of theological preparation for the divine ministry. There were all these, but they were restricted within the limits of a rather narrow curriculum. The course in Theology, for instance, was in the main the study, in the Junior year, of Pearson on the Creed; in the Middle year, Beveridge or Brown on the Articles; in the Senior year, Magee on the Atonement.

This was the course a decade later than the year of

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the late Dean's graduation, and it presumably was not wider in his time. The Incarnation, as a special and fundamental subject, was only incidentally and not at all formally considered. The writer well remembers an eventful morning in 1861 when Prof. Mahan in his lecture-room cursorily remarked that "most students at their canonical examinations, when asked 'What is the great doctrine of Christianity?' reply, 'The Atonement,' whereas," said the Professor, "the Incarnation is the great doctrine of Christianity, and is inclusive of all the rest."

It was long afterwards, when the writer had been led to read Wilberforce on the Incarnation, in which our Lord is set before us not only as prophet, priest, and king, but as the second Adam, the New Man, the New Head of the Race, and the sacraments (in the notable thirteenth chapter) as "links and bands," "media of union," with the person of the second Adam, that the significance of Prof. Mahan's remark was made clear to him. We were besides, in those days, entirely ignorant of the Scotist aspect of the Incarnation. Neither the phrase nor the idea was ever spoken of. To-day the Seminary student is carefully instructed in all the length and breadth and height of the doctrine of the Incarnation as the fundamental principle of theological science.

Liturgics and the Pastoral Care were equally elementary in the treatment accorded them. It remained for later years and for the Deanships of Bishop Seymour and of Dr. Hoffman to appropriately and wisely

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enlarge the area of these branches of the studies of the Seminary.

The men turned out by the Seminary in those days, however, made up in after life for whatever were the defects of the then existing scheme of instruction. Not only some of the greatest administrators and priests, but theologians came out of the general period we have described. One has only to recall the names of Seymour, DeKoven, Richey, Dix, Knight, and Elmendorf, with many others, to realize how effective the Seminary was, after all, in making men and priests, theologians and scholars. It is doubtful whether the greater Seminary of to-day, with all its equipment, its full curriculum, its additional chairs of instruction, its tutors, and its graduate course, will turn out greater men than were their predecessors, or men more fit for ruling the Church of God.

The world moves, times change, new atmospheres of thought are generated; a new emphasis settles down to-day upon one aspect of truth, to-morrow upon another; but underneath all changes *men* will abound, for there have been "men before Agamemnon." Out of the old Seminary, with its restrictions, arose the subject of this memoir. His Seminary career was placid, dutiful, studious, and thoughtful. His young soul was being energized by what pabulum it had to feed upon and the influences it encountered; but far down below all teaching and leading of men was the predestinating Providence which was carrying him onward to his destiny.

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His Journal is the only record left of those formative days. From it we learn that he entered the Seminary in October, 1848. It was his hope and intention to have gone to the Seminary in Alexandria, for the sake of the companionship of his loved friend Benjamin Leacock — “classmate,” as he writes, “and most intimate friend in college.” His family, however, so opposed this purpose that he obediently changed his plan. Old-fashioned obedience to parental authority seems to have been always an admirable note of young Hoffman’s early life.

He applied for admission into the General Theological Seminary in New York, becoming at the same time a candidate for Holy Orders in the diocese of New Jersey. In February of the following year, 1849, he became a licensed lay reader, and at the request of the Rev. Dr. Stubbs, his rector at New Brunswick, undertook services at St. James’s Church, Piscatawa. To do this he was obliged to give up his Sunday-school class at Calvary Church, New York. He soon after, during an absence of Dr. Stubbs in the West Indies, officiated on occasions at the parish church, New Brunswick, assisting sometimes the Rev. Isaac Smith, an invalided priest who undertook at such times the strictly sacerdotal duties. He seems to have been interested in his charge at Piscatawa, which possessed a little church built by a gentleman in New York, though it had but twelve communicants and the congregation on good days was but about sixty persons. He seems to have found this work, however, inter-

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fering somewhat with his Seminary obligations. His Journal has the entry: "I found, during term time, that I had lost nearly a day a week from my studies, and that Sunday was in a great measure lost to me; but the Bishop [Dr. Doane the elder] and my rector think it best, and I have no reason to take the responsibility upon my own shoulders, as it is placed in their hands by God. I hope, by His help, always to obey them reverently and willingly."

His first year at the Seminary seems to have been more or less uneventful. "Thus matters," he writes, "went on during the whole Seminary year. We had the usual troubles incident to this life, but also the enjoyments which such a place always brings to those who attend to their duty." After Commencement he returned home and remained during vacation, as the cholera was raging throughout the country and he felt it his duty to relieve the minds of his parents by remaining at home under the circumstances, and, as he writes, "to be near my friends in such a season of affliction." Later on he made a visit to Burlington, where he was the guest of Bishop and Mrs. Doane. He seemed to have been much impressed by Burlington College and St. Mary's Hall. He visited Philadelphia also at this time, and was the guest of his friend and roommate Mr. Elvin K. Smith. He also visited Rev. Mr. Pettit at Belvedere, where he met a Mr. Hartung, whom he characteristically described as "a good, plain, commonsense Churchman."

During the year the young Seminarian had to carry

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a burden of obedience very hard to bear. He had had the great happiness, while at Rutgers College, to have his affections engaged by her who was afterwards his devoted wife, and described ten years after marriage, by the older Mrs. Hoffman, as "Eugene's perfect wife." He had won her affections and he had given his first devotion and love to her. But it was felt by Mr. Hoffman senior that, as they were both young and his son Eugene under age, it would be prudent to postpone the engagement until later than his son had desired, while meantime allowing his son's loved friend freedom to make another choice if she would. Thus arose a sad and difficult alternative between affection and obedience.

Both the young Seminarian and his chosen bride were dutiful to authority; and in spite of their devoted affection and the longings for vision and communication which great affection must always inspire, they both awaited with dignity and admirable unselfishness the day when the one obstacle—their mutual youth—should have been supplanted by the requisite years. The subject is too sacred for many words; but with this situation is interlinked an incident too touching and too significant of the young student's piety and faith to be unrecorded in his biography.

"On a day in October, 1848," young Hoffman writes, "I was in great dejection all the afternoon, and after tea went to my room quite early. After reading some of the Psalms, I was kneeling close to the window engaged in prayer. The rain was pouring down

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in torrents on a roof near by, and the wind moaned fearfully without. I had seldom been in a more dejected mood. Within, my feelings were greatly moved; for, says my Bishop, 'The atmosphere of love is the atmosphere of the heart's life.' Without, it seemed as if the Almighty had opened the flood-gates of His wrath upon a guilty world. Then I heard a noise at the window-pane, and saw a little bird trying to get in. At first it seemed like an apparition to me, so sudden and unlooked for had been its appearance; but soon I came to myself, and it was a cheering token of the presence of God, who on such an awful night would protect even the sparrows, so that not one should fall to the ground without His knowledge. I hardly remember an incident which cheered me more than that of this little bird. I immediately opened the window and gave it a safe place for the night, and in the morning sent it on its way rejoicing."

Between these lines one can read the hope that sprang up in his tender and anxious heart, that the good God, who cares for the sparrow, cares also for His servants' anxieties; and that, as He had opened out a way for the sparrow, He would open out a way for His servant's heart-life, that "very life of his life."

The course of the second year at the Seminary may be indicated by the following notes from his brief Journal kept at this time.

Monday, Oct. 8th.—Returned, as usual, to New York. This year commenced again to have the services in the

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Seminary chapel on Sundays and Holy days.¹ All the students were much pleased with it. I wish sometimes, for my own spiritual advantage, that I could remain; but my rector is anxious for me to continue lay reading at St. James's and the Bishop has requested of the faculty leave of absence for me. May God grant a blessing on my labors, and that I may do everything with the view to honor His holy Name, for the edification of the Church! I have at this time adopted more of a system than formerly in my mode of life and study. At present (and I expect to do the same during the Seminary year) I arise at 5 a. m.

5	-	5½	Dress and make fire.
5½	-	6½	Devotion and reading the Bible.
6½	-	7	Study.
7	-	8	Breakfast and read newspaper.
8	-	10½	Study.
10½	-	1	Chapel and recitation.
1	-	3	Dinner and chat.
3	-	3½	Chapel.
3½	-	6	Study or walk.
6	-	6½	Tea.
6½	-	9½	Study or visit.
9½	-	10	Devotion and retire.

I find I accomplish much less than I wish to, but still I have the satisfaction of knowing that I am at my duty.

Oct. 10th.—Recited to Dr. Wilson. He kept us in

¹ The Seminary has always been careful (and never more so than under the late Dean's administration) not to interfere in any way with the rights of the parish churches in the neighborhood of the Seminary. Consequently there has been no preaching service on Sundays. The celebration of the Eucharist at an early hour, and the recitation of Evening Prayer at 5.30, has been the Sunday rule for many years.

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from 11 to 2 p. m., a pretty long stretch. Have commenced to take breakfast and tea in my room. Bread and milk are brought every morning, and so far like it much better than going out to my meals. Besides I save considerable time by it, reading while I eat.

Sunday, Oct. 28th.—Went to St. James's in the afternoon, said prayers. Rev. Mr. Smith preached on "Brotherly Love to our Neighbors." Congregation small in consequence of having gone off to attend a funeral. A Romanist died at Piscatawa, and his wife, who is a French Protestant, has requested the Presbyterian minister to bury him, and he is to be buried in our churchyard. What a combination!

Advent Sunday, 1849.—Stayed in New York and attended service at the chapel, as Rev. Mr. Stubbs went out to Piscatawa. I was, I must say, delighted with the service. The Holy Communion was administered, and here we needed no "soul dirge" to hush the tramp of feet of those who were rushing in haste from the Table of God. All who had called upon Jesus Lord, now stayed to partake of the Communion of His Body and Blood, in obedience to His dying command. In the morning the Rev. Dr. Turner preached, and Rev. Dr. Wilson administered the Holy Communion. The sermon was an advent discourse on St. Luke iii, 5-6. In the afternoon Rev. Dr. Haight preached on the "Unity of the Church." Fine sermon, from Psalm 22, 1-6. I always wish I could stay here every Lord's Day; but no, I ought to be about the duties assigned to me by my father in God, the Bishop. Took

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tea at my great-uncle's, T. Storm's. His son Thomas is to be confirmed to-night in St. George's Church, where he now teaches Sunday-school. Afterwards went to see my grandfather. He was confirmed last Sunday, and has been a regular communicant of the Church ever since. Before he was confirmed he was a good deal tinged with skepticism, but now he manifests the greatest childlike faith. I pray God he may become meet to become a partaker of the inheritance of the Saints in Light.

Tuesday, Dec. 4th.—To-day St. George's Church was consecrated. I did not go, as I had too much to do. Yesterday I was appointed on the committee to get up a catalogue. I am really sorry for this, as it will be a good deal of work, inasmuch as the member of the Senior class is by no means a business man, and the Junior member of course will do nothing. Still I can not, with any grace, refuse to serve.

Dec. 10th.—This evening went to the "Blind Asylum" to read for Mr. Smith. There are six students here who go up there once a week to read one hour to the blind children from some interesting and instructive book. This evening was the first time I had been. I got a light after entering the building, and proceeded to the chapel, where I found several of the children,—one playing the organ, all in the dark, for they needed no material light. I seated myself at the table, and on the bell being rung they came in to the number of 130. It was surprising to see how naturally they appeared to enter, just as if they had their sight.

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As soon as they were seated I commenced reading, while numbers of them were working, sewing, knitting, doing bead-work, etc. Many appeared to be looking, as far as I could see, directly at me, and it was hard to realize they had not their sight. They were very attentive, and I was very much pleased with the experience, altogether.

Christmas Day, New Brunswick.—Attended church, congregation quite large. Rector preached a good sermon on “Why we keep Christmas.” Holy Communion as usual. How ennobling the thought that the whole Church Catholic are observing this day with us, and that however disunited it may be in other respects, still its members all unite in keeping this holy festival. Started at 6 p. m. for Philadelphia, where we arrived about 9. Took cars at 10 p. m. for Baltimore. The night was very cold, about 40 above zero. At 12 p. m. the locomotive broke down, and we were obliged to spend the night in the cars with hardly any fire, and a very noisy set of passengers. The road is one of the worst managed, poorest roads of the country, and the highest fares.

St. John's Day.—Started for Alexandria, 9½ a. m., by boat. Thence walked out 3 miles to the Seminary. Found it without much difficulty. Ben appeared very glad to see me.

Dec. 31st.—To-day left the Seminary for Washington. I have been pleased with my visit to the Seminary, and delighted with the situation, but very much disappointed and displeased with the theology I met

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within it. It has 22 students and 3 professors, two of whom are Calvinists and one (Dr. Sparrow) an Arminian. The students are mostly rank Calvinists. The text-books in systematic divinity are Knapp's Theology and Burnet on the 39 Articles. In history, Mosheim and Short. These books comprise nearly all the course, except those on Biblical Interpretation. They utterly deny baptismal regeneration, saying that "faith is one of the fruits of regeneration, and as we have that before baptism, we are regenerated before it." They observe none of the festival days except a few of the greater. They have no daily worship, except what they call family prayer, at which they generally use Thornton's Prayers. The only commentaries I found among the students were Scott's and Barnes's. On asking a middleman whether he had ever read the "Apostolic Fathers," he said, "We don't think much of the Fathers here." Possibly they might have returned the compliment. I must say my visit of three days to Alexandria has had a tendency to make me, if anything, a Higher Churchman than I have been.

Jan. 12, Saturday, 1850.—In the evening the Rev. Mr. Breck of Nashotah Mission met the students in the long room and related to us many interesting facts in relation to that Mission. He and two others were the founders in 1841, and now there are eight established clergymen in the district of 50 miles in diameter, where before the voice of one had never been heard. The students have contributed \$75 per annum to it, which supports one student. Mr. Breck now

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wishes to get some one to supply his place at Nashotah, and then himself to go to Minnesota Territory; or else he wishes to send two or three while he shall remain in Nashotah. I have looked with great favor on that Mission, and if my friends, and probably my Bishop, were not so much opposed to it, I should feel very much tempted to offer my services. At any rate, I trust during the next summer vacation, God willing, to visit that school and other parts of the West, particularly Wisconsin and Minnesota.¹

April 12th.—I am ashamed to see how seldom I write in my Journal, but one thing or another constantly interferes. I am so busy, I have but little time. Went yesterday with my grandfather and visited Trinity Cemetery. Was somewhat disappointed with the tomb he had built there. It was planned by Renwick, but there is something I do not like about it. I am, however, prejudiced against such catacombs; for I like much better to see Christians buried in the ground itself, and, if possible, in their own churchyard. I dislike seeing “cities of the dead,” and detest the plan of such a collection of bones within four stone walls. On their tomb there is not a single emblem of Christianity except the Cross. There are two shields on the front, and I intend to propose that the first two sentences of the Burial Office be carved on them. I have now given up reading services at St. James’s, Piscatawa. Rev. Mr. Smith has gone there pretty regularly, and

¹ Dean Hoffman’s interest in Nashotah continued throughout his life, and up to at least the date of the death of the Rev. Dr. Cole, President of Nashotah, he annually sent a handsome contribution.

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has held service when he has felt able. It relieves me from the duty and gives me more time to devote to my study, which I am glad to have, for I am every day more and more impressed with the magnitude and extent of Theology. Indeed, I often tremble when I think how much is to be done; and were there not the promise, "My grace is sufficient for thee," and the thought that impossibilities are not required of us, I am afraid I should at times be tempted to run away in despair.

Saturday, May 4th.—Went with my grandfather to examine the state of the coffins in the Marble Cemetery, before removing them to the cemetery of Trinity Church, where he has recently put up a stone building (I would call it a vault, were it not above ground) containing catacombs for burial. I cannot conceive why people should fancy burying in vaults. It is to me very abhorrent, not to say disgusting, to see, as we are obliged to, such a collection of decaying coffins. O, that I may be buried in what I believe a more Christian way, in the mold of the old churchyard, where at the graves the church steeple tolls the hours!

Oh, bury me, then, in the green churchyard,
As my old forefathers rest;
Nor lay me in cold necropolis,
'Mid many a grave unblest.
I would sleep where the church bells aye ring out,
I would rise by the House of Prayer,
And feel me a moment at home on earth,
For the Christian's home is there.

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Aug. 1st.—Left home for a trip to Boston. Went on in the *Bay State* and stopped at Newport. At noon took a dip in the surf, which I found refreshing and delightful. The attendance at the hotel was very poor; too few waiters for the number of visitors, and entirely too much show with too little reality. I would not be induced to stay here a week for a good deal.

Aug. 3rd.—Went on to Boston, and arrived at my uncle's at the Navy Yard, Charleston, by 10 a. m.

Aug. 6th.—Went to Cambridge and called on Prof. Agassiz. The visit called up many recollections of my *alma mater*. It is a beautiful place! Since I graduated they have erected a large and splendid hotel, and built a railroad to Boston. Prof. Agassiz showed me the Scientific School. He expressed himself much hurt at the hard language certain men had used towards him in relation to his paper on the "Origin of the Human Races."

Saturday, Aug. 10th.—Visited St. John's and Christ Church, the only two in Hartford. Walked out to Trinity College; was shown the old altar of the church in which Bishop Seabury ministered. It is very fine, and painted white; still it is a venerable old relic. Unfortunately all the professors having the keys of the library were out of town, and we were unable to see Bishop Seabury's mitre. I was very much disappointed at this, but could not help it.

Aug. 12th, Northampton.—Arrived here last night at 10. Went to the Church of the Ascension. Rev. A.

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C. Coxe administered the Holy Communion, and preached both morning and afternoon. In the afternoon his father was in church and looked as black as a thundercloud during part of the sermon. I have been much struck with the appearance of many of the meeting-houses in New England. They are all on one general plan, white paint, green blinds, and an ugly spire. To-day I noticed one embellished under the eaves with horse-skulls carved in relief in wood. Often they are composed of stores in the first story; and on one I noticed a blazing notice on the door, "Stick no bills."

Monday, Aug. 12th.—Visited Mt. Holyoke, which is about 9000 feet high.

Aug. 13th.—Visited last evening the extensive water-cure establishment. Otherwise the place contains nothing of interest. Hotel very good. Observe that nearly all the hotels have women waiters. They are generally Yankees, and display a great fondness for dress, wearing low-necked dresses and short sleeves. Must say I am very little pleased with such fashions. I like men as waiters much better.

Good Friday, Apl. 18th, 1851.—I have spent as much of this week as I could in my room, engaged in reading and devotion. It is the Holy Week, and the last one before I shall, please God, be admitted to Holy Orders. As the time draws near, and my ordination seems to stare me in the face, the sense of my own unworthiness increases very much upon me. Indeed, if I look back upon my past life and the sins which I

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now even daily commit, in spite of all my efforts and prayers to the contrary, I sometimes feel like withdrawing my name as one unworthy to enter upon such sacred duties. But no! if I am only humble, sincere, and earnest, and rely entirely on the grace of Him who alone can strengthen me, He will grant that my labors in His service shall not be entirely in vain!

I have to-day been reading Bishop Doane's sermon on the saintly Winslow. What a seraphic character he was. May we, O Lord, never forget to thank Thee for the good examples of all Thy servants departed this life in Thy faith and fear, and ever emulate their holy example! May we at length, with them, be admitted into Thy presence, where there shall be fullness of joy evermore!

Rev. Dr. Johnson preached in the chapel this morning at the Morning Prayer. He took for his text, "Behold the Lamb of God." There is something quieting and consoling in his sermons which helps and impresses me much. They are much in the same style as those of our late Prof. Dr. Wilson, with whom I was delighted. It is much more beneficial to me, I think, to hear such sermons than to be constantly frightened by stirring, exciting appeals in relation to our influence and depravity. This is the first Holy Week in which the services in the chapel have been regularly maintained. Formerly the faculty seemed to have acted on the principle, "No lectures, no prayers," and on all the great festivals, and during the short recesses, we were obliged to seek a place for daily prayer

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wherever we might. Always to go at least one-half mile was very disagreeable to me, as well as to be roaming about amidst strange pastures and strange sheep. I am glad the custom has been broken in upon, and I hope they will hereafter never let the day pass, from October to July, in which there shall be no religious service in the chapel.

Tuesday, May 9th.—Last night had a most singular dream! They are not often apt to affect me in any way; but as this has happened to me for the second time, I cannot but notice it. To me, dreams have always seemed very mysterious and inexplicable. I have never been able to account for many of them in any satisfactory way. Whether they are the mere incoherent fancies and speculations of a half drowsy brain, or whether they have any connection with the spirit world, must, I suppose, remain for us a mystery.

Tuesday, May 27th, 1851.—Met Bishop Kemper in the long room this evening. He has been staying several days with Rev. Dr. Johnson, who kindly consented to meet us this evening. We spent a delightful evening with him, and he gave us a great deal of information in relation to Wisconsin. He is a delightful man, full of zeal, and at the same time without any of that distant reserve so common in such men towards young persons. I hope and pray that God will put it into the hearts of some of our students to go out and labor in the field which is so ripe for the harvest. After some two hours of conversation we sang the "Gloria in Excelsis." None know who have not heard

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it the power of this glorious old hymn on such occasions. The Bishop then gave us his blessing, and we separated, I trust, with warmest hearts for the great work of Christ and His holy Church.

Saturday, June 21st.—To-day is the last of my Seminary course, and also the last on which I shall be allowed to remain in the quiet and seclusion of academic life.¹ Next week I am to go through my examinations, and on the following Sunday (St. Peter's Day) be admitted, God willing, into the Holy Order of Deacon in the Church of God. As the time draws near, I can not but be impressed still more and more strongly with the awful responsibilities of the Gospel ministry. Our naughty, wandering hearts are too apt to be plotting out places and plans for ourselves; and often the tempter comes in and suggests how pleasant such and such a position or such a plan would be, and then, to add to the temptation, paints in such vivid colors the success which would follow the adoption of them. My relatives, too, are urging me constantly to make up my mind to spend a year abroad in travelling. None know how much uneasiness such a suggestion is giving me. I know they all intend it for my good, but they can not know the awful responsibilities attached to the ordination vows. In regard to this, I have never been able to divest myself of the idea that

¹ It is a noteworthy coincidence that 52 years after these words were penned, and within a few hours of this precise date (June 21st), Dean Hoffman's body was born to the chapel on indeed "the last day of his Seminary course" and "the last one in which he" (was) "allowed to remain in the quiet and seclusion of academic life"—the body having rested in the silence of the chapel the night before.

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it will, in some way, be shrinking from my work. Upon one thing I am resolved, viz.: to follow the advice, or I should say direction, of him who is my Right Reverend Father in God. I know that this, by many of my friends, is looked upon as subserviency and "Puseyism," but while the Church requires me in the ordinal to answer to the question, "Will you reverently obey your Bishop, and other chief ministers? . . . following with a glad mind and will their godly admonitions?" "I will endeavor to do so, the Lord being my helper," I must fulfill my ordination vow in such manner as will be pleasing to the Great Head of the Church, obeying my Bishop, and following his counsel and advice to the very letter, unless in opposition to the will of God or the canons of the Church. Under such restrictions, it is to me the voice of God; and I do here resolve from the time of my entrance into Holy Orders (the Lord being my helper) to follow "with a glad mind and will" all the godly admonitions of him who, in the Providence of God, shall have charge over me. God grant that I may give myself up wholly—body, soul, and spirit—to His holy service; and may He make me worthy of such honor, though I be an humble instrument in His hands for the promotion of His glory and the edification of His Church!

On the Thursday after the entry just recorded, the Commencement took place, as was usual in those days, in St. Peter's Church. The Bishop of Vermont, Dr. Hopkins, preached the sermon. At the conclusion of

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the service, the clergy, faculty, and students returned to the hall in the Seminary, where portraits of the Rev. Dr. Wilson and Dr. Clement C. Moore were presented to the Seminary on behalf of the Alumni by the Rev. Mr. Harwood. A very happy response was said to have been made on behalf of the faculty, followed by a short address from Dr. Whittingham, Bishop of Maryland, as President of the Alumni.

The Journal from which we have been quoting alludes with grateful recollection to a breakfast party given by Jubal Hodges, son of Dr. Edward Hodges, organist of Trinity Church, and a member of the class. The evening of the Commencement was signalized by a large reception at the Rev. Dr. Haight's. On the day after Commencement, Friday, young Hoffman packed up his effects and left for New Brunswick, for his ordination.

Few of the late Dean's contemporaries at the General Seminary survive. Dr. Dix of Trinity Church, New York, however, in his Memorial Address upon the late Dean, gives his memories of the young Hoffman of those days in the following words:

“Well do I remember the attractive presence, the strong personality, of the young candidate for Holy Orders; his room in the East building, the tasteful fittings of a place with difficulty lending itself to ornament, the air of refinement which marked the apartment. He was of those among us to whom the rest might look as one of a favored few. We knew that he was rich and prosperous, that he was sacrificing earthly

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advantages for the cause of the Church and Christ; we did not know all that might have been known of ancestry, heredity, and association with the life of the city and the history of the times. But he was a marked man even then, and justly so."

The Rev. John W. Nott of Mt. Savage, Maryland, writes as follows: "It is impossible to give to others a satisfactory impression of the recollections of a long past time; only those can make some approach to it who, with the biographical instinct of a Boswell, look forward, pencil in hand, to the time when the biography should be written. Dr. Johnson in one of his talks speaks with much feeling about the unsatisfactory reports one gets from those most intimately associated with men whose lives were well worth writing. I wish very much to give a good account, but fear much that I shall deserve Dr. Johnson's judgment on the Bishop's chaplain.

"I came to the Seminary in October, 1849. I was about seven years older than Mr. Hoffman. I am now nearly eighty-two. My acquaintance with Mr. Hoffman began almost immediately on my arrival. Although so much older, I took the position of a junior. He was made for leadership. His strong character and his larger acquaintance with life made me lean upon him a great deal. I recollect him very vividly in connection with my visits to the home of Dr. Bird Wilson, which was presided over by his niece Miss Martin, whom the few old men who still survive from those days remember with grateful affection. Mr. Hoffman,

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Mr. Elvin K. Smith, and myself were among those often welcomed there, and one of my most vivid recollections is of Mr. Hoffman in the parlor of Dr. Bird Wilson, unaffected, refined, self-possessed, and clear and definite in every statement he made.

“In the early spring of 1851 I was attacked by varioloid of such a very emphatic type that the physician attending me was tempted to give it a stronger name. During my ‘sickness’ (I adhere to the English of the Bible, Prayer Book, and Shakespeare) Mr. Hoffman and Mr. E. K. Smith, afterwards Principal of St. Mary’s Hall, Burlington, were my persevering and most judicious nurses.¹ In that, as in everything else, Mr. Hoffman was the leader. I wish I could give more, which I could only do by the help of a diary. There is much to dwell on in affectionate remembrance, but little to record. What I have written is entirely at your disposal. All I desire is to give something that may help to give a picture to others of a man whose memory I cherish.”

The Rev. Dr. Warren of St. Mary’s Church, Jersey City Heights, also a contemporary of Mr. Hoffman’s at the Seminary, writes substantially as Dr. Dix and Mr. Nott have written respecting their own memories of young Hoffman.

¹ The illness above mentioned was of so serious a character in reality that not only was Mr. Nott isolated in his own room, but Messrs. Hoffman and Smith, the volunteer nurses, were quarantined in the adjoining rooms, the passage-way leading to them being partitioned off.

VIII
SEMINARY LETTERS

From Benjamin B. Leacock.

PERTH AMBOY, Sept. 12th, 1848.

My dear Hoff:

Since the reception of your letter I have felt, for the first time, that I am alone; and if I only had a little sympathy I could play the woman, and perhaps feel relief. I have never had many friends at college, you know. At first there were but four of us. You, with me, were always first. — has changed, and in changing there is too much self to be a friend.

I never had a bosom friend; yet of all things desired this has been the most! I had hoped that we might have been such; but now we can indulge that hope no longer, separated as we will be, and forming attachments, as we shall, with institutions which, alas for the Church, are beginning to look upon each other with hostile eyes. But enough of this.

I believe "whatever is, is right," and that not a sparrow falleth to the ground without God's notice; therefore it is our duty and interest to say, "Thy will be done!" I shall not be able to accept your invitation this week, but will come to you on Monday.

Your friend, BEN.

From Watts Galusha.

PERTH AMBOY, Sept. 12th, 1848.

My dear Hoffman:

I cannot tell you how much I was pained to learn a few moments ago that you have given up your long cherished idea of accompanying Ben to Alexandria. If I understand the posi-

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tion of affairs, a certain Reverend has been mainly instrumental in bringing this about—a disappointment to the wishes and expectations of more than one individual. Sorry am I that this should be so. If I am not mistaken, some shallow sophistry has been employed to bring about a feeling of prejudice to Alexandria in the minds of your friends. I presume I know nearly the substance of Mr. S.'s arguments; for once, when a few weeks since I drove the gentleman after divine service to Metuchen, he expressed his very great regret that Ben intended to go to Alexandria.

He said the institution at Alexandria was “very lax,” while they were “exceedingly strict” in the Seminary in New York. He also made, or labored to make, it appear that the Seminary in New York was “sound”; that half of the professors were Low Churchmen; that no one of the professors was ultra, not even Prof. Ogilby, although he acknowledged that Prof. Ogilby was “High.” Besides, New York was “a Church institution.” Now I wonder what Bishop Doane would say to the obligation to support a “General Institution” in preference to the Theological Department of Burlington College?

As to the laxity of the Seminary at Alexandria, I dare say there is no truth in it. The course of study is almost identical in text-books with the one at Brunswick, than which (sectarianism out of sight) there is none better. One thing is very certain: Granting that the Virginia men are lax in study, they are not lax in holding the “Articles” of the Church when they should be held. A long remove from the pale of Rome. They represent the Church as it was in the glorious time of the Reformation; her conservative and safe doctrine. They do not believe in the religious “progress” which has carried some of the ablest of its advocates to the bosom of Rome. I should like to ask the advocates of New York, in all frankness and sincerity, if the Seminary has not given to the friends of the Church abundant cause to mistrust its teachings. You remem-

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ber poor Carey, fresh from the cloisters and strictness of the Seminary. He "did not know but Rome was the purer Church," and he conscientiously, without any mental reservation, subscribes to the doctrines of the Council of Trent. I grant you, the majority of the professors are probably "sound"; but let me beg you at the same time to remember the declaration, "One sinner destroyeth much good." Is there no way for you to go to A.? How I would like to see you. Can you not come down for a day? If not, please write immediately, and with love to those who inquire after me, I am yours, as of yore,

WATTS GALUSHA.

From Benjamin B. Leacock.

ALEXANDRIA, Oct. 7th, 1848.

Dear Hoff:

You will be surprised to learn that I am not settled yet. My trunks have not come, nor have I moved into the room which I intended to occupy. I have taken up my quarters at what is called "St. John's in the Wilderness." It is a house situated about 500 yards from the main building, and which was built for Prof. May but which he did not occupy, preferring another residence which was vacated by the death of a former professor. The students are permitted to occupy this building, and although there are many inconveniences attending a residence there (such as running backwards and forwards to lectures, dinners, etc.), I have preferred it on account of its quiet. The Junior Class, as yet, consists of only 6 members.

We commenced recitations on Monday last, and have been very busy all the week with Hebrew. I believe it is Prof. Packard's intention for some weeks to keep us exclusively to the Hebrew. In connection with it we have Jhan's Biblical Archæology. I am delighted with the Seminary and its regulations. As soon as I can command more leisure than I do at

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present, I will enter more into detail. Write whenever you can spare the time. Send me also the newspapers, both secular and religious.

We have a reading-room, but I shall take more interest in the papers which my friends send to me.

I want your daguerreotype. Have one taken for me!

Your friend and old classmate,

B. B. LEACOCK.

From Frank Russell.

SCITUATE, R. I., Oct. 17th, 1848.

Dear Hoff:

I beg many pardons for my delay in answering your highly valued communication received a long time since. I have let the usual time pass by and was about preparing to answer, when I was hurried off to Dartmouth College, where I was diligently occupied for the greater part of the day in my duties, and in the evening I was compelled to return the compliment of the calls which were made in great numbers; and thus all my time has been occupied for a fortnight. I should have written sooner, if it had been possible; for I enjoy your letters so much that I can not possibly lose one of them deservedly. I hail the coming winter with joy, as it brings with it the prospect of my seeing you, which is a sight I have not enjoyed for a long long time. Am truly glad that you enjoyed your tour West so much. You possibly received intimation from Cambridge that you are a "Bachelor" of Arts. What a shocking destiny is decreed all graduates! Well, who would have thought that our great friend John would have remained a "B." A. for so long a time. I do earnestly wish that he may get a soul that may understand and appreciate his. I shall write to Ben, in a day or two, in answer to a letter received about three weeks since. I am very sorry to hear that you do not accompany Ben to Virginia. I fear he will have a lonely

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time of it. Your course, however, was certainly the correct one to pursue under the circumstances.

I always like to see respect paid to the wishes of the aged. They feel neglect or disregard much more keenly than persons of younger years. I lost a grandfather last winter, and I am happy to think that I never grieved him by doing anything opposed to his wishes. We should remember that what is merely regret to us in being thwarted for the sake of the aged, is, if we persist in our course, as a dagger sent to their soul. I grieve to hear such poor accounts of Galusha. Poor friend, I fear he is hurrying himself to the grave by neglect of exercise. I expect to spend a part of the winter in New York, and almost hope to see you then. I do not dare to hope entirely, for fear of disappointment. I thank you for your kind offer in attempting to form a class, should I visit the Seminary. I think I shall accept before long. I have come to this place for the purpose of instructing the members of the "*Smitb*—(not "sonian," but)—*ville* Seminary."

Ever, dear Hoff, your true friend,

FRANK RUSSELL.

From Benjamin B. Leacock.

THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY, ALEXANDRIA,
Oct. 26th, 1848.

Dear Hoff:

Yours of the 23rd has just been received. You are mistaken in supposing that I have been waiting for another letter from you. Not so, Hoff. There exists no such formality between us. How the reception of your letter did revive my former feeling of regret that we were not to be together. But our Heavenly Father orders all things well, and I try to submit without a murmur.

It is my wish never to marry. I have not made a resolution to that effect, however. I by no means recommend my plan to you of not desiring a wife. That may be a great blessing,

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especially to a clergyman. You say not a word about your success in your studies.

My class consists of seven. On Mondays and Fridays we have two hours lectures, the rest of the week only one a day. I am glad you are so much pleased with your institution, as you mention in your last, and that such a "fervor and spirit of piety" exists among the students. While you are supplying the understanding, forget not the heart; heart-work is better than head-work.

I have no recollection of refusing to give you a daguerreotype, or, if I did, it must be because we expected to be together. If it is very valuable to you now, you shall have it the first time I visit the city. I have nearly forgotten to mention that I heard from Frank. He speaks very highly of you, and regrets that he had seen so little of you.

Give my best respects to your father and mother when you write, and believe me,

Yours undivided in heart, B. B. LEACOCK.

From Benjamin B. Leacock.

ALEXANDRIA, Nov. 28th, 1848.

Dear Hoff:

Yours of the 16th has been duly received. I agree with you fully and heartily in all you say about marriage.

There is nothing at times my soul so longs for on earth as a kindred spirit to whom I may unbosom myself and with whom I have things in common, and yet I wish not to marry. This will, I know, seem strange and inconsistent. Wait till I see you at Christmas, then I will give you my reasons.

In a letter received from John, he mentions an agreement made between you and himself to pay me a visit this Christmas. You also speak of it in your letter. Do come! I will be delighted to see you. I shall not go North.

I must mention one of the exercises we have here, because

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you are always associated with it. On every Thursday evening we have a faculty meeting. It is a meeting of the professors and students in our prayer hall, and after suitable devotion and exercises the professors keep their seats and give us a plain, familiar talk. But, O Hoff, it is talk which stirs a man's soul within him! Their aim is to make us good Christians, that we may be good ministers. I said that you are associated with it, because at those times I always think of you and wish you by my side. I had almost forgotten to mention that E. Collier had taken up his residence within one quarter mile of me, at the Fairfax Institution. He is teaching the "young idea how to shoot." He arrived last Saturday night.

Believe me, Yours ever, BEN.

From Benjamin B. Leacock.

Dec. 28th, 1848.

Dear Hoff:

"A Merry Christmas" to you, but I should rather say "A Happy New Year," as it will be near that day when you receive this. I, however, send *both* wishes to you and yours. I suppose you are now at home, enjoying all its felicity and wondering why that fellow Ben has not answered your letter before.

Well, to be sure it is Christmas holidays, but I have been copying off questions on Evidences which will be required next week, and I assure you I am heartily sick of pen, ink, and paper. I have not determined where I shall be or what I shall do when I have taken "orders." Indeed, it is a subject of which I never think; at all events, not intentionally. I feel that I have given myself to the Great Bishop, and where He is willing to send me I shall strive also to be ready to go. I was rejoiced to read what you said about John. He has naturally a noble heart.

We have prayers here twice a day, morning and evening. They are conducted by the students, each one taking his turn

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in alphabetical order. We have of course no recitation this week, but will commence on Tuesday next, when the Junior Class will have Hebrew, Greek, Evidences of Christianity, with a suitable course of reading.

The last work given out to us was Prideaux's *Connections*, with which I am now busy. We will also have Exegetical exercises. The professor in Greek gives each one his subject, *i. e.*, some word such as *λογος*, for example. The professor in Evidences leaves us to choose for ourselves. Each member of the class will be obliged to write an essay a week, perhaps a little oftener. There will be hard work for me. You must not expect to hear often from me.

I see you are beginning to write sermons already. Here only the Senior Class attends to this. Two sermons are handed in weekly, one of which is read. The professor criticises it in a general way, and takes both home for further examination, and, they say, does not spare. All the students are expected to be present. It is considered as a recitation. The roll is regularly called. Let me recommend a little work, if you have not read it, which I have just perused with great profit—*The Way of Light*, by Charles Hodges.

Remember me to your family, also to John. Tell him he shall hear from me soon.

Good bye. BEN.

From Benjamin B. Leacock.

THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY, VIRGINIA, Feb. 3rd, 1849.

Dear Hoff:

To-day I have a few moments leisure, which is not often the case. A portion of it I have devoted to John, the balance is at your service. Yours of 25th has been received. John has also written to me, and in his letter favors me with a long account of Wood and his departure, etc. I fear very much the result of the expedition to both Larry and himself.¹

¹ This was the period of the California gold excitement.

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I am inclined to believe the reports exaggerated; and even if they are successful in their utmost wishes, my greatest fear is that in the pursuit of earthly things they will forget heavenly. Thus, while they are accumulating the corruptible treasures of earth, they may lose those riches which are at God's right hand for evermore.

I feel a strong interest in them, as old classmates and former companions. Let us, Hoff, remember them at the throne of grace, and pray that the god of this world shall not be permitted to blind their minds.

When I hear of the death of any of my former friends, or of any visitation of affliction or other casualty following them, I cannot but ask myself the question, "Who made thee to differ?" Why is it that the world does not now absorb all thy thoughts, and that thou dost not run after thy pleasures as thy best good? Why is it that thou art not now embarking with thy companions for a distant land in quest of gold? My only answer is that of St. Paul: "By the grace of God, I am what I am." But I retrace the steps I have already trod. How plainly is His Providence revealed! How manifestly is each action stamped by the guidance of His ruling hand!

Have you written any sermons yet? How are you getting along? I have read one essay on the "Time of Our Lord's Birth," and am now busy on another on the meaning of the expression, "Born of water and the Spirit." I will also have to read in Dr. Sparrow's room. With him we select our own subjects. I am not yet fully determined on my subject. I am not aware that I ever acknowledged the receipt of your catalogue. It is very well gotten up. We expect ours to be out in a week or two. I have also received Dr. Haight's Matriculation Address, and like it very much.

Give my best respects to your family, and believe me,

Your old friend, BEN.

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From Mrs. Downes.

BOSTON, Mch. 8th, 1849.

My dear Eugene :

I was much interested in your letter received a short time since. Church news, I trust, will ever be to me of more interest and give me more pleasure than anything else you could communicate; and therefore I must request of you to give me any within your knowledge. An apology for so doing you need never make. But, dear Eugene, while Church holds the first place in our hearts, and rightly occupies most of our thoughts and time, let us not forget other calls of duty which are required to make up the Christian character.

To one's friends of this world we owe much. We must communicate with them for their good and for ours. The Saviour set us the example. Do rejoice with them that do rejoice, and weep with them that weep. Beautiful indeed! It cherishes and brings out the finer feelings. It makes us love others, and it makes others love us.

Then I would cultivate a disposition for sociability and free conversation, which (I speak from experience) wins much upon the people. You must enjoy the Lenten season much. So do I, although the Bishop only opens Trinity on Wednesdays and Fridays. But then on Wednesdays we have the Price Lectures, and on Fridays he delivers a very interesting extemporaneous address. Yesterday Bishop Burgess of Maine preached and gave us a very good sermon. I like him. His manner is unaffected, and his discourse suited to these schismatic days and this Unitarian diocese.

The Advent and several other churches are open every day for prayers; or at least I know the mission of Mr. Wells is.

Well, dear Eugene, now for your friends. Charley sailed just one week ago to-day for the far off land of California. We miss him so much. He was always so amiable and cheerful. All sent him some parting remembrance, some of them

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quite valuable. There were several of his city companions who were in the company. Capt. Moore, their commander, goes on a furlough from the Navy Department, to which he was attached as sailing-master.

In him I place great confidence, not only as a moral man, but as a Christian and member of the Episcopal Church. The first Sunday on board they were laying down the harbor. In the morning he gathered all in the cabin and addressed them, saying, "Gentlemen, I presume there are among this number those perhaps who belong to many different denominations, and I propose reading to you the service of the Episcopal Church, if all will signify their assent." There was not one dissenting voice, and he writes he never saw a more attentive audience, and I doubt not that will be the every Sunday course.

O that the little ship the *Orb* might prove a floating Bethel! Let your prayers, dear Eugene, go with her, and that those who go to seek the gold which perisheth with the using may find "the pearl of great price." Henry has passed his examination and entered Harvard. Went out on Monday. Feels well satisfied, and passed a good examination, Mr. Sanger says.

Ever believe me, Your affectionate

AUNT MARGARET.

From Benjamin B. Leacock.

May 5th, 1849.

Dear Hoff:

I am glad to hear that you have been licensed as a lay reader; that you have such an opportunity afforded you of reading a delightful service. It has often excited my astonishment, and I believe it has been a matter of conversation between us, that so much of a minister's public duties consists of reading; and yet I may venture to say it, there is no denomination the majority of whose clergy read so badly as ours.

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I am persuaded that in the Seminaries there ought to be Professors of Reading. One of the great excellencies of our Church is that she teaches her people to go to the House of God to hold closer communication with themselves, their Maker, and their Redeemer, and not to listen to the words of man. But how often is the object thwarted by the improper manner of him who is appointed to lead us in the exercises. And hence, instead of finding ourselves strengthened and drawn closer to God by these our devotions and services, we rise from them in a spirit of indifference, perhaps of levity or of indignation. Thus does Satan make use of the undevotional, unspiritual manner, whining tone, etc., of God's minister to rob the Holy One of the worship which is His due. To go through our services *well* is no easy matter. There are few who do it. Now is the time, when you are beginning, to learn to read properly. Mind that you do not acquire an unpleasant tone or wrong emphasis. Understand the words and sentiments which you use. Use all the external helps thrown in your way, such as books, teachers in elocution, etc. Above all, *pray* the prayers; do not read them or sing them, but *pray* them.

I am an impudent fellow, to be sure, (and you will say so,) for giving advice when I might be asking it; but you must excuse me. It was done without reflection. I was led on by interest in the person and the cause.

Galusha has informed me of the change which he has made, and intends connecting himself with our Church. Give my kind remembrance to your family.

Yours in Christian bonds,

BEN.

IX

ORDINATION AND EARLY WORK

WHO that has undergone the experience can forget the solemn joy and awe which sweep over the soul in that memorable interval between the last examinations of the Seminary and one's ordination?

Behind one lie all the dreams of one's boyhood, the aspirations of one's youth, the hopes and expectations (some of them doubtless prophetic, for, as Bishop Brooks has said, "Our desires are often prophecies") which have dawned upon the interior vision as the years of preparation for the divine ministry have gone on. Now the moment has arrived when what one has hoped for and dreamed of approaches realization. The hour strikes in which one is to be gathered up into that wonderful and mystic relation to our Lord which is to make us sharers, effectively, in his great offices of Prophet, Priest, and Ruler or Pastor of His people. "Ye have not chosen me, but I have chosen you," "Lo, I am with you alway," ring in one's ears and hearts as they have not hitherto done, and one awaits almost impatiently the instant when the words "Take thou authority" shall accompany the imposition of the Apostolic hands.

The young deacon rises from his knees, realizing

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himself to be the same, yet another man. Henceforth he is not his own, he is not simply himself. He is *con sacerdos*, as St. Augustine used to say, with the sacred orders above him, as a sharer in that one Ministry which in all its degrees has blazened upon it, *Tu es sacerdos in æternum secundum ordinem Melchisedec*. Henceforth the young ecclesiastic's life is to be one of "holy captivity" to his Master's mind and work, to his Master's spirit, to his Master's experiences. Henceforth the interests of his Master are his interests, his Master's point of view his point of view. His Master's kingdom is the supreme fact in the world; his Master's person the one only and altogether beautiful vision of lovely and model manhood, of perfect fidelity and affection, of ceaseless and unintermittent guardianship and friendship. The higher ministry of distinct priesthood will only accentuate and deepen this sense of personal relatedness, of a certain absorption into Him. And then will arise the vision, far ahead perhaps, of the being gathered, when earthly life is over, into the great and innumerable army of priests above, elected out of every century and every race, who shall "follow the Lamb whithersoever He goeth"; surround Him, perhaps, as an attending court; take their share, perhaps, in attendance about those Apostolic thrones on which the Twelve are to sit, judging the twelve tribes of Israel.

With some such reflections, we are quite sure, young Hoffman encountered his ordination day. His ordination was appointed to take place in the parish church

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of New Brunswick on the Sunday after the Seminary graduation (St. Peter's Day). The Bishop arrived about 8 p. m. on Saturday evening. There also came for the occasion the Rev. Mr. Lybrand and the Rev. Mr. John Rowland of Somerville. There came also to honor the occasion Mr. Russell, Mr. Montgomery, Miss Martin, Miss Sloane, Miss Banks, Miss Hume, Miss Turner, and his devoted aunt, who made the journey from Boston for the purpose of being present. These friends are all mentioned in his Journal as associated with the day. The ordination of Mr. Elvin K. Smith, the beloved friend of his Seminary life, had been appointed for the same time and place.

One may say, in passing, that the friendship of these two young ordinands continued through life, Mr. Smith passing away but a few years before the Dean. Mr. Smith later attained well merited distinction as the principal of St. Mary's Hall, Burlington, N. J., and as a man of most sweet and saintly life; leaving behind him a fragrance of piety and humility, steadfastness to duty, and faithfulness in all relations of life such as made him worthy of all emulation. These two friends kept in touch with each other to the last. They journeyed together to Europe in 1867, and during the late Dean's Seminary rule Mr. Smith was often seen at the deanery, bringing with him that aroma of spiritual elevation which made him always so noticeable. It is an interesting fact that the last letter dictated by Dean Hoffman (and which, it is said, he took several hours to dictate) was one to the Rev. Herbert Smith, the

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present rector of Lambertville, N. J., and son of his old friend, enclosing a draft for \$3000 to assist in the erection of a proper memorial to the Dean's old companion and associate.

The canonical examination of the young men took place on the afternoon of the Saturday preceding the ordination, and was conducted by the Rev. Mr. Stubbs, rector of the parish, and the Rev. Mr. Lybrand. This examination was merely formal. This was often the case in those days, when it was still canonically lawful to accept the Seminary examinations as equivalent to what is called the "canonical examinations."

Dr. Stubbs having been present at the Seminary examinations, and both the examining clergy being old acquaintances of each of the ordinands, the Bishop cordially accepted the view of the examiners. And so "passed off," as young Hoffman's Journal puts it, "the diocesan examination."

The Bishop was the guest of Mr. S. V. Hoffman, and being shown to his room at night by his young postulant, on taking leave of him he took both the youth's hands into his own and said, "I am very glad to be with you on this occasion, and for this purpose. May God be with you now and to-morrow. God bless you!"

On Sunday morning, June 29th, 1851, (St. Peter's Day,) the usual written declarations were made by the young ordinands that they "believed the canonical scriptures to be the Word of God," and promising conformity to "the doctrine, discipline, and worship"

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of the Church. A large congregation was assembled at the church, a considerable portion of them being students in the Dutch Reformed Seminary connected with Rutgers College.

Morning Prayer was said by the Rev. John Rowland, and the Bishop preached on "The Office of a Deacon." It was an elaborate sermon, and in parts exceedingly beautiful.

Mr. Elvin Smith was presented for ordination by the Rev. Mr. Lybrand, while the rector of the parish, Mr. Stubbs, presented young Hoffman. The latter's reflections upon the event of the day are given in a brief entry in his Journal.

"I felt chiefly my own unworthiness and insufficiency for so high a trust as the Gospel ministry. May God, in His mercy, give me grace to so fulfill its duties (if life is spared me to give myself soul and body to the work) that I may promote His Glory and the edification of His Church." Little did the modest youth foresee how greatly God would use him in his after life, or what a great and successful career lay before him as a faithful, singularly capable, and always wise and resourceful parish priest; a great officer and canonist of the general Church; a trusted promoter and manager of its great missionary and beneficiary interests; and at the end, which was to crown his career, the brilliant and stately government for over a score of years of the General Theological Seminary, the great official training-school of the clergy of the American Church!

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Mr. Hoffman seems to have preached twice in the Court House at Somerville on July 7th, at the request of Rev. Mr. Rowland. Over a hundred persons attended the services. On July 27th he preached twice at Christ Church, New Brunswick, the Dutch place of worship being closed on that day. The congregation was unusually large. He seems also to have preached twice in the parish church on the previous Sunday, and in the morning the Sunday before. "Never," says he, "have I felt so out of place as when preaching here before old men whom I have from boyhood been accustomed to look up to. They, I suppose, must also feel it strange that I should be set up as their teacher."¹

From the Journal covering this period the following extracts are here placed.

Thursday, Aug. 7th, 1851.—In consequence of my grandfather's death, I did not preach on Sunday last.² I read service and a portion of Dr. Dorr's little work on the "Recognition of friends in another world" to our family in the morning, and in the afternoon went to the funeral. My grandfather [Mr. Garrit Storm] died on Friday, Aug. 1st, at four minutes past one

¹ All young preachers may be said to have shared the same feeling under similar circumstances. There is, however, another side to such a situation. The story is told of the late Bishop Odenheimer, that when he was the very young rector of St. Peter's, Philadelphia, he was remonstrated with by a dear old lady on account of certain "innovations," as she termed them, which he had felt necessary to introduce into the order of things there. "You are too young," said she, "Mr. Odenheimer, to introduce these new things." He replied, "Madam, when I have my surplice upon my shoulders I am 1800 years old!"

² Among the Dean's papers found after his death was a package containing the last letter received from his grandfather, Mr. Storm, and marked in the Dean's handwriting, "My grandfather's last letter."

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o'clock in the morning. He had been for a long time ill, and though he once revived, for the last month we have seen that he was sinking. He suffered no acute pains of body, but his brain appeared to have been gradually softening, so that it was painful to sit and listen to his wanderings. It is a bad loss to a family to lose its head. The very keystone of our little arch seems to have fallen. The link which has bound us together has separated, and now we are left to scatter about the world. But we should not complain; we should thank the Lord for giving us so long a warning. We should thank Him, however, hard as it may be to human nature, for removing the shock of corn, fully ripe, from the storms of the world below. My grandfather during the last years of his life was an altered man. Recently he was confirmed and became a communicant, which he continued to be during his last sickness. A short time before Easter he desired and had the Holy Communion administered to him in his house by the Rev. Dr. Higbee. Never can I forget that scene! During his illness, when his mind was clear, he again and again told me of the great, very great satisfaction he had derived from becoming a communicant. He spoke frequently of how much God had blessed him in temporal goods; of how many things there were for which he had to be thankful; and above all he seemed to value being a communicant. He spoke of his sins, and of his trust in the Saviour; and always when I went there he would get me to read some of the prayers in the

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Prayer Book for him, saying "there are none like those," and always seemed disappointed if I used any others. On Thursday, the last day of his life, I went over in the morning train to see him. When I arrived he was very low, and we all thought he was dying. Suddenly he revived, and I read for him some of the Visitation Office, closing with the solemn "Commemoratory Prayer." Afterwards his mind appeared to wander until about 2 o'clock, when he asked me to read from the Bible to him. I read Romans viii, which appeared to console him very much. At the end he said "Amen" very distinctly, and then, "Now to God the Father, God the Son, God the Holy Ghost, now and for evermore." Shortly afterwards, "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my end be like His!" The rest of the day he talked incessantly, but in an indistinct voice. Once or twice he appeared to be saying, as he raised his hands, "To God the Father, God the Son, God the Holy Ghost." At 10 p. m. I went to bed, as he appeared no worse; but at 12 my father called me, and as I went into the room and took his hand in mine I felt its coldness. It was death. He was unable to speak, and breathed with difficulty until he expired. He left particular instructions in regard to his funeral. It took place on Sunday, at half-past three in the afternoon. He was buried in his tomb in Trinity Cemetery.

On August 10th Mr. Hoffman preached at Perth Amboy for Rev. Horace Edgar Pratt, in the morning

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on the subject of "Family Prayers" and in the evening on "Testimony of Conscience." Soon after he went to Burlington to visit the Bishop, and also the Rev. Mr. Lybrand at Camden. He says, "I found the Rev. Mr. Lybrand, as the Bishop said, 'a nice little man, with a nice little wife and child, in a nice little house.' They treated me with very great kindness, and, indeed, paid me so many attentions that it was almost painful. I never feel half at home when I see people putting themselves out of the way to please me. If they would go on as usual and treat me as one of the family, I should like it far better." The following Sunday morning he preached for Mr. Lybrand, who was at the time in very ill health. In the afternoon he went over to Philadelphia and preached in St. Peter's Church, then under the rectorship of Mr. Odenheimer. At night he returned to Camden, where he read the Evening Service, the Rev. Joseph Smith, rector of Calvary Church, Philadelphia, preaching. On Monday he returned to Burlington and dined with the Bishop, who gave him letters to Rev. Mr. Moore, to Mr. Chetwood of Elizabethtown, and to Capt. Bodine of Elizabethport. He soon after went to Elizabethtown, where, as his Journal states, he "found Mr. Chetwood, who treated me very politely and gave me a cordial invitation to make his house my home when I am in the place."

"Called on the Rev. Mr. Moore, who drove me over to the 'Port' and introduced me to several of the principal men there. I found them exceedingly anxious

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for a clergyman to reside among them. They seemed willing to do the utmost in their power to get one among them. The church is a pretty little plank building, with chancel, nave, and spire all in Gothic style, and with stained-glass windows. It holds about 300 people. Made arrangements to commence services on Sunday next."

On Wednesday, August 27th, Mr. Hoffman further writes: "On Saturday last I went over to Elizabethport, in accordance with the Bishop's request that I should see what I could do there. Found that they had the services maintained by Mr. Phelps, who had acted as lay reader for several years whenever they were without a clergyman. On Sunday held services in the morning." Thus quietly began the ministry which was to run through such a course of usefulness and distinction later at Elizabethtown, Burlington, Brooklyn, Philadelphia, and at Chelsea Square.

Mr. Hoffman remained in charge of missionary work at Grace Church, Elizabethport, for two years. While ministering there he was happily married at Christ Church, New Brunswick, on April 19th, 1852, to Miss Mary Crooke Elmendorf of New Brunswick, daughter of Peter Zabriskie Elmendorf and Maria La Grange Van Vechten. The Golden Anniversary of this most happy marriage was celebrated but a few months before the Dean's decease.

In 1853, after receiving ordination to the priesthood in St. John's Church, Elizabeth, Mr. Hoffman became the first rector of Christ Church, a parish just then

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organized in Elizabethtown, and which had become necessary from the very great increase of the population. His letters of notification and of acceptance were as follows :

“ At a meeting of the Wardens and Vestry of Christ Church, Elizabethtown, held 5th April, 1853, the following resolution was unanimously adopted. ‘ *Resolved*, unanimously, that the Wardens be appointed to invite the Rev. E. A. Hoffman to become the Rector of Christ Church at a salary of six hundred dollars per annum.’ ”

REV. E. A. HOFFMAN.

Dear Sir : We take great pleasure in communicating to you on behalf of the Wardens and Vestry of Christ Church, Elizabethtown, the foregoing resolution. We beg to express our sincere hope, that the unanimity with which it was adopted may induce you to give us a favorable response.

We are, Dear Sir, with very great respect,

Your obedient servants,

B. WILLIAMSON,

CHAS. HOWARD EDWARDS,

Wardens.

NEWARK, 7th April, 1853.

Gentlemen :

In acknowledging the receipt of your communication from the “ Wardens and Vestry of Christ Church, Elizabethtown,” I desire to thank them for the honor conferred upon me in offering me the Rectorship.

Were I to consult my own personal feelings, they would lead me to shrink from such a responsibility; but the advice of those to whom I am accustomed to look up, and the unanimity with which the invitation was adopted, put it in the

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light of a duty which I ought not to refuse. In humble reliance, therefore, on the grace of Him without whom we "can do nothing," and your earnest co-operation, I accept the invitation.

Please to convey to the Vestry my acceptance, and receive for yourselves my thanks for the kind expressions of your regard, and believe me, Gentlemen,

Your humble servant,

EUGENE AUGUSTUS HOFFMAN.

MESSRS. B. WILLIAMSON and
CHAS. HOWARD EDWARDS, *Wardens*.

Ordination to the priesthood is so great an event in the personal life that we feel justified in here recording some details connected with the ceremony which elevated the young deacon to the second order of the divine ministry. The newspapers of that period state that the ordination services were more imposing in their character than those of any similar occasion which had occurred in New Jersey in many years. It was said by some of those present that so large a number of surpliced clergy had never been assembled in the State. The clergy present in the sanctuary were the Rev. Mr. Moore of St. John's, Elizabeth, Rev. Dr. Watson, Rev. Messrs. Henderson, Rose, Mackay, Peet, Stubbs, Rowland, Goodwin, Elvin K. Smith, Professor (as he was then called) W. C. Doane, Joshua Smith, and Wright, all of the diocese of New Jersey; the Rev. Messrs. Stewart of Jamaica, West Indies, Nott of Maryland, Webb of New York, and Thrall of Western New York. Rev. Messrs. Halsey of New York and Boden of Jersey City were also present, but

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did not arrive in time to take their places in the chancel. Two other deacons besides Mr. Hoffman were elevated to the priesthood on this occasion, viz.: the Rev. Joshua Smith of Newark and the Rev. Edward Wright of Burlington. The Rev. Mr. Stubbs was the presenter of these gentlemen, and all the clergy present united in the imposition of hands.

The sermon was preached by the Right Rev. George Washington Doane, D.D., Bishop of the diocese, and was, as was said and as might have been expected, "a powerful argument from the scriptures of the New Testament in favor of the ministry as it is recognized by the Protestant Episcopal Church." The conclusion of the Bishop's sermon was as follows:

"To add three to the second order of this three-ordered ministry, which we have seen is of perpetual endurance, exclusive in authority, and divinely constituted, is our great business here to-day. In doing it, we follow closely in the Apostolical footsteps of the Apostles, when they ordained 'elders in every church'; of St. Paul, when he left Titus in Crete to ordain elders in every city. He that was 'with God,' and 'was God,' became our flesh and died for us. From His ascended glory he stooped in pitying love to stay the mad career of the persecuting Saul and to make him the prisoner of the Lord—the patient, loving, life-despising Paul, who preached through all the East, took up his cross and bore it into Spain, and Gaul, and even Britain, perhaps, cut off from the world ('*Divisos ab orbe Britannos*'). Seabury, and White, and Provoost

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crossed and re-crossed the ocean, wider then four times than steam has made it now, to bring to the wild Western world the grace and power of the Apostleship; and here, where Apostolic Chandler toiled, and fought, and died, (the faithful missionary of that venerable society to which our Occidental Church owes a tender mother's nursing care,) another fold is opened for the overflowing flock whose faithful nurture God has richly blessed. Three are to be clothed to-day with priestly garments. A deacon whose best years were given to the heathen in Africa is to go hence to be pastor of a little flock of those whose fathers came to us from that oppressed clime. One also who from among the fold of our dear Mother Church has come to be the helper of my toils in the Christian college which was so long the fondest object of my prayers.

“Beloved brethren, of whom the Church has witnessed that having used the ‘office of the deacon, you have purchased yourselves’ a good degree, I greet you from my heart! Remember that, in Christ, advance in office is advance in duty and in care. The higher trust brings with it the proportion of responsibility. You undertake to-day a labor for angelic shoulders, but with grace that angels do not share. Prostrate before that Cross whose suffering Victim bore our form, and not the form of angels, you have His promise that His strength shall be made perfect in your weakness! Go in His Name and strength; go in fullness of His grace; and He will give you the crown of everlasting life.”

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THE first rectorship of the late Dean, that of Christ Church, Elizabeth, a parish which he founded, and which he established as a free church (the first in his diocese) and as one of the first parishes in the country where daily prayers and the weekly eucharist were instituted, yields to no period of his life in essential interest.

He carried to it all the beautiful ideals and generous instincts of a young priest's heart. The training of the Seminary cannot but inspire lofty and noble ideals of the pastoral life if the student be responsive to the lessons of Church History and of the Pastoral Care. The Seminary and young men are often censured for the idealism which attends the first steps of the young priest in his career. But he has received from Holy Scripture and from history the heavenly vision of a divine family on earth, based upon a Father's love to His world of creatures; upon an eternal, and yet human, Son's establishment of a Church to which he has promised an abiding presence to the very end of the world; upon a divine Comforter, who is the inspirer of the Church in all ages, the creator of its instincts, the propelling force of its developments and of its consciousness of mission. He has learned of a

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brotherhood of all mankind, of all classes and races, in Christ Jesus. He has learned of the equality of all these before God, and of the divine sympathy with the poor of this world, "rich in faith," and he goes forth panting with eagerness to proclaim all this richness of revelation, of light, of help, and of sympathy to mankind; and it takes him long to discover that the "lead" in human nature, as General Gordon used to call it, the dullness of ear and heart of a large mass of mankind, is not responsive to the great ideals of the Gospel and the Church, and that the conventional standards of the professed Christian mind are the mere minimum of what the Christian religion would have men believe, and do, and love.

Hedged about with cautious timidities and human respect, the idea of free churches to the average Churchman in the days when Christ Church was founded was but an iridescent dream. The conception of the Protestant Episcopal Church as a body having a mission conterminous with the nation and all its people seemed hardly within the reach of practical Church-statesmanship. And yet young Hoffman in some way had imbibed, as Breck and Adams had done, the high ideal of the Gospel as a gift to every class and to every soul, in such way as to fill his young spirit with burning zeal to make this Church of ours what the Christian Church was in its first and its best days and conditions, a Church for the people, a Church for the multitude, instead of a peculiar "paddock," as one has called it, for a class of highly

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trained and highly bred gentlemen and ladies of English descent. One reads the revelations of the young priest's spirit, feelings, and convictions as they are manifested in his annual addresses to his flock in Elizabeth, and one reads only to admire, and to wonder that under all the circumstances he of all others should be the man to set forth such standards, to bring into actual working fact such ideals. Tenderly nurtured, accustomed through all his life to contact only with refined and educated persons, removed by every experience from the sorrows and cares of the poor, we might have expected him to at once find position where class interest and the prestige of family connections might naturally have placed him. A curacy in one of the great city parishes at first, and then advancement to responsible and prominent rectorship, might well have been expected for him. But in the spirit of utter unconsciousness of all these possibilities and likelihoods, he placed himself at once in his Bishop's hands to do whatever work was assigned him; and, as we have seen, he joyfully proceeded to the care of the little flock in Elizabethport, and there perhaps dreamed of his free church in Elizabeth itself, and carried out his dream when the time came, as to the end he always did,—no ideal he ever formed having failed to result in abiding and permanent fact.

One may say just here that the annual addresses of the late Dean to his people are about all that remains of his pastoral productions. He enjoined upon his family to destroy his manuscript sermons generally, and

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had the Christ Church addresses not already been published they might have shared the same fate. Had they done so, the Church would have lost a very valuable source of insight into the late Dean's mind and heart. Here we find devotion to the poor, intelligent grasp of the whole idea of pastoral life and work,—in fact, a scheme of pastoral solicitude and organization surprising in one so young and so untried.

Here, too, we find an element of careful reading, of scholarship, and even of poetic taste; for it was the custom of the young rector to publish as a preface to his addresses favorite poems, some of which are embodied in this memoir, partly because they are worthy of appreciation in an age that hardly knows them, partly because they manifest an excellent and significant taste in the young priest, who so valued them as to leave them on record as part, as it were, of the musings and sentiments of his devout spirit.

The parish of Christ Church in Elizabeth, which celebrated its 50th anniversary on March 27th, 1903, was organized in the Sunday-school room of St. John's Church in the evening of Easter Day in 1853, by the election of two wardens and seven vestrymen, viz.: Hon. Benjamin Williamson, senior warden; Mr. Charles Howard Edwards, junior warden; with Messrs. John J. Chetwood, treasurer, William M. Whitehead, M.D., clerk, and Messrs. William C. Dayton, Cornelius L. King, Henry S. Hayward, Edward Mayo, and Francis Barber, vestrymen.

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The first service of the parish was held on the second Sunday after Easter, April 10th, by the Rev. Eugene Augustus Hoffman, rector-elect, in the lecture-room of the First Presbyterian congregation, generously offered for the use of the young parish by the pastor and session. On April 23rd, at a public meeting held in the same place, and of which ten days' legal notice had been given, the parish was duly incorporated under the name of "The Rector, Wardens, and Vestrymen of Christ Church, of Elizabethtown." The wardens and vestrymen previously chosen at the organization were formally elected on Monday of Easter week, the day canonically designated for the annual election of the officers of a parish. On the 4th of July, after some difficulty had been overcome in the choice of the site, a lot on the corner of Jersey and Bridge Streets was purchased at a cost of \$4500. Mr. Upjohn, the great ecclesiastical architect of the day, was engaged to draw up plans for a church capable of seating five or six hundred persons, a chapel or schoolhouse which might be temporarily used as a church and afterwards for various purposes, and a house for the rector of the parish.

A chapel or schoolhouse was immediately put under contract. The cornerstone was laid with appropriate ceremonies on August 23rd, 1853, by the Right Rev. George W. Doane, D.D., Bishop of the diocese, in the presence of a number of the clergy and a large assemblage of people.

It was throughout the late Dean's life his habitual

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custom to dignify the laying of foundations of ecclesiastical and academic buildings with all proper ceremony which could command public attention and attest the importance of the enterprise begun.

The day is said to have been singularly beautiful, and the stone was laid just as the sun was setting, in that hour when the noise and stir of the day being stilled the mind naturally ascends to the thought of the higher world.

It was part of the young rector's plan that a good day-school should be established in which worldly learning might not be dis severed from that knowledge "which maketh wise unto salvation." On September 1st, therefore, a parish school for boys was opened under the charge of the Rev. James Adams, in the best room which could be secured for the purpose. Notwithstanding the many disadvantages the school had to contend with, it grew, until in the month of February it was found expedient to erect on the church lot a temporary building for its accommodation. This was ready for occupancy on April 1st.

The building was 52x21 feet, costing about \$1,000, and was found admirably suited for its purposes. Perfect ventilation was especially provided for. Mr. Adams's health failing, the school on its removal to the new building was taken under the charge of the Rev. Franklin Babbitt, who was also elected the assistant minister of the parish. The boys were instructed in all the branches of a thorough English education, and, where it was desired, in sufficient of the classics

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to fit them for entrance into college. And while they were thus fitted for the world in secular study, they were all brought under the constant and quiet influences of the Gospel. The school was opened and closed with prayer, and the teacher each day made a few practical remarks on a text taken from the Gospel history of the life of our Lord. The scholars were all required to attend the morning services on week days, and the rector met them for religious instruction on each Monday morning. "The effect of this," he remarked in his first annual address, "is showing itself for good in the lives of the pupils; and it is confidently believed that by this plan of making religion and its holy duties not a thing to be forced on children only on one day of the week, but a thing which mingles with and sheds its influence over all the daily duties of life, as it must in true religion, and keeping them ever in the shadow of the Cross, we shall best instill into their youthful hearts a love for its pleasant ways which shall grow with their growth and strengthen with their years."

The statistics of the parish, after the incorporation, which may be fairly taken as the starting-point of the congregational life, were as follows: 25 communicants, 14 Sunday-school teachers, 40 Sunday-school children. The Sunday-school work especially called out the interest of the rector, as indicated in the address mentioned.

"The Sunday-school deserves far more sympathy and support than it has yet received. It is in the present day a most important part of our parish organization.

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It brings the Church in contact with a class of people whom we can touch in no other way. Instances have not been few of children who have been brought to it without even a knowledge of Him who made them, and God has through it opened for us a door to the myriad poor who dwell in our midst. Through the faithfulness of those who have given its instruction, the number of children has increased in ten months from 40 to 150; and yet in all that time the number of teachers has increased not one, in consequence of which we now have scarcely more than one half of the number of teachers we require for its successful operation. I know that to be a faithful Sunday-school teacher is no easy task. I know that it requires an effort on the part of those who are engaged six days in the week to be so occupied on this their only day of rest. But I ask, what is there of good to be done that does not require a sacrifice of something? and what is that worth which costs us nothing? and what—I appeal to those who have for any length of time engaged in it—is more interesting, or worthier of our best efforts, than the training of a child, or, as the margin has it, the “catechising a child” in the way he should go, that when he is old he may not depart from it? (Proverbs xxii, 6.) And where shall a recompense be found equal to the glory of that day when “they that be teachers” shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars forever and ever? (Daniel xii, 3, marginal reading.)



Rev. and Mrs. E. A. Hoffman, 1852

From a daguerreotype

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In a sermon preached on March 5th, 1854, he discusses the principle of free churches. This sermon was printed at the unanimous request of the wardens and vestry of the parish, and presents the subject so admirably that we need not apologize for reproducing it here, though regrettably only in its general substance and outline.

The discussion (based upon Proverbs xxii, 2) was introduced by the following words: "One of the distinctive features of the Christian religion is that it cares for all men alike." It then after a few words proceeds: "The commission our Lord gave the Apostles was, 'Go ye into *all* the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature.' Not only was the Christian Church intended to be catholic, or universal, in setting up the Cross in every land under the face of heaven, but she was intended to be catholic in that she was to gather into her one fold every human creature, without the slightest distinction of rank or sex, country or color. Her invitations to receive her blessings were made to all alike. No one was preferred before another. Now it is at once the beauty and glory of our Church that she has ever acted systematically upon this principle and in the fullest spirit of her divine Master.

"In her fold she knows no distinction between her members, except it be in respect of holiness and piety. At her hands they all receive the like consideration. She has no gorgeous ceremonial and resplendent temples for the rich, and ragged churches for the poor.

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Our Mother, the Church, hath never a child
To honor before the rest;
But she singeth the same for mighty kings
And the veriest babe on her breast.
And the Bishop goes down to his narrow bed,
As the ploughman's child is laid;
And alike she blesseth the dark-brow'd serf
And the chief in his robe arrayed.

She sprinkles the drops of the bright new-birth
The same on the low and high;
And christens their bodies with dust to dust,
When earth with its earth must lie.
Oh, the poor man's friend is the Church of Christ.
From birth to his funeral day;
She makes him the Lord's, in her surpliced arms,
And singeth his burial lay.

“You may ask, if this be so, why in this our day (for it was not so formerly) is it that the Church is continually taunted with the sneer that she is a Church only for the rich? And why is it that, on entering the doors of our Church, you shall find, in the majority of cases, the congregation composed chiefly of those who possess an abundance of this world's wealth?

“The time will not now permit me to enter fully into the various causes which have brought about, especially in the branch of the Church in these United States, these sad results. I desire to call your attention to but one of them, *the system of selling or renting seats in our churches*, and I take the more pleasure of speaking of the evils of this system, because God has put it

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into the hearts of your wardens and vestrymen to determine, with the entire unanimity that has marked all their proceedings, that the seats in the chapel which we hope so soon to enter shall be forever free. Free, that there may be no worldly distinction in the House of our God; free, that to the poor the Gospel may be preached as of old, without money and without price.¹

“Give me, then, your attention while I endeavor in a simple way to set before you some reasons why churches ought to be free.

“I. *The principle of selling or renting seats in the House of God is in itself wrong because it is contrary to the will of God, if the Bible be true, and is a practice which was totally unknown in the purest ages of the Church.*

“*It is contrary to the will of God.* When the blessed Jesus sent his Apostles forth into all the world to preach the Gospel of His kingdom, the strict charge which he gave to them, and through them to all Christians to the end of time, was, ‘Freely ye have received, freely give.’ (St. Matthew x, 8.) And it is remarkable that the only two occasions on which He used violence in all His gentle life were when He ‘cast out them that sold and bought in the temple’ of His God, and uttered that stern rebuke, ‘It is written, My House shall be called a House of Prayer for all nations, but ye have made it a den of thieves.’

¹ In the recent address made at the semi-centennial of Christ Church parish, by the Rev. Dr. Oberly, its rector, the following words occur: “Christ Church was founded on distinctive catholic principles, and is unique in many ways. It has had but three rectors, has always done a great work among the poor, and is consistently free.”

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‘Take these things hence, make not My Father’s House a house of merchandise.’ (St. Mark xi, 17, marginal reading.)

“And the indignant Apostle St. James, when he seems to have witnessed some distinctions of rank made in Christian churches, wrote: ‘If there come into your assembly a man with a gold ring and in goodly apparel, and there come in also a poor man in vile raiment, and ye have respect to him who weareth the gay clothing, and say unto him, Sit thou here in a good place, and say to the poor, Stand thou there, or sit here under my footstool, are ye not then partial in yourselves and are become judges of evil thoughts?’ Harken, my beloved brethren. Hath not God chosen the poor in this world, rich in faith, and heirs of the kingdom which He has promised to them that love Him? (St. James ii, 2–5.) Now how can we claim, where the rich are given the best seats, and the poor crowded to the door and to the wall, that the rich and the poor meet together, the Lord being maker of them all?

“It is a practice which was totally unknown in the purest days of the Church. In the earliest ages and in the churches which the Apostles founded, the Houses of God were as free as the air we breathe. There were distinctions, it is true, because of the crowds that thronged their courts, but they were distinctions of holiness and not of wealth. The communicants, or the faithful as they were then called, were placed nearest the altar; the penitents and those preparing

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to become communicants came next; while those who had committed great sins or had come as spectators were placed near the door. And so, or in some similar way, did the seats of the churches remain free for more than fourteen centuries, and never, amid all the corruption with which the faith was overlaid, did Christians attempt to sell seats in the Houses of God.

“The first enclosed pew that was ever known in a church dated back, says the author of the *History and Statistic of Pews*, only to the early part of the seventeenth century, half a century or more later than the Reformation in England. And they were never extensively introduced until the time of the Puritan Rebellion, and then in opposition to the Bishops of the Church, by men who wished to conceal from the congregation that they refused to kneel during the prayers or thought themselves too good to pray by the side of those who were poorer than themselves. So that, if we have read history aright, the pew system was introduced in the darkest hours of our Mother Church, when her Archbishop was murdered and her king martyred by men who turned the noblest cathedrals into stables for their horses, the fonts into watering-troughs for their cattle, and the holiest vessels of the altar into cups for their drunken debauches.

“II. Again, *The principle of selling or renting seats in the House of God is in itself wrong, because we therein sell that which does not belong to us, and we introduce the system of merchandise and bargaining where we ought not.*

“*We sell that which does not belong to us.* When a

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church or chapel is to be consecrated, our Church is singularly careful that the property shall legally be secured to her. When the Bishop comes to perform the holy office, he must, as the rubric directs, 'be received at the entrance of the church, or chapel, by the church wardens and vestrymen, or some other persons appointed for that purpose,' to show their consent to his act.

"When he has entered within the rails of the chancel, before the sentence of consecration can be read, 'the instruments of donation and endowment, if there be any,' must be presented to him, bequeathing the building, and whatever appertains to it, in trust for the Church, to him and his successors in office for ever, and thus securing to the Church peaceable possession of the property for all times.¹

"As the office of consecration proceeds, we join in the prayer that God would 'graciously accept the dedication of this place to his service.' Then the Bishop is directed to read from the Gospel, as though to rebuke the very spirit of which we have spoken, those indignant words of the Saviour when he drove out them who bought and sold in the temple, 'Make not My

¹ "When churches are built, they ought to have a greater value and esteem derived upon them by some peculiar consecration; for by these solemnities the founders surrender all the right they have in them to God, and make God Himself the sole owner of them," and so strictly was this guarded in former times that, in some portions of the early Church, "no man was to begin to build a church before he had given security to the Bishop of a maintenance for the ministry and the repairs of the church, and whatever was otherwise necessary to uphold divine service in it," "which were necessary rules to preserve churches from falling to ruin, and their ministry and service from contempt and disgrace." (Wheatley on the Common Prayer, ii, sec. 2, 6. Hooker V, xii, 3. Bingham, *Christian Antiquities*, Book VIII, ix, sec. 2.)

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Father's House a house of merchandise.' And having made the matter, humanly speaking, sure, we beseech God to 'bless the religious performance of the day, and grant that in that place now set apart for His service, His holy Name may be worshipped in truth and purity through all generations.' And who that has listened to these holy words and joined in these pious prayers, can witness on the morrow after the service, in those now sacred courts, without a sense of profanation, the auctioneer's hammer, asking, as has been forcibly said, 'of the hungering souls how much they would give for salvation?' and the same spirit of competition and bargain and sale being introduced as that with which we would buy or sell a house or a horse.

"Surely, my brethren, that were a strange giver who would give away to-day that which he intends to sell to-morrow. The principle is all wrong, and has brought forth in too many cases its evil fruits. It has made the whole matter of the seats in the House of God a matter of merchandise. It has prostituted the whole subject of erecting churches for public worship to the question, not whether they are surrounded by sheep wandering abroad without a shepherd, but whether they can be made to pay.

"It has taken away from the alms of the people the character of free-will offerings to God, and there is now brought into the treasury of the Lord not a tithe of that which the faithful once offered for the relief of the poor and for the support of the Gospel. The Church, having thus parted with her property, has lost

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all control over the very building which she erected for God's worship forever. So that, should it happen, as it has happened, that the majority of the pewholders in any congregation become by any chance irreligious, ungodly men, the building erected for such pious purposes may be taken from God, taken from His Church, and taken from His poor. The only church in this country of our communion which the adversary has been able to taunt with having deserted the faith—King's Chapel, Boston,¹ so richly endowed by pious Churchmen now gone to their reward that the Gospel might have been preached there forever—has fallen by the single circumstance that the majority of pewholders became those who denied the faith once delivered to the saints; has fallen into the hands of the enemy; and now within its once hallowed walls is weekly denied the Lord who bought them with His blood.

“III. And again, *The principle of selling or renting seats in the House of God is in itself wrong because it has shut out the poor of the Church.* While the rich, and those who can afford to pay for them, have the best

¹ King's Chapel was erected in Boston previous to the Revolution. During the progress of the war the rector and a majority of the pewholders left the place. After peace had been declared their pews were confiscated, and by adding the privileges of the purchase of a vault under the church (then a valuable privilege) to the proprietorship of a pew, numbers were induced to purchase them though they did not attend the worship of the church. In this way a majority of the pewholders were soon found to be Unitarians; and in opposition to the majority of the original proprietors who were remaining in the city, and the principles of common justice, the liturgy of the Church was soon after mutilated by removing from it everything that related to the doctrine of the ever blessed Trinity, and a Socinian Society has since had possession of the noble stone building. (Bp. White's *Memoirs*, Appendix II. *Church Review*, vi, 85.)

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seats in the sanctuary, and have had because of their wealth the privilege of entering the House of God, the poor—God's poor—have been pushed into the back seats, pushed into the galleries, pushed into the streets. Look around in the churches where the pew system exists, watch the assembly which gathers weekly within their walls, and count, if you please, what proportion there is of the poor. You will find that those who can wear gold rings and goodly apparel have monopolized the best seats to see and hear, and if by chance there is a scarcity of church accommodation, there will not be found a single seat which the way-faring man and stranger, the widow and the fatherless, may feel they have a right to occupy for the holy purpose of prayer. Now it will not do to say that there are some seats always set apart for such as these; for if there are, they are generally in some dark corner where they cannot be sold, and if they are not, there is a natural pride in the human heart (sinful I cannot call it) which will not submit to be marked as *the poor* in the House of God. So long as the pew system exists, the poor, whom the Lord has told us shall always compose the greater part of His kingdom—the poor, who cannot afford to buy seats, much less to build churches, must forever go without them. And oh, who can wonder, while these things are so, that there should be constant murmurings of the poor against the rich? Who can expect that they should not harbor feelings of resentment against those who have thus turned them from their Father's house, re-

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quiring a degree of forgiveness which nothing but the Gospel, which they do not hear, could teach them? For if these evils do continue, if these complaints increase and the poor are still deprived of the Gospel, I fear there will one day, perhaps not far distant, a storm arise which shall shake our social system to its center, and drive before it those who have brought it to pass as the autumn leaves are driven before the whirlwind.

“IV. And lastly, *The principle of selling or renting seats in the House of God is in itself wrong because it destroys the missionary character and one half the usefulness of the clergy*—no slight evil, when the Church is so short-handed.

“The commission by which the ministers of the Gospel act in this day is the same which the Apostles had, ‘Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to *every creature*’ (St. Mark xvi, 15)—a duty which is especially incumbent on them in this country where the Church is yet so small and they are surrounded by so many to whom the Gospel is yet an unknown sound. Count the crowds which assemble in our public places on the Lord’s Day, even when His public worship is celebrated. Mark the numbers which throng the streets, even on that holy day, for the want of something better to do. See the swarms which fill the hovels and byways and lanes of our towns. All these have immortal souls to be saved or lost. And it is the duty of Christ’s Church and Christ’s ministers to gather them all into His fold.

“But how—I ask it in all earnestness—how can

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the ministers of God bring such to the knowledge of Jesus, when all the seats in God's house, their Father's house, are monopolized by those who can afford to pay for them? What success would a missionary in China have in converting the nation, who should go there and erect a church and preach in it until the Judgment Day to those only who were willing to come and pay for hearing the Gospel preached? And why should it be different here? It is not, and will not be, I am thoroughly convinced, until we throw our churches open to the poor. Look at the case. The minister enters the poor man's house. He, like the rest of his brethren, does not despise the Gospel. Not a child has he born to him that he does not bring to be baptised; he would not be married without the Church's sanction; and he always brings his dead to her burial; and yet he is never seen on any other occasion within her walls. You ask him why it is, and the never varying answer will be, 'I have no pew—I cannot *afford* to go to church.' What a comment on a system introduced into a Church whose glory should be that to the poor the Gospel is preached, without money and without price! And what can we reply? We have no seats to offer where pews prevail. Our hands are tied and our mouths shut, and we can go but sorrowing away.

“I know, however, that there will be objections made to all this. I know that the worldly-minded, who prefer what they think their own convenience to their brethren's good, will cry out against it. And I know that there will be some well-meaning Christians

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who have become so accustomed to the pew system that they will be disposed to doubt the expediency of free churches. The time will not permit me to enter into all the objections that may be made. I pass directly to that which is considered the most formidable, that the church cannot be supported. We answer that it has never failed where it has been fairly tried. 'I have now for eight years tried the experiment of free seats by a very severe test,' writes the energetic Bishop of Fredericton in a late charge, 'and I am perfectly satisfied with the result. Nor can anything convince me that the sale of pews is agreeable to the will of God, if the Bible be true,' . . . 'and no reason ever alleged on its behalf goes beyond a supposed convenience resulting from the sale of seats. The evils of the system are entirely overlooked.' And can we, my brethren, for one moment be brought to admit that, while the Jewish temple was fully supported while wholly free, while in the Greek Church the Emperor of all the Russias stands side by side with the poorest clad peasant, while the corrupt communion of Rome opens her churches to all, while the Turkish mosques are free to every follower of the false prophet, and no idol temple was ever closed against the meanest of the heathen,—that Protestant churches alone, of all religions, shall be the most inaccessible to the poor because they cannot be supported without selling their seats? Is it in vain that we have before us the example of the early days of the Church, when the system of pews was unknown, and when the offerings were so great

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that no poor brother was ever left to want? Or shall we refuse to learn from the Methodists, who have adopted the free system, and than whose no ministers are better paid, no services better attended, and than whose, to our shame be it said, no poor are better cared for? It is because that into their places of worship the poorest individual may enter freely and be at home.

“My beloved brethren, I have spoken to you fully and freely on this important theme. I have plead in plain and earnest language, it is true, a cause which is nearest to my heart—for to it my life is given—the cause of God’s poor. If I have spoken strongly, it is not that I would condemn those who are yet bound by the pew system. It is a system with which the world bound the Church—a system which many of our forefathers, both yours and mine, adopted in all sincerity of purpose; and it is not for me to say when or how this or that congregation shall be freed from its bonds. It is not even expedient to sunder hastily such institutions to which we have been accustomed. But for us, a new congregation, who have now for nearly a year tried so successfully the free system and seen the effects of the better way, it would have been a wrong to have rented our pews and dispersed again our many poor.”

Among the notes appended to the above discourse is one in which there are these words:

“So far as the author’s experience extends in the parish of which he is rector, during the two years which have elapsed since its foundation the offerings

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have exceeded the sum which could have been realized by renting all the pews; and it is no uncommon thing to see, especially on Sunday evenings, every available seat of his chapel occupied principally by the poor and those who do not attend church except where the free system is used."

The subject of the free church system was evidently imbedded deeply in the young rector's heart. He returns to it again and again in the annual addresses which he made to his people during the ten years of his incumbency. His conception of the subject, and his reflection and study upon it, made all that he had to say most cogent and convincing. The points he makes and the arguments he adduces in his various addresses are not without their possibilities of most valuable service even to-day; for while to the credit of the American Church it is to be said that in most of the country places at least and in the smaller towns our churches are generally free, yet in our great cities and the larger towns the pew system still largely prevails, and the minds and consciences of a large portion of our clergy and people need to be stirred and, one may say, enlightened.

The pew system has intrenched itself even in the Roman churches, which, like the Roman Church as a whole, take opportunist views of this as of many other subjects, and so shape their policy to meet present and momentary exigencies. While it is never a final argument for the rejection of any given thing that the Church of Rome has adopted it or practices it,

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neither is it a final argument in favor of any given policy that the Church of Rome has accepted or favored it.

The stain and shame of the pew system still, therefore, must be protested against; and the advocacy of the free system, to which young Hoffman said he had "given his life," we feel we should still carry on through these pages, which are meant to commemorate and hand on his convictions and spirit. Therefore we continue various quotations from the utterances of the late Dean in his Christ Church addresses, feeling that they have still value in themselves and may still have potency.

In the first annual address at Christ Church, which was delivered on the Easter Monday succeeding the occasion on which he had preached the sermon so largely given above, he pursues the subject, and among other things said the following in respect to the offertory as a means of parochial support under the circumstances.

"Each Lord's Day, as the Apostle recommended, the opportunity will be given you of contributing to the support of the clergy and the various charities of the parish as God has prospered you." . . . "It is at once the simplest plan, the easiest to all concerned, and the surest to bring into the treasury of the Lord a constant and steady flow of the church's charity. And herein it must commend itself to every heart: It needs no expensive agencies. It makes use of no shifting devices. It burdens no one beyond his ability. It meets no hard looks, as if it made a great demand. It is

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doubly acceptable, because it takes from no one grudgingly or of necessity, but as cheerfully given. It is the flowing of the rills that fills the ocean. It is the dropping of the dew that clothes the fields and makes the hillsides one sea of emerald green. Only yield yourselves up to its gentle persuasions; only resolve that you will lay something by you in store, and let no day of the Lord pass without having your alms ascend with your prayers to the throne of God; only determine, and act upon the determination, that you will devote a certain portion of the bounty bestowed upon you to the service of the Lord; then, as in God's sight, will the offering of each one be according to his ability. Then will this simple church-like mode suffice for every one of the church's wants. All which may God grant for His mercy's sake, through Jesus Christ, our Lord."

In this same address a glimpse is given of the wise and thoughtful spirit in which the young priest began to lay the foundations of his parish. "To build a new church," said he, "even in an established congregation, is no easy task. To found a second one in a town where but one has existed for many years, is ever a work of anxious care:—the anxiety of being satisfied that the time has come when a second is actually needed; the anxiety of so doing all things that there shall be no feeling between the mother and the daughter church but that of the warmest love, and no jealousy but that which shall provoke each other to good works; the anxiety which must ever attend the ar-

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ranging and setting in motion of the numerous means which a parish organization, to be useful, requires; and the anxiety which will fill the hearts of all that are actively engaged in it, that everything done may prosper in promoting the glory of God and edification of His people.

“Beloved, you are engaged in a work which if you prosecute with a proper spirit you will ever be blessed. No man can build a church with a proper spirit without being spiritually a better man. The very fact that he enters upon it shows that he realizes that he needs something more than this life can afford, something more than earth and the things that appertain to it. And if we keep this in view, each stone we lay will bring with it a blessing. . . . It is, in truth, a blessed work. It will bless others. And what can be more blessed?—to build a fold where the sheep that are wandering abroad without a shepherd may be gathered; to erect a house where to the poor the Gospel may be preached, the blessed terms of salvation constantly proclaimed, the sacraments of the Gospel duly administered, and the daily sacrifice of prayer continually offered; to gather around the House of God those institutions which make the Church doubly blessed, and exhibit it to the multitudes who dwell about it as divine,—as the fountain from whence flows out all that ministers to their temporal and spiritual necessities, a building where the lambs of the flock may be brought up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, a house of refuge for the Magdalen and pen-

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itent, a house for the orphan and the infirm, and a house for one or more of the priestly line who shall go out day by day into the streets and lanes of the city and bring in the poor and the maimed and the halt and the blind. These are the works which in faith we have now begun.”

There are certain statistics over and above those already given of this and the following years of the young rector's pastorship. We will not burden these pages, however, with details which belong rather to the history of the parish than to the history of the man. It is to the manifestation of the man, of the man's mind and of the man's heart, that we have mainly addressed ourselves in the preparation of this memoir. Some data up to the Easter of 1866 may, however, have interest here.

On July 13th, 1854, the chapel schoolhouse was dedicated by the Bishop of the Diocese, assisted by the Right Rev. Dr. Wainwright, Provisional Bishop of New York. The cornerstone of the rectory was laid at 6 p. m. on the same day, with appropriate services. On the following morning, July 14th, Mr. Hoffman was instituted into the rectorship. At this time, also, the daily Morning and Evening Prayer were established, with three services on each Lord's Day.

On April 27th Hobart Chetwood, son of John J. Chetwood, Esq., treasurer of the parish, was ordained to the diaconate in the chapel by the Bishop of the Diocese. In November the Rev. Joseph S. Mayers was appointed as rector's assistant.

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The service of Institution was specially notable for being the occasion of the ordination to the diaconate of Charles Frederick Hoffman, the rector's brother. It was notable also on account of the sermon preached on this occasion by the Bishop, which was spoken of in the press of the day in the following manner:

It was a terse and condensed summary of the doctrine concerning the Church of God on earth. The Bishop showed that it must be visible, otherwise we would have no authority of testimony, and could not be accessible to man for his salvation. Saints could not be made without the help of its prayers. They could not die without the comfort of its nourishing sacraments. That it should be continuously transmitted was necessary, otherwise it would be a dream of history; like the Academy or the Stoa, without any connecting nerve to make it one with our own times. This transmission must be verifiable, otherwise we would all float, blown hither and thither by every wind of doctrine, and men would be as much at a loss as if there were no Church at all. Christ came to earth and took our nature upon Him in order that He might thus save man, and His Church is bound to do the same. If it cannot be adapted to the wants of human nature, it cannot be divine. It has therefore a visible ministry, visible sacraments, visible churches, fonts, altars, spires, and all that belongs to the beauty of holiness. She is accessible to all men, and even follows them. She has parish priests for those that live at home, missionaries for wandering sheep and exiles, chaplains for ship and camp, houses of prayer for all people, a pastor by the gate of every fold, and nursing care for every lamb of His flock. The Church was transmitted, or else how came she here? When we see children, we know there must have been parents. When we see the oak, we infer the acorn. And so up to the original creation. Wherever there was a Bishop, it

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proved the previous existence of the three who consecrated him; those three, nine others, and so on to the original twelve. Nothing can originate itself, and the transmission is verifiable. The titles to your lands you can each of you trace up from owner to owner until you come to Carteret, Berkeley, or Penn. This being the case, you have little fear of being ousted. Could men suppose, then, that God cared less about His Church than man cared about his farm? Could they believe that God had purchased His Church with the heart's blood of His dear Son and yet left its title at loose ends? No! "Even so send I you," was the great title-deed of the Church; and Paul had sent Timothy and Titus and Epaphroditus, and they others, and so the golden links have brought the threefold chain down to our own day, and it can be traced upward as well as downward. He himself (the Bishop) had been consecrated by Bishop White, with others. Bishop White was consecrated at Lambeth in 1787 by the Archbishop of Canterbury, and he also by others in unbroken line. The Bishop then went on to show the accommodations of the Church to the circumstances of men. Her divine essentials cannot change until Truth and God shall change. But in everything else she was elastic in comprehending all men, all cases, climes, and times. The service of that day was a proof of this. The institution of the order of deacons for the wants of the Church was a proof of it. The Right Reverend preacher then drew a striking sketch of the zeal and self sacrifice, the untiring energy and perfect obedience of St. Stephen and St. Philip, exhorting the candidate to follow after their glorious examples. He concluded by alluding to the pleasing spectacle of two brothers,¹ "now to

¹ The Rev. Charles Frederick Hoffman, ordained on this occasion, was the only brother of the rector, the Rev. Eugene Augustus Hoffman. He was born in New York City, November 18th, 1830. His earlier education was, like his brother's, at Mr. Greenough's in Varick Street and at Columbia Grammar School. He afterwards graduated with high honors at Trinity College, Hartford, in 1851. Entering the General Theological Seminary and there graduating, he was ordained deacon, as we have seen above, by the Right Rev. George Wash-

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be bound together by stronger and dearer bonds than those of nature only," and by expressing the hope and confidence that they might so exercise the ministry here that they might be crowned with twin chaplets of glory hereafter.

The Second Annual Address of the rector is missing. On Easter Monday, 1856, the Third Annual Address was delivered, in which the rector takes note of some of the details of parish development. First the completion of the rectory, adjacent to the chapel. The rector remarks that it was "finished without any accident to those engaged in its erection," in the month of September. He then says, "We trust that a building so churchlike in its character and conception, and so well adapted for the purpose for which it is intended, may remain, in accordance with the prayer we offered on the cornerstone, 'the residence of him who shall minister in holy things to the people of this parish throughout all ages; and be devoted, in all those who shall dwell in it, to the sanctities of domestic love and to the uses of piety, charity, and hospitality.'"

The rector takes note also of the "daily morning and evening sacrifice of prayer, continually offered at

ington Doane, Bishop of New Jersey, on July 14th, 1854. His first work, like his brother's, was a missionary one. He was first attached to the mission at Boonton, New Jersey, where he remained several years. He was ordained priest in 1855, and became curate of St. Mary's, Burlington, New Jersey. From Burlington he went to the rectorship of St. Philip's, Garrisons, N. Y., remaining until 1874, when he accepted the rectorship of the Church of All Angels in New York City. This parish occupies the southeast corner of 81st Street and West End Avenue, and commands a beautiful view of the Hudson and the Palisades. In its present state it is a magnificent specimen of ecclesiastical architecture and splendor. It is a monument to the taste and munificence of Dr. Charles Hoffman, as Chelsea Square is a monument to the generosity of his brother. He died on March 4th, 1897.

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hours to accommodate the largest portion of the congregation." Morning Prayer was said at 9 o'clock, "when the children of the school were present," and the Evening Prayer at 7, "for the sake of those who have been busy with the toil and burden of the day."

Three services had been arranged for Sundays. "The point in their arrangement in which they differ from many other parishes about it," the rector observes, "is in having the Evening Prayer of the Church, with public catechising of the children, in the afternoon."

The custom of public catechising in the church seems to have been much more precious to the clergy of fifty years ago than to those of to-day. Our modern clergy have persuaded themselves that the Sunday-school instruction has taken the place of the old time public catechising, and therefore this last is now seldom witnessed. The decay in its observance seems largely due also to the general release from that obedience to parents and pastors which belonged to the older and better days. Parents have ceased to consider the desires of their pastors and the requirements of the rubrics in this matter, and so have ceased to send their children to be catechised at the appointed times; while the children themselves are conceded by their parents the right of obeying or disobeying the paternal or pastoral desires in the matter.

In the old days it was different. The rector of the parish gathered the children of his cure about the chancel on at least one Sunday of each month, and personally catechised them in the presence of their

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parents and friends. This generally took place in the afternoon, at the conclusion of the Evening Prayer. The memories of many of the older generation are indelibly marked with recollections of those peaceful vesper hours when, gathered about the sanctuary, the rays of the setting sun perhaps bathing the church in their golden light, the venerable rector, clothed in his surplice,—to that generation the symbol of all divine and ecclesiastical authority,—impressed by his very aspect and tones the words and the truths of the Catechism upon the souls of the children. What came from his lips came with a majesty of paternal and pastoral authority quite different from the effect of the inexperienced and often empty utterances of the youthful male and female Sunday-school teachers who have usurped the pastor's place. Many of the more energetic clergy (such as the late Dr. Rankin of St. Luke's, Baltimore) catechised weekly instead of monthly. It is said that in Dr. Rankin's case the congregation of St. Luke's was almost entirely composed of persons who had been attracted in the first instance by the interest and the help of those memorable catechetical instructions.

Young Hoffman was led at the start to make the public catechisings weekly. He called his people's attention to the rubric which says, "The minister of every parish shall diligently, upon Sundays and Holy Days, or on some other convenient occasion, openly in the church, instruct or examine so many children of his parish sent unto him as he shall think convenient, in some part of this Catechism." He called attention

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first to Canon 59 of the Church of England, which reads, "Ministers shall, every Sunday evening and Holy Days, for one-half hour, at least, examine and instruct in the Church Catechism. And he that neglects to do so, after reproof shall be first suspended, afterwards excommunicated"; and then to the words of Bishop Wilson, in the *Sacra Privata*, "that the neglect of this duty makes the discourse of the pulpit of very little use." He also quotes Bishop Jebb as saying, "It is not too much to say that, next to an established liturgy, and beyond all proscribed confessions of faith, the single ordinance of catechismal instruction has been, under Providence, the great stay and support throughout Christendom of orthodox, unwavering Catholicity."

He also enforces his position by the very notable words of the then Bishop of New Jersey: "Never has the world beheld such children, such brothers, such sisters, such wives, such husbands, such parents, such friends, such servants, such masters, as have been trained up in the simple teaching of the Catechism. Never for soldiers, for sailors, or teachers, or magistrates, or pastors, or rulers, will the world fare so well as when it takes them from the ranks of those who have endured its faithful discipline. As a system of morals it is so wholesome, as a school for manners it is so manly, as a lesson on piety it is so artless, as a guide for life so thorough, so minute, and yet so comprehensive, so homely, yet so elevated, that were this the only service that the Church had rendered to the world, it would constitute her its inestimable benefactor."

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For himself the rector observes: "The Church Catechism is the very ground of Christianity. It contains all the first principles of the doctrine of Christ, and he who has thoroughly mastered it will not be ignorant of anything which a Christian ought to know or believe to his soul's health. 'What is the reason,' writes the great Fuller, 'why so many nowadays are carried about with every wind of doctrine, even to scour every point in the compass round about?' Surely it is because they were never well catechised in the principles of religion."

On the third anniversary of the organization of Christ Church, Mr. Hoffman was able to say these encouraging words to his people: "We are, as the world counts, but three years old; and yet we have taken our stand among the parishes of the diocese, second in many respects only to those whose birthday antedates the present century. Out of the seventy-eight parishes of the diocese, there were but six which reported last year to the Convention more baptisms than our present statistics show, but sixteen which have a greater number of communicants, but five which have a greater number of Sunday-school teachers, and but five which return a larger amount of offerings. It is yet the morning of our day, the childhood of our church, the tender sapling of that tree whose fruit in this place is to be for the healing of the people. And if these things have been done before the day has shone forth in its full splendor, before we have stood up in vigor of manhood, before the tree has had time fairly

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to take root within the earth, what have men a right to expect when these things have been fulfilled?"

After some observations upon the completion of the rectory, the daily services, the Sunday and parochial schools, poor and district visitors, the rector recurs to the discussion of the free church system.

"I cannot close without adverting to the fact that our statistics, which cover a space of three years, establish a complete success of the free church system. Without it we would never have been where we are now. The congregation would not have counted as many by one half; nor would our pews, if we had rented every one of them at the same rate at which the pews are rented in St. John's Church, and the rent been *all* punctually paid in (a thing which we may safely say has never occurred in any church), have yielded an income equal to that which has been derived from our offerings during the past year by considerably more than \$100. I knew that it would be so, and said so at the start. It has been so, and will be so again, whenever and wherever the free church system is entered on in faith. . . . But the principle ought not be left to turn on this question. I merely mention these facts in answer to those who say that free-will offerings of the people will not amount to as much as pew rents. And I ask, if such has been the fact already, when we are surrounded by churches with pew rents on every side working against us, at least by their silent teaching, what will it be when the majority are with us?"

"The true question is not which will best support

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the church,—for there are many other modes of supporting churches besides free-will offerings or pew rents,—but which is most in accordance with the spirit of the Gospel of Jesus Christ and best enables the Church to carry on her divine mission of preaching it ‘to every creature.’ I think there are none of you, my brethren, who have been with us the three years last past, but will agree with me what reply must be made. And not only here, but elsewhere, the eyes of Churchmen have been opened to this fact. Hugh Davey Evans, the editor of one of our ablest Church periodicals, and a learned lawyer of our communion, speaks with no faltering voice on the pew system as ‘more than anything else keeping the Church the religion of the rich,’ as ‘operating directly in keeping persons from attending her services,’ as ‘appealing to pride, vanity, and social exclusiveness for the means of supporting worship,’ and so ‘undoing with one hand the work of the other.’

“There is one point,” the rector continues, “which I think has not received the attention it deserves, of the evils which arise from that system. It is the entire selfishness which it begets in the congregation in reference to the public services of the church. It has put our church into a sort of straight-jacket, so far as her public worship is concerned. . . . From the habit of renting every seat in the church they could and measuring the prosperity of any particular congregation by the number of rented pews, men have come to look upon the church and its minister as intended only for

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those who hired the sittings. And hence no service must be held in the church which did not precisely chime in with the convenience and the wishes of the pewholders. And that minister who is bold enough, in His Master's cause and for the sake of His poor, to hold extra services which the pewholders could not all attend, or administer even one Communion more than any individual thought necessary for his own benefit or salvation, was in a fair way to lose, if not his place, yet part of his daily bread."

The rector again quoted Mr. Hugh Davey Evans. Speaking of a pew church the latter remarked, "The minister is chaplain to the pewholders. The church is built, not for the purpose of preaching the Gospel to all comers, nor of affording an hour of prayer to all present, but really as a chapel for the pewholders, in which they may offer up their devotions and hear their favorite preacher. The minister is employed to minister in this chapel and to its joint proprietors. He is not understood to have any peculiar relation to any one who has not an interest in the proprietary chapel. For every pew church is nothing more than what in England is called a proprietary chapel. The only difference is, that in England an enterprising individual builds and owns the chapel, employs the minister, and takes the profits of the speculation. In America we with characteristic shrewdness get ourselves incorporated, advance the funds, and save the profits. In both cases there is no heart relation between the minister and any person who has not connected himself with the chapel.

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The clergyman may, if his exacting employers leave him time, put himself in contact with some of the perishing souls around him and do what he can for their salvation. But what he does in this way is no part of the duty of his office, though it may be of his order. The system makes no provision for the preaching of the Gospel, or the administration of the sacraments and other rites and ceremonies of the Church, to any one who has not come under an obligation to pay for them."

"Could there be," Mr. Hoffman asks, "a more practical proof of which plan is most in accordance with the worship of Him whose earthly manifestation was as a carpenter's son, and who with His poor fishermen disciples worshipped side by side with the rabbis of Israel and the learned doctors of the law, in a temple whose magnificence far exceeded that of any which the world has since seen? Shame, then, on our pride, that while the Emperor of all the Russias is not ashamed to kneel in the church by the side of the poorest peasant in his dominions, and Turkish mosques are free to every follower of the false prophet, and no part of any idol temple was ever thought too good for the poorest of the heathen,—that we in republican America should set up distinctions—and that in the house of God—almost unknown in all the world beside. Shame on us if we, with a country upon whose face God has showered down prosperity greater than that of any land since Canaan was prepared for Israel, cannot support our churches without turning them into

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merchandise. . . . I hear a rising murmur of discontent, and I see the earnest longings to be free which are swelling up from every school and section of the Church, which tells me that earnest working men will not much longer submit to be bound by iron clamps and fetters. And I believe the day is not far distant when, at least in the Church of these United States, free churches will be the rule and rented pews the exception to which men will look as a relic of a day that is past. And then, and not till then, will our Church stand forth as the tolerator and recognizer of no social exclusiveness within her fold which wealth or influence can purchase, the hireling of no caste, the mere chaplain of no society, but the Mother of us all, — the divine Mother at whose fount of life every soul for which Christ died, every son and daughter of Adam, may quench their thirst without money and without price, and find balm for their bleeding hearts.”

The Fourth Annual Address was thus reported in the current press:

The Free Church of Elizabeth, Christ Church, under the zealous and most faithful labors of the Rev. Eugene Augustus Hoffman, persists obstinately in succeeding, notwithstanding the many prophecies we have heard that free churches must fail. The fourth annual address contains much that is excellent, and many things peculiarly gratifying; for instance, in that all important point, its power to penetrate the lower strata of our social system, its testimony is most impressive. Mr. Hoffman thus speaks of Christ Church:

“This chapel contains but 42 benches or pews, and accommodates, without the aisle sittings, not quite 300 persons. It

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was opened less than three years since. The congregation, small as it then was, was entirely composed of the members of the learned professions, merchants, and those who are living on the income of their property. It was said to me more than once by some of the poor, before it was known that the seats of this chapel were to be free, that they could not come here because it would be only another church for the rich. It was opened under prejudice from without. It has been the object of greater opposition than most churches are called upon to endure in ten times three years; and yet we have now on our register, as partly or wholly connected with us, 142 families, nearly $3\frac{1}{2}$ to each pew, of whom the heads of 107 (that is, three fourths of the whole number) are earning their daily bread by the labor of their hands from day to day. To say nothing of any other statistics, which show us gratifying progress in other respects, I think we may safely ask, Where can the same be said of any pew church, similarly located, in any part of the land?"

And he thus catalogues the various callings of the 107 families :

Seamstresses.	Shoemakers.	Factory hands.
Day laborers.	Painters.	Cabinet makers.
Carpenters.	Pianoforte makers.	Tailors.
Cartmen.	Wheelwrights.	Butchers.
Printers.	Grocers.	Masons.
Gardeners.	Carpet-weavers.	Bakers.
Farmers.	Servants.	Oystermen.
Sloop-captains.	Blacksmiths.	Coachsmiths.
	Railroad employees.	

"That one-fourth of the congregation should be composed of the poor," says Mr. Hoffman, "has been claimed by the rectors of pewed churches, under favorable circumstances, as a large proportion. Here we have the proportion directly reversed,—one fourth of the wealthier class, and three fourths of the poor."

Such facts are unanswerable. They set off well the admirable

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extract from the Provisional Bishop of New York's remarks in favor of free churches, as well as those of the Bishop of North Carolina and others with which Mr. Hoffman enriches his address. The extracts above alluded to are these: "We must not attempt to disguise the notorious fact," wrote the present esteemed Provisional Bishop of New York,¹ "that the pew system, as commonly adopted in most of our churches, especially in the larger towns and cities, is a flagrant violation of the plainest principles of the Gospel. It is not such a system as ought to be adopted by those who profess to love God with all their heart, and their neighbor as themselves. When we enter a crowded congregation where such a system prevails, what do we behold? We see all those parts of the sacred edifice which offer advantages for seeing and hearing, monopolized by the rich, held exclusively as private property by the rich, fitted up by them with every luxurious accommodation; while the poor and the stranger, if they can gain admission at all, are thrust off into some remote corner where there are few comforts and where it is almost impossible to see or to hear. And thus we behold at first glance in that holy assembly the spectacle which flatly contradicts all their professions of humility and charity, which is an insult to the most glorious attributes of the Being whom they profess to honor and worship. Is it well that the lukewarm and the scoffer, on entering the House of God, should meet at the very threshold with such a practical demonstration of the worthlessness or of the inconsistency of Christian profession?"

To which the Bishop of North Carolina justly adds: "It would seem that nothing but custom could make this appear tolerable to us, so opposed as it is to the very nature and the great objects of the Gospel. This is the grace of God which hath appeared unto all men; this is by its author freely offered unto all men. How inconsistent is it, then, for His Church,

¹ *Vide* Remarks in Favor of Free Churches, by Horatio Potter, D.D., 1845.

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which dispenses it, to demand a qualification before men shall partake of its blessings, and that withal a pecuniary qualification. What is free in itself, we give on condition; and that a condition which those who most need the gift can least comply with. If it be said that when pews are rented it is usual to provide for the poor to some extent by appropriating free seats to their use, it is an obvious reply that they are unwilling to occupy such seats, for that they are almost always the most inconvenient and undesirable, and that those who sit in them do thereby confess that they are poor, or, not being so, are yet quite willing to avail themselves of a provision made for poverty. If, again, it be said that no man ought to be unwilling to confess his poverty, especially if by this means he can obtain the benefits which the Church dispenses, we must reply that surely no man ought to be unwilling to do this, and that no perfect man would be, but that the Church is not designed for men who are already what they ought to be, but for those who are not what they ought to be. The Gospel is a remedy; the Church is a hospital, so to speak, not for the whole, but for the sick; and to say that no man shall enter it until he is healed of his false pride and his other spiritual diseases is to say that the Church is itself a superfluity and its establishment a blunder. In either point of view, then, by making, selling, or renting pews, the poor are excluded from the Church, but not the poor alone; those also, and their name is legion, who from religious indifference or from parsimony do not choose to buy or hire places in the House of God. But, it may be said, these do not deserve to worship in it. Perhaps not, but who does deserve a place in His courts? . . .

“And yet who does not see that under the pew system not our Church alone, but Christianity itself, is losing its hold upon the middle and lower classes of our population? The mechanics in our large cities and in the manufacturing towns of the North, though generally intelligent and often moral, are not

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usually a religious body of men. Among them I have reason to believe that infidelity is extending itself more than among any other class. Their Sundays in many instances are not sanctified by the Word of God and by prayer, but are spent in seeking recreation and amusement. Their minds, vacant of religious truth, are ready to be filled with Rationalism, Universalism, or any of the other thousand and one forms of error so rife in this land. And I attribute this, not exclusively, but in some measure, to the fact that in the cities they are shut out from many not only of our churches, but of others where they might receive profitable instruction, by their inability from the proceeds of their daily toil to buy or rent any of the pews so generally found in city churches.”¹

In this Fourth Annual Address Mr. Hoffman took pains to guard against some erroneous views of what free churches are.

“A free church,” said he, “is not a church exclusively for the poor. Churches built for this object, as though there were one heaven for the rich and another for the poor, deserve all the reprobation they have so justly received. God is no respecter of persons. We are all one in Christ Jesus, and woe unto that branch of the Church which shall ever undertake to gather the rich and the poor into separate congregations. Nor is it a church whose worshipers contribute nothing towards its support. The honoring of the Lord with a portion of our substance, that our alms may go up with our prayers as a memorial before God, is a vital principle of the Gospel. A free church recognizes this in its most beautiful form, as it calls upon all to give, ‘not

¹ *Vide* Primary charge of the Right Rev. Thomas Atkinson, Bishop of North Carolina, 1855.

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grudgingly, or of necessity,' but 'as the Lord has prospered them,' be it much or little.

"Nor is it merely a plan of supporting the work of the church more successfully than any other mode. Whether it do this or not—whether it can be made, as the phrase is, 'to pay expenses' or not—does not affect the principle one jot or one tittle. Whether the men of this generation who have been trained up under the pew system can be brought to support free churches or not, should no more affect our efforts in their behalf than the way in which the glad tidings of salvation are received by the world should affect its proclamation. A free church is, then, simply a church where no seats are appropriated to the private or exclusive use of any individual, but all are open and free; a church where every man, rich or poor, learned or unlearned, can enter without feeling that he is in any sense an intruder upon the rights of another; a church where no compulsory payments are demanded for its support, but where every one gives according as he is disposed in his heart; in one word, a church where every one, the wayfaring man and the stranger as well as the home born, the poor as well as the rich, is sure to find a welcome and a place where he may pray to his heavenly Father and hear the tidings of salvation, whether he gives much, or little, or nothing."

In this address Mr. Hoffman uttered some other words which are as true now as they were then, and the truth of which needs recognition now perhaps even more than then. "We need to realize more fully

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the importance of sustaining our own Church institutions. The Church to which we belong makes no claim to be one of many modes of evangelizing the world. She claims to be the pure branch, in these United States, of the Catholic and Apostolic Church of Christ. And she is just this, or nothing at all. It is not, therefore, and cannot be, in the consistent Churchman's mind, a question whether he will do what he does for the cause of Christ after her pattern or not. She is to him the channel of mercy to a fallen world. She possesses all that the Lord deemed necessary for the regeneration and restoration and sanctification of redeemed humanity to the perfect image of the Son of God. For us to work with other means and to struggle in other ways to set forward the work of the Lord, is to be not only not with her, but against her. As baptized members of her fold, we are pledged to do all that in us lies, in our sphere and place, to set forward her operations."

As has been already said, young Hoffman entered upon his ministry full of the ideals which Holy Scripture, ecclesiastical history, and the avowed principle of the English Reformation (viz., the return of the national church to the methods and standards of primitive Christianity), had engraven on his heart and mind during the course of his Seminary studies. His chivalric advocacy of a free church system illustrated this in one direction. His even minimum ideals for his pastoral work could not have been fulfilled had he been indifferent to another feature of ancient Christianity

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(which indeed had been part of every religion, natural or revealed, which the world has known), viz., the uninterrupted, daily rendering of public homage to Almighty God in his temples.

Natural religion has always been true to this principle, as has every Pagan cultus, or Buddhist and Mohammedan instinct. Judaism offered its sacrifices daily, and when the day of the synagogue arrived, and since, the daily offices of prayer in them.

The early Christians "broke bread" daily from house to house in Apostolic times, when as yet there were no distinctively Christian temples. The antelucan worship went on daily even in the ages of persecution. And when the happy day arrived for the Church's appearance in the world as a free religion, (*religio licita*), from the day on which her sacred shrines began to rise throughout the Roman Empire she never failed to say some daily offices in the House of God; never failed carefully to observe her "stationary days"; never omitted, on each Sunday at least, to offer upon her altar the pure oblation of the Gentiles, the mystic representation to God and to man of the sacrifice of Mount Calvary. For fifteen hundred years no break in this daily worship and at least weekly eucharist ever took place in general custom. Here and there, in some little hamlet or village, as a matter of fact, offices and eucharist may not have been offered with unbroken regularity, but the principle was everywhere recognized and deferred to, of the rightfulness and obligation of the daily and Sunday offices and eucharists. A Sunday with-

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out its eucharistic oblation, or a day without its official homage to God, in some fashion, either in the churches formally or by the priests privately, would have been inconceivable. When the Oxford Movement shook the Anglican Communion out of its easy-going Hanoverian sloth, the restoration of the ideal worship of the Church was destined inevitably to accompany all other restorations of faith and vision. In 1854 the daily service and the weekly eucharist were novelties to the average American Churchman, whose traditions were only those of George the Third's time. Congregations had to be instructed in almost everything except "the common Christianity" they shared with their friends and neighbors of all religious names.

The *differentia* of the Church of England and her daughter in America was supposed to be a "form of Church government" only. The Episcopal Church had bishops, while others had none. It had a Prayer Book for at least weekly use, while others had no such form of weekly worship. But beyond these peculiarities, as they were thought to be, few realized any essential differences between the ideals of the Episcopal Church and those of the religious bodies around it. Few realized what the principle of continuity with the past involved; what treasures of faith and practice were implicitly bound up with the ecumenical tradition of the Anglican Communion. Few realized that the Anglican Reformation pledged and committed its subjects to an entirely different scheme of thinking and of sacramental and devotional life from those of the Re-

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formations of Germany and Switzerland. An Episcopal clergyman of sixty or seventy years ago was supposed to be, and generally was, a "gentleman." He officiated in a surplice or gown, in a building more or less Gothic, and had an "attachment" to the "Episcopal form of church government," and decorously "performed" divine service on Sundays and Saints' Days, (perhaps also on the Wednesdays and Fridays of Lent,) and preached a calm and unexciting sermon on Sunday morning at least, and was a reputable and much respected citizen in his community. But that he was a priest also whose loftiest duty was to offer the eucharistic oblation; that he was one of an order of priests whose duty ever had been to daily offer offices of worship to God while the world neglects Him; that his office in any way pledged him to union with the continual intercession of the great High Priest above whose shadow he was on earth and in his own special community; that he was a consecrated person, held in captivity to certain immemorial obligations of priesthood; that he was this, and much more, few people knew or realized. But with the resurrection of historical vision; of the study of the canon law of the Church of England as it bore upon worship in the cathedrals, colleges, and parishes of England; of the rubrical obligations in respect to saying the divine offices, a new spirit forced itself into the minds and hearts of our clergy and upon the attention of our people.

Weekly communions and eucharists, with daily public services, came to be recognized as necessary and

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integral parts of historical Christianity, and as part of the prescribed system of the Anglican Communion. The Prayer Book of the American Church was found to contain, in its rubrical requirements, a daily and weekly order very much in advance of what was common and customary. And so earnest and loyal clergy set themselves to work to make the Prayer Book ideals a reality, and to unite the nineteenth century with the first and third and subsequent centuries in the practice of habitual daily public prayer and weekly eucharistic worship.

And so we find that Mr. Hoffman felt it his duty to instruct his people in Christ Church on the daily service, which he had from the first practical moment established; that is, from the day of his institution. On January 1st, 1857, he issued a pastoral letter to his people, calling their attention to a sermon he had prepared for their benefit in the ordinary course of pulpit administration, but which he had also had printed for their private perusal. In this letter he says:

“Among the means of grace which made the early Church such a pattern and example of devotion and piety, there was none which had a greater influence than the continual round of its daily prayers. It was a part of its daily life, and entered into all its plans. And ever since it has been blessed to many saints who are now with God. It has ever been my wish that you should all appreciate and enjoy the same blessing. The change of the hour of our Evening Prayer, which has made one or both of the daily services possible to all

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who will, reminds me of that which I have long desired, something to put into your hands which might explain their obligations and advantages. The following sermon, it has been suggested to me, might be of use for your private perusal. Commending it, therefore, to your consideration, and the subject to your prayers, and asking for myself that which you always have from me—the charity of your daily prayers, I am affectionately your pastor and servant, for Jesus' sake, Eugene Augustus Hoffman.”

To this sermon were prefixed the following verses :

But Faith is cold, and wilful men are strong,
And the blithe world, with bells and harness proud,
Rides tinkling by, so musical and loud
It drowns the Eternal Word, the Angelic Song ;
And one by one the weary listless throng
Steals out of church, and leaves the choir unseen
Of winged guards to weep where prayer had been,
That souls immortal find that hour too long.
Most fatal token of a falling age !
Wit ever busy, Learning ever new,
Unsleeping Fancy, Eloquence untired,—
Prayer only dull ! The Saints' and Martyrs' page
A tedious scroll ; the scorned and faithful few
Left to bewail such beauty undesired.

Who cling beside their Mother in her woes,
Who love the Rites that erst their fathers loved,
Nor tire of David's hymn and Jesus' prayer ;
Their quiet Altars, wheresoe'er removed,
Shall clear with incense sweet the unholy air ;
In persecution safe, in scorn approved,
Angels, and He who rules them, will be there.

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The sermon opens with the proposition that "the great duty of public prayer to Almighty God is one which is acknowledged by all. However imperfectly it may be performed, however irregularly it may be observed, with whatever errors it may be accompanied, yet the duty, as such, is one which is recognized by all who acknowledge the existence of a God. And the reason of it is obvious. The belief in the existence of a God whose superintending Providence directs the affairs of man and controls the destiny of nations, implies of necessity the duty of public worship and prayer." He then asks, "How often this prayer should be offered?" and replies that "The voice of nature seems to furnish a direct reply. The division of time into day and night, and God's provision for the wants of mankind, demand a daily acknowledgment. His compassions are 'new every morning.' Daily, when we awake, we receive as it were anew our life from God. Daily he feeds us with food convenient for us. Daily we resign 'in the daily miracle of sleep our life into His Hands.'"

He then goes on to show that the Mohammedans, Egyptians, Hindoos, Turks, and heathen of every clime "have been found to worship daily the Being whom they recognize as their God. And no heathen temple, it is believed, except the Temple of Janus, ever closed its doors against those who would daily enter into its courts."

He then goes on to discuss the daily worship of Israel and the sacrificial system of the temple. He

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proceeds to demonstrate that the temple, in all its appointments, was a type of the Christian Church; and that a daily worship in the Christian Church seemed to have sprung up and grown out of the daily worship in the Jewish Church, quietly and naturally as a matter of course. He shows that our Lord, when he walked in the flesh, was daily in the temple teaching. He went there at the hours of prayer, and the Apostles daily did the same. "So long as the Church of the elder dispensation was in existence, and its levitical line not cast off, its daily service was accepted, and the infant Church of Christ held its daily worship in the courts of the Lord's House which was upon Mount Zion. But when the time of its final overthrow came, when the Divine Presence deserted its temple, the daily worship of God's Church, which in the Aaronic line had been celebrated for fully 1500 years, passed over into the Church of Christ and was taken up by Apostolic men."

He then passes to the example of the primitive Church, showing that "whenever and wherever persecution would permit, we read of daily prayers. The most solemn services, as one would expect, were on the Lord's Day, when the Holy Communion was always administered. Next to it, Wednesdays and Fridays were particularly marked as prayer days; besides which, Lent and Easter time were especially observed; but running through all and with all the daily morning and evening prayers everywhere obtained. The Book of Constitutions (Apostolical) quoted by the

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learned Bingham gives the very order of service, and St. Chrysostom and St. Cyprian both bear their testimony to the fact. And hence to this day, in every liturgy, and in every branch of the Church which has retained the Apostolic ministry, provision has been made and a form set forth for the daily morning and evening worship of Almighty God."

He then calls attention to the law of the English and Scotch Churches. "Take the Prayer Books now in use in the English and Scotch Churches, the books from which our own Prayer Book was compiled, and you find among the first things this explicit direction; 'All priests and deacons are to say, daily, the Morning and Evening Prayer, either privately or openly, not being let by sickness or some other urgent cause. And the curate that ministereth in every parish church or chapel, being at home, and not being otherwise reasonably hindered, shall say the same in the parish church or chapel where he ministereth, and shall cause a bell to be tolled thereunto a convenient time before he begin, that the people may come to hear God's Word, and to pray with him.'"

He then remarks, "It is true that this direct order is not to be found in our Prayer Book. The unsettled state of the times, and the miserable conditions of our Church when the book was set forth, are enough to account for this. It was an order which could hardly have been complied with, and therefore the compilers of the book were contented with stating in the preface in a general way that 'This Church is far from intend-

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ing to depart from the Church of England in any essential point of doctrine, discipline, or worship, or further than local circumstances require.' But if we examine the character and structure of the various services in the book, we shall find that they are framed, not with a view to a weekly, but a daily use. Open its first page after the preface, and you find these words: 'The Psalter shall be read through once every month, as it is there appointed, both for Morning and Evening Prayer.' Turn to the title which stands at the commencement of the service and you find 'The Order for Daily Morning and Daily Evening Prayer.' And now the argument is complete. . . . The worship of the Jewish Church, whether under the Tabernacle or the Temple, was a daily worship. The worship in which our Lord engaged while in the flesh was a daily worship. The worship of the Apostles was a daily worship. The worship of the early Church was a daily worship. The worship for which our Prayer Book provides is a daily worship. And it needs but to add that the worship of heaven is a daily worship to prove that it has all been framed after the pattern of divine and heavenly things.

"They that are 'before the throne of God serve Him day and night in His temple; for they rest not day nor night, saying, Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty, which was, and is, and is to come.' But you may ask what have men to say to this who are never known to worship the Lord in His holy temple more than once a week? Marvelous inconsistency!

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They admit it all; and yet, so far as they are concerned, their churches stand six days of the week as silent as the grave, and more like tombs of the dead than temples of a living religion. One will tell you that times are changed. What was possible in other periods of the world's history is impossible now. What was reasonable once is unreasonable now. Habits are changed. The world is changed. We are changed. Alas, habits *are* changed, and we *have* changed! So changed that the daily service, which was once the Church's universal law and the root of its spiritual life, has become a matter of doubt and inquiry and argument. And men have come to think it nothing strange to see six days of the week abandoned all to Mammon's grasp, while the Church has scarcely one to call her own. Habits are changed. But has religion changed? Is Jesus Christ not the same to-day that He was yesterday and will be forever? Must eternal truth be made to mould and shape and twist itself to every phase which Mammon may assume? Ah, my beloved, you forget that the men of other days had their shops, their courts, their market, and their exchange as well as we. You forget to whom your time and your all belongs.

“Did want of time ever keep you from a political meeting or a public lecture? Do you not make time to visit your friends, to read the news, to go to any or every amusement of the day? And is the worship of God of less importance than any or all of these? Ah, my beloved, we expect to be saved in our worldliness.

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We perish, soul and body, for the mammon of righteousness, and then we call it duty. We think to gain heaven and secure the world. We run riot in worldly pleasures, and believe it to be enjoying the blessings which God has given us. Our prosperity has made us careless. Our comforts have blinded our eyes. We have lost our sense of dependence. The Church now must wait upon the world, instead of the world upon the Church. The worship of six days must be thrust into one, and Mammon's claims allowed to crowd out the other six until there is no place left."

Mr. Hoffman then combats that argument that the daily service is in some way antagonistic to family worship, "as though the daily service either implied that we forget to worship God in our families, or else did away with its necessity. An argument which, if it implies anything, implies that our forefathers, who were so careful of the public daily service in the Church, did not worship God in their families as much as people do now.

"Never has the duty of family religion been more generally recognized than under the Mosaic dispensation, by which the daily service was made so absolute and binding. He knows but very little of the domestic life of the great saints of the Church through the ages all along, who imagines that because they were so steadfast in their daily service of God their households were neglected in their daily ministrations. And everybody who has carefully read the religious history of the past knows that family prayer and daily service

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have risen and fallen together. The one reacts upon the other and the same principle has sustained them both.

“But beside all this there is something hard-hearted and narrow-minded in the way in which the objection is used. We get into a way of thinking as though our own narrow horizon, our own little circle, were the whole Church of God, . . . while we are utterly unconscious and think not of that rude, rough world which swarms and nestles itself, it may be, under the very shadow of the churches' walls, and yet is living without God in the world. Consider for a moment in how few families in any congregation is the duty of family prayer regularly performed. What is to become of the hundreds of members of such families, where through the sin of the father or mother the voice of prayer is never heard, if the Church does not care for them? And then add to these the thousands on thousands who have no decent place for family prayer, living it may be altogether and compelled to crowd all the duties of life in one room. Where are the young, and the aged who live by themselves? What is to be done for the unlearned and the ignorant, who cannot read even the Word of God for themselves? Such persons are the bulk of the world's population, and ought to be the bulk of the Church. Must she not make provision for these, as well as for those who are clothed in purple and fine linen? And are we of the clergy, who must give an account of their souls, to withhold from them the daily manna of their spiritual life?”

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Mr. Hoffman meets another objection: "There arises up yet another, who thinks to set aside all that can be said of daily service with the simple answer that so few will come. Well, and whose fault is that? Certainly not the Church's, which provides daily out of her treasuries things new and old. Certainly not the clergy's, who stands daily ministering in the sanctuary. But suppose so few do come. Are Christian duties to be determined by numbers? Are God's blessings to be esteemed according to the number who desire them? Did it not cost as much to save one soul as to save the world?"

"Are Simeon and Anna to be shut out from the temple because the world does not choose to enter in? My beloved, the Lord has answered all this, as though he knew what men would say. 'If *two* of you shall agree on earth as touching anything that they shall ask, it shall be done for them of my Father which is in Heaven.' 'For where *two or three* are gathered together in My name, there am I in the midst of them.' And if He is present to whom our prayers are addressed, for whom else need we ask? The daily service is either a blessing or it is not a blessing. And we shall look and wait forever for one who can prove that it is not. Wherever, therefore, there is a church, and an altar, and a priest, there God expects His daily worship, and waits to bestow His choicest blessings upon even two or three who look for Him there.

"And for myself, I could not conscientiously allow the church of which I am the appointed minister to

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be open but one day in seven. One great end of God's instituting the office to which I am called, was that there might be an order of men to celebrate His praises day by day and daily pray for all mankind." To substantiate this position he quotes Bishop Sparrow in his *Rationale of the Common Prayer* as saying, apropos of the rubric which orders the daily service, "Whatsoever the world thinks, to be the Lord's remembrancers, putting Him in mind of the people's wants (Isaiah lx, 2), being, as it were, the angels of the Lord interceding for the people and carrying up the daily prayers of the Church in their behalf, is one of the most useful and principal parts of the priest's office."

"The Church of England directs her clergy to say the daily service without regard to the size of the congregation, and the less men pray for themselves the more they stand in need of our prayers." In reference to this point he quotes Bishop Ken's pastoral letter to his clergy, 1688. "But your greatest zeal must be spent for the Public Prayers, in the constant and devout use of which the public safety both of Church and State is highly concerned: *be sure, then, to offer up to God, every day, the Morning and Evening Prayers*: Be not discouraged if but few come to the solemn assemblies, but go to the 'House of Prayer,' where God is well known for a sure refuge: Go, though you go alone, or with but one beside yourself: and there as you are God's remembrancer, keep not silence and give Him no rest, till He establish, till He make Jerusalem a praise in the earth."

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He then sums up certain practical uses of the daily prayers as follows: "But, beloved brethren, I would have you think of the daily service, not so much as a duty, but, as it is, a blessing and a privilege. Think of the daily service as a blessing. Think whether you can come to it, in a devout frame of mind, without its sanctifying all your life. It raises no commotion in the heart. It feeds on no sudden excitement. It is as gentle as the dew that drops from heaven. Its solemn confession, its inspiring hymns, its earnest prayers, and its elevating thanksgivings must strengthen the habits of devotion and be felt through all the life. Is a friend sick unto death? You have not to wait for the Lord's Day, but you may come here at once to ask and offer for him the prayers of his and your brethren in the 'household of faith.' Have you trusted one dear as the apple of your eye—a husband, a wife, a child, a parent—to the dangers of the great deep? or are the beloved of your heart in peril by land or by water? Here, day by day, you may come to ask for His protecting care who alone can preserve them from the 'terror by night' or the 'arrow that flieth by day.' Has a great mercy been vouchsafed to you? Here you may first come to offer your thanksgiving to Him from whom it came. Are you but just setting out on the voyage of life, with hearts yet unused to the rude, rough assaults of the world? Where can you seek for daily strength better than kneeling before the altar of your God? Do the absorbing, deadening influences of the world press heavily upon your hearts through all the

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day? How soothing, how comforting the daily Evening Prayer. Are the sands of life nearly run, and is the day of your toil passed? Where can you better trim your lamp, and find a more congenial spot free from the world's rude glare and gaze, than the courts of the Lord's house, the temple of your God? 'I find the daily temple worship,' writes a holy man, 'the best possible preparation for that service which I trust may be my occupation in a higher sphere, the best soother of the passions, the surest relief in sorrow.' And viewed in this light as a blessing and a privilege, I am not compelled to blame those who do not come. I can only tell you that it will comfort you in your sorrows, strengthen you in your troubles, and make you, as you grow in age, to grow in grace and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ; and that those who do not come know not what they lose. Come to it, then, whenever you can. Come in your sorrows; come in your joys.

"But, if it so be that you must serve with Martha while Mary sits at Jesus' feet, think not censoriously of those who are here, but wherever you may be, whether in your home or by the wayside, in the workshop or in the fields, when the hour of prayer is come, say with us at least the Lord's Prayer; and though hindered in the flesh and far from us on earth, you may meet with us in Heaven."

The address in its printed form had an appendix with quotations from Stephens' *Notes on the Sealed Book*, and from the *Second Book of Homilies* and Dean

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Comber, with allusions to Sancroft, Bishops Fell, Gibson, Patrick, Bull, Butler, Cosin, Burnet, and others; all of which indicated the studious consideration given to the subject by the young rector when establishing a practical order of things known but in few places in the American Church of that time.

The prevailing conception of the Holy Communion among American Churchmen in the early '50s was not widely different from that current among the popular religious bodies surrounding the Church. It was perhaps far more Zwinglian than our people were at all aware of. The traditional and orthodox conception of Holy Communion, as the gift to each communicant of our Lord's person, life, and grace, was almost obsolete except among the more scholarly and studious clergy and the better instructed laity, who cherished the traditions of the Caroline and non-juring divines. The Anglican spirit has been a cautious one. It has always feared to go beyond what is certain and authentic in matters of faith. The Eucharist, like our Lord Himself, is so great a mystery in its essence and mode of being, that both reverence and love of absolute truth have engendered in the Anglican mind a certain reserve in pronouncements respecting it. Therefore among the old fashioned High Churchmen of the middle of the last century there was a reserve on the whole subject of eucharistic faith and practice which left room for much indifferent and inadequate conception of its nature and greatness. People went to Holy Communion as a duty and a spiritual ceremony; perhaps

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much as in the Georgian period men received the Holy Communion as a civil test, though we hope in a more reverent spirit than that in which a mere office-seeker presented himself for its reception. It may be feared, however, that they as little "discerned the Lord's body" in the sacrament they approached. As soon, however, as the Oxford Movement got under way, both in England and America the whole sacramental system of the Church felt its illuminating and suggestive power. Communicants began to wake up to a better estimate of the Bread of Heaven given them at the altar. The study of the liturgies and of the old divines, who taught that the Eucharist is the extension of the Incarnation, made it clearly impossible that dwindled conceptions should stand. The "proportion of faith" required a larger recognition of the supernatural character of the Holy Communion than had commonly prevailed. Hence pastoral instruction on the subject became inevitable, and in the discharge of this duty Mr. Hoffman was not found to fail. His work in this direction is borne witness to by the following extract from the *Church Journal* of this period.

The Rev. Eugene A. Hoffman, whose patient and persevering carrying out of the free seat system in Christ Church, Elizabeth, New Jersey, has been crowned with such gratifying success, has now taken another step in the onward progress of true primitive Christianity by introducing the weekly Communion. To aid in this work, and especially in preparing the minds and the hearts of his people for it, he has issued a small

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pamphlet of 50 pages entitled, *The Weekly Eucharist, the Old Path and Good Way of the Church.*

It is an admirable little treatise. It presents, in brief, in simple terms, yet with very full references at the bottom of the page, the scriptural authority, the testimony of the Ancient Fathers, the voice of the reformers in its favor (including John Calvin), the language of the Prayer Book of the Church of England through all its changes, and also of our own, with the opinions of the greatest and best men in all ages of the Church. The statement of the "benefits to be derived therefrom" is moderate and free from all ultraism, either in substance or in tone, and yet the consideration of the spiritual bearings of the question is marked by a depth and truth of devotional feeling which marks strongly that singleness of mind which is so needful for enabling us to see aright in things of God. It is in every respect a most valuable tract, and will be found of the highest use for circulation among the people by any parish priest who desires to bring up his flock to the point of offering up the continual remembrance of the sacrifice of the death of Christ rather more frequently than once a month.

But, with his usual thoroughness, Mr. Hoffman did not stop with the issuance of the pamphlet on the Eucharist. As men learned that the gift of the Eucharist is not bread and wine only "in memory" of Christ, but that it is the veritable gift of Christ Himself, in His personal fullness, under the veils and organs of bread and wine, it followed as a matter of congruity and necessity that preparation for making a Communion should be a matter of moment and of care, and that participation in the prayers and acts of the Eucharist offices should be far more intelligent and penetrating in its insight than had long been usual.

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Therefore manuals of "Preparation for the Holy Communion" came into vogue, as they have been ever since among zealous and reverent people, to assist in lifting up the Christian soul into the atmosphere of the Mystery of mysteries and Gift of gifts. One of the earliest of these was a devotional manual called "The Eucharistic Week," prepared by Mr. Hoffman, mainly compiled from the works of Andrews, Ken, Taylor, and Wilson.

The manual itself is admirable in its devotional spirit, in its moral earnestness, and in its effort to secure "worthy" communication on the part of faithful recipients. Its language was measured, as it had to be in days when men were lying in wait everywhere to impugn and oppose revival of unusual faith and devotional practice. Later manuals are more fervid in tone, more explicit in expression, less timid as to misconstruction, more attuned to the atmosphere and spirit and the usages of eucharistic worship in the other great historical and hierarchical communions; but it may be doubted if any of these are more serious in the effort to secure correspondence of the interior man with the objective gift than was the little book "The Eucharistic Week," modest and quiet though it was in every respect. One wonders that it has been so altogether superseded by the later compilations. It is still worthy of use, and most worthy of pious and grateful recollection.

The Fifth Annual Address was prefaced by the following lines:

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Mother! I am sometimes told
By the wanderers in the dark,
Fleeing from thine ancient fold,
I must seek some newer ark.
Thou art worn, they say, with years,
Quench'd the lustre of thine eye,
Whence no blessed beam appears
Bright with radiance from on high.

Mother! then I humbly say
To the blinded sons of strife,
“Whither shall I go away?
She hath precious words of life,
She hath watched with tender care,
Led me through life's stormy ways,
Taught me many a hallowed prayer,
Many a fervent hymn of praise.

“Weeping by the blood-stain'd Cross,
She hath whisper'd at my side,
'Son, count ev'rything but dross,
So thou win the Lamb who died!’
She will guide me o'er the wave,
Pointing to the rich reward,
Then, at last, beyond the grave,
Give me, faithful, to her Lord.”

Mother! can I ever turn
From thy home, thy peaceful ark,
Where the lights celestial burn,
When all else beside is dark?
Rather, those who turn away
Let me seek, with love to win,
Till Christ's scatter'd sheep astray
To thy fold are gather'd in.

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The first note of this address was one of gratitude for the liquidation of a floating debt of \$9257 which had been carried for some time in the parish in connection with its running expenses. It will be remembered that the general constituency of the parish was of the poor rather than of the rich; and it is important to note just here that at this time Mr. Hoffman was himself a poor man. He was, at this time, practically dependent upon his salary, and the liberation of his parish from the pressure of parochial obligations we may well believe to have been a great relief to him.

“To have raised the amount of money which has been raised in this parish within the past year, and to pay off an old debt while we have sustained our current expenses, would have been at any time a great work. But when it has been done in the midst of a commercial crisis such as never came upon this country before, falling upon rich and poor alike, destroying confidence, paralyzing trade, checking the wheels of the manufacturer, leaving the harvests to dwindle away in the barns in which they were gathered because there was no one to pay their freight to the market, and crippling everybody and everything,—when it has been done in a year like this, I know not how to speak of it as I ought. I can but leave on record to-day the history of our labors, that we may thank God for His prospering, and that we and others may take courage in every venture for Christ and His Church.

“A little more than fourteen months since this church was encumbered with a floating debt large

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enough to have broken up a congregation of twice our size. There is no need to enter now on the causes which brought it upon us. I had always said that no church debt can be justified, much less one that jeopardizes property consecrated unto God. It harassed and depressed the wardens and vestry. It kept strangers from uniting themselves to the parish. It aroused the worst fears in the congregation, and it cast a dark cloud over every effort to enlarge our borders or to increase our usefulness in the Church's cause. One of your vestry and myself met the Bishop by appointment, to determine what was to be done. After long and anxious consultation, the conclusion was arrived at that we must either make an assignment of the property to the creditors, or else enlist the sympathies of every member of the congregation in one united effort to raise the money which was required for the liquidation of the debt. The question was laid before the vestry, and not without serious fears as to the result, in consequence of the large sum needed, it was resolved to make the effort. The congregation was invited to meet in the schoolroom immediately after the Evening Prayer on the 30th day of January, 1857. The night was dark and rainy; comparatively but few assembled. Yet on that night depended, humanly speaking, the very existence of this parish. It were needless to conceal the anxiety with which your rector and vestry met you on that occasion. The statement of our wants was laid before you, and a proposition made that all present should pledge them-

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selves to give, or collect, within one or two years a specified amount, according to their several abilities. The readiness with which the call was responded to was as remarkable as the amount pledged. The prosperous gave as God had prospered them, and the widow's two mites, with all their self denial, were really there. The hearts of all were stirred, the spirit of every one made willing, and they brought a willing offering unto the Lord.

“No one had even dreamt that there was such energy and unanimity in the parish. And when it was announced that more than \$3,000 had been pledged upon the spot, and the beautiful doxology of Bishop Ken had been sung with one accord, more than one eye was moist and many a heart poured forth a thanksgiving to Him to whom all praise is due.

“A plan of monthly meetings of the whole congregation was then adopted, to be continued until the debt should be entirely liquidated. At each of these meetings further pledges were secured, and the spirit which manifested itself at first seemed to increase with the necessities of the case. Money was paid in month after month, and the claims against the parish rapidly cancelled. The floating debt amounted in all to the large sum of \$9257.96. Of this on Monday last \$7812.86 had been paid into the hands of a special treasurer. In order to close the matter before Easter, the balance, \$1445.10, was then assumed by the individuals who had made the pledges, and the church relieved from all further annoyance in consequence of these claims.

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It only remains for the individuals who have assumed these claims against the church to collect the balance of their pledges, and the parish will be placed in a position where its success and usefulness are beyond a question. Well may we thank God for the result.

“For beyond and above all that it has insured for the church of pecuniary prosperity and security for our children’s welfare, it has been filled with blessings for ourselves. In the appropriate words of our special treasurer, ‘It has taught us self-reliance. It has taught us diligence and earnestness. It has taught us to call upon God more earnestly. It has taught us to love one another more. It has taught us to bear one another’s burdens.’

“We have become one in heart, in mind, and action. The poorest have lent their aid, and the weakest have proved a valuable auxiliary. The drops of water and the grains of sand have been gathered together, and the result has been a river of plenty and a land of rest.”

Mr. Hoffman adds: “It has often been said of this, and other free churches, that they are supported by a few wealthy individuals. It may not, therefore, be without interest to state that in this case at least this is not true; and I have reason to believe that an examination of other cases would reveal a like result. The average amount of subscriptions for the liquidation of the floating debt was between *five and ten dollars*; and the average amount of the pieces of money dropped into the plate at the offerings is but ten cents. The latter may in part be accounted for by a custom which

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prevails very generally in this parish of each family dividing their offerings among all members of it, that every one may put something into the plate; but, taken in connection with the preceding fact, it proves that our free churches are supported by the working classes."

After giving some statistics, and saying somewhat on the offerings of the poor, and announcing some gifts as tokens of interest from friends outside the parish, Mr. Hoffman notes that through the kindness of one such friend a teacher had been secured to instruct the children and the congregation in sacred music. He announced that he would meet the children on Monday of each week, and the congregation on each Wednesday, and then made the following remarks:

"I trust that this privilege will be generally embraced by the parishioners, for no congregation can worship God as it ought to do where all do not audibly join in the responses. Without this there can be no public worship, and the title on our Prayer Books, 'The Book of Common Prayer,' is but a name and nothing more. And yet this most pleasing feature of our worship is by no means as carefully attended to in our congregation as it deserves. The responses, it is true, have been increasing from year to year; but yet they are very far from what they ought to be, or might be made. Think how cold and lukewarm our worship would seem to those primitive Christians of whom Jerome could write, 'they echo out the *Amen* like a thunderclap'; or Clemens Alexandrinus, 'At the last

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acclamation of their prayers, they raised themselves upon their tiptoes, (for on Sundays and on all days between Easter and Whitsuntide they prayed standing,) as if they desired that the words should carry up their bodies as well as their souls to heaven.'”

A word occurs in this address which possibly indicates, as we read between the lines, some opposition in the community to the good work done at Christ Church on its special lines, particularly as we associate these words with some uttered by the Dean on the fortieth anniversary of the foundation of the parish (1893), at which he was the preacher. The suggestive words of this fifth address were as follows:

“My beloved, consider the privileges which you now enjoy. The best that our forefathers in this place once had in which to worship God was a farmer’s barn. When our Mother Church, the venerable St. John’s, was built, the few that were faithful to the cause had to watch the walls by night with swords in their hands, lest the work of the preceding day should be destroyed by the enemies of the faith; a thing which, it is recorded, happened more than once. And the time is within the memory of those who still stand by our sides when there was no priest to break for them the bread of life, while for several years that venerable building in which this parish was brought into life was turned by the godless dragoon into a stable for his horses; when its gravestones were used as fireplaces to cook his food with fires kindled from the fragments of its seats and floor, and the organ pipes

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were melted into bullets, while the faithful few met with fear and trembling, either at the old parsonage or some private house, to keep up their attachment one to the other, and to join as they could in the Common Prayer of their Mother Church."

The words of the Dean uttered in 1893, and which one can not but connect with the words just quoted, are as follows:

"Of course these things had to be established at such a time [he is here alluding to the establishment of the daily service and weekly Eucharist] by those who had unshaken faith in the Church's divine order, and in the face oftentimes of bitter opposition. A few who joined us without counting the cost, when the popular clamor arose went back and walked no more with us. The system of free churches which we had advocated was ridiculed in the leading Church review as something which posterity would catalogue with other exploded dreams of the nineteenth century. A little manual prepared for the use of those who received the weekly Communion was characterized by a prominent Church paper as unworthy of review, because such a custom would never be known in this country. The doctrine of the sacraments and the claims of the Church, which are generally acknowledged now to be found in the Book of Common Prayer, were then derisively spoken of (it was shortly after the defection of Newman) as 'Newmania' on the soil of New Jersey; while the young rector, who only preached and practiced that which he had been taught by such men as Wilson,

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Turner, Ogilby, and Haight in the old Seminary on Chelsea Square, and which he still preaches and practices without any variation or change, was then denounced as a Jesuit in disguise, and gravely described in a carefully written volume as one whose teaching was as far removed from Protestantism as it was possible to be and yet remain in a Protestant Church."

The Sixth Annual Address opens with some words of congratulation on the advance of the parish, and with a tribute to one of his devoted friends, Mrs. Jane Tongrelow Dayton, who had died during the year, 1859, and in honor of whom a sermon had been preached on "The Devout Churchwoman" by the Bishop of the Diocese, Dr. Doane, at St. John's Church, Elizabeth, on the 3rd of February. In reference to this good woman the late Dean writes: "Among the first to welcome me, when I came here eight years since,—then just ordained deacon,—and through all the trials incident to the establishment of the new parish, Mrs. Dayton, though prevented by infirmity from joining with us more than two or three times in the public worship of this sanctuary, was, I may truly say, more than any other my constant encouragement and support. It would ill become me now to attempt to add anything to the admirable delineation of her character to which so many of you listened shortly after her departure hence; but I cannot refrain from saying that the approval of such a saintly woman, who had the Apostolic Chandler's spirit in her heart, and was the counsellor of Bishop Hobart, is no ordinary approval

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upon the course which we have endeavored to pursue. She watched the parish through all its progress, and nothing delighted her more, when it was my privilege from time to time to administer to her in her seclusion the consolations of the Church, than to hear of any and every effort which was made for its welfare. And it was more than repayment for all that has been borne, to hear from her devout lips, as she took my hand in hers after reading the last annual address which I made in this place and said, as tears of joy arose in her eyes, 'Oh, that I should have lived to see such a triumph of the Church! I feel as though I could now use the words of Simeon, "Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen Thy salvation."' Let us thank God that she has gone in peace to that blessed place where she may yet, we humbly believe, pray for us and with us even better than she did here."

The main subject of this sixth address was the subject of "Christian Offerings: On what principle, and by what rule, are they to be made?" It was, in short, an earnest and studious plea for the restoration of the tithe, the one-tenth, as the most worthy method of supporting the institutions of religion. The rector quotes from the Old and New Testaments, cites St. John, Chrysostom, St. Ambrose, Hooker, and others, in defence of the principle, and to his argument adds a striking note, as follows: "The length of this address prevented any allusion to the practice of the heathen nations of antiquity. The students of ancient history will remember

that the custom of devoting a tenth of the goods to their false gods prevailed among Arabians, Ethiopians, Greeks, Romans, and in England before it received the Christian faith. The Grecian army under Xenophon, in its retreat after the death of Cyrus, reserved a tenth of their money to be dedicated to Apollo at Delphi and Diana at Ephesus. Sulla, the Roman general, dedicated one tenth of all his estate to Hercules; and Plutarch adds that this was a constant custom in Rome. May we not claim for the tithe the rule of Vincent Lerins, '*Quod semper, quod ubique, et quod ab omnibus*'?"

He pleads then for practical attention to this principle, and asks his people to make the resolution of the patriarch Jacob the rule of their life—"Of all that God shall give me, I shall surely give the one tenth unto Thee." He asks it "for man's sake," "for the Gospel's sake," and "for their own sake," and sustains his plea by such words as the following:

"When you count up how much is utterly wasted in mere vanities and hobbies and follies and superfluities, dare you, in the shadow of the Cross, say that you cannot be just to God? These are the things which cause half of the expense of life without the least use, and many of which destroy its comfort, its manliness, its independence, and its Christianity; and I hesitate not to say emphatically, in the words of another, that 'the tenth part of the expense which is sacrificed in domestic vanities, if not absolutely and meaninglessly lost in domestic discomfort and incumbrances, would, if collectively offered and wisely em-

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ployed, build a marble church in every town and land, were that wanted.'”

The Seventh Annual Address is prefaced, like others, by a poem, placed where it is evidently as an expression of Mr. Hoffman's own mind. It is entitled “Why are they shut?” and is as follows:

Why are our churches shut with jealous care,
Bolted and barred against our bosom's yearning,
Save for the few short hours of Sabbath prayer,
With the bell's tolling stately returning?
Why are they shut?

If with diurnal drudgeries o'erwrought,
Or sick of dissipation's dull vagaries,
We wish to snatch one little space for thought,
Or holy respite, in our sanctuaries,
Why are they shut?

What! shall the Church, the house of prayer no more,
Give tacit notice from its fastened portals
That for six days 'tis useless to adore,
Since God will hold no communings with mortals?
Why are they shut?

Are there no sinners in the churchless week
Who wish to sanctify a vowed repentance?
Are there no hearts bereft, which fain would seek
The only balm for death's unpitying sentence?
Why are they shut?

Are there no poor, no wronged, no heirs of grief,
No sick, who, when their strength or courage falters,
Long for a moment's respite or relief
By kneeling at the God of Mercy's altars?
Why are they shut?

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Are there no wicked, when, if tempted in,
Some qualm of conscience, or devout suggestion,
Might suddenly redeem from future sin?
Oh, if there be, how solemn is the question,
Why are they shut?

In foreign climes, mechanics leave their tasks
To breathe a passing prayer in their cathedrals.
There they have week-day shrines; and no one asks,
When he would kneel to them, and count his bead-rolls,
Why are they shut?

Seeing them enter sad and discontented,
To quit their cheery fires with looks of gladness,—
How often have my thoughts to ours reverted?
How often have I exclaimed, in tones of sadness,
Why are they shut?

For who within a parish church can stroll,
Wrapt in its week-day stillness and vacation,
Nor feel that in the very air his soul
Receives a sweet and hallowing lustration?
Why are they shut?

The vacant pews, blank aisles, and empty choir,
All in a deep sepulchral silence shrouded,
An awe more solemn and intense inspire
Than when with Sabbath congregations crowded.
Why are they shut?

The echo of our footsteps, as we tread
On hollow graves, are spiritual voices;
And, holding mental converse with the dead,
In holy reveries our soul rejoices.
Why are they shut?

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If there be one — one only — who might share
This sanctifying week-day adoration,
Were but our churches open to his prayer,
Why, I demand with earnest iteration,
Why are they shut?

The address itself opens out with an expression of that humility of soul of the young rector which, to those who knew him best, survived through all his life, and which neither standing, nor dignity, nor any means of influence ever diminished. In later days the stateliness of the Dean's person, his gravity of manner, his sense of the dignity of office, and his great position in every way veiled the essential and childlike lowliness of his interior spirit; but to the last the words which he uttered in 1860 would have fitly described his interior feeling. "By the good hand of God upon me, I have now been permitted to go in and out among you for some years as one that serveth. With what faithfulness I have 'fed this portion of the flock of Christ which has been intrusted to me,' God only knoweth. A man of like passions with yourselves, compassed about with many infirmities, and with only the penitent publican's plea for my own soul,—yet called to be the messenger, the watchman, and steward of the Lord, 'not only to teach, and to premonish, to feed, and provide for this portion of the Lord's family,' but also to 'seek for Christ's sheep that are dispersed abroad, and for His children who are in the midst of this naughty world, that they may be saved through Christ forever,'—do I not need, more than any here,

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the charity of your daily prayers, lest this church, or any member of the same, take any hurt or hindrance through my negligence, and I myself, after having preached to others, be a castaway? Brethren, pray for me! I ask it as a gift, far better than one of silver and gold, and one which even the poorest of the flock can bestow. . . . And oh, with what a refreshed spirit shall I go forth to my daily toil, if you, my beloved, will plead for me at the throne of grace in your morning sacrifice of prayer, and ask the gracious God who sent me to minister unto you to make His Word fruitful in my mouth."

In reviewing the last seven years, he remarks that "from the outset it was determined that we should have a church patterned after the Prayer Book in all its parts,—no more and no less." He then reviews the points gained.

"I. In the first place we have shown beyond controversy, the practicability of the 'free church' system.

"II. We have made the daily worship of God in His holy temple, and the celebration and the reception of the Holy Communion on every Lord's Day and high festival (both of which customs are not only of Apostolic practice, but provided for, if not enjoined upon us, by our Book of Common Prayer) a practical part of the spiritual life in this parish. . . . We have had, for more than a year past, an average of about sixty communicants every Sunday, and on more than one occasion of late my heart has been deeply touched by the sight of our chancel rail filled entirely with

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young men, who had knelt there thus to acknowledge their Saviour before man and to receive the pledges of His love. It is possible that the large number in attendance at our services may in a measure be accounted for by the outward 'beauty of holiness' with which we have always endeavored to surround the services of this sanctuary. From the outset we determined that everything here should be done, not only decently and in order, but in entire accordance with the letter and spirit of our sublime Book of Common Prayer. Year after year I have witnessed a growing reverence in the congregation. . . . Sinful men will be attracted to come where they find the worship of the sanctuary made, not the mere gratification of the eye by some gorgeous ceremonial, nor the mere enjoyment of the ear in the sound of smoothly spoken words, but the real homage of devout hearts and the sincere yearnings of penitent souls seeking for pardon and salvation." He adds, "It is my deliberate conviction that the frequency of the public services of the church and of the celebration of the Holy Communion, so far from having the tendency which some suppose to make a congregation of formalists, has rather the tendency, so far as any human being can judge, to keep such persons from participating in the services to which their hearts do not respond, and from presuming to receive the Holy Communion unworthily, with impenitence and carelessness. And my own parochial experience has fully satisfied me that there are more devout hearts in every parish secretly longing and praying for a return to

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these primitive usages than any pastor conceives who has not made the actual experiment of their trial.”

Another point the rector discusses is the successful establishment of day schools in connection with the church and under the daily care and influence of the clergy. “III. Although we are compelled to enter into competition with public and private schools of the highest character, our classical school, in which all the sacred truths of our religion are daily taught in connection with secular knowledge, and the daily prayer of the Church is made a part of the daily system, is established on a basis which is more than self-sustaining; and the parochial school for girls, which is in a most successful operation, might easily be placed in the same position if it were not deemed advisable to keep the price of tuition at a rate which shall not debar the poorest of our children from its privileges. I can not tell you how much service the schools have been to me in my pastoral work. A parish school is, in one word, the right arm of the parish priest.

“IV. But more than all else, we have to rejoice in the wonderful growth of the Church in this city. Where but seven years since one small church building would easily hold all the Churchmen in the place, four are now required. And this is not to be accounted for simply by the growth of the population; for whilst it has scarcely doubled during the period alluded to, the number of communicants, the surest human test of the spiritual growth of any church, has increased fivefold.”

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Mr. Hoffman then alluded to the new Church of St. John, which was about to be built, and to the establishment of Trinity Parish, the rector of which, Rev. Daniel F. Warren, had been his former classmate in the General Theological Seminary.¹

The conclusion of his address can best be given in Mr. Hoffman's own words: "Let us, beloved brethren, realize the stirring times in which we live. All that is needed now to make the Church of the Living God to which we belong the Church of the Western world . . . is to give ourselves, body and soul, to the service of Him who redeemed us with His blood, and let her be seen, in all perfection, by the swarming millions which already flock upon our Northern hills, and shall, before a century has passed, cover the boundless prairies of the West and the sweet savannas of the South. . . . The heart of the nation is turning with disgust from the narrow, sectional, and bigoted views of sectarianism to the great catholic truths and usages of the Church of the Living God. From all sides do we hear the yearning cry for that unity, and stability, and sobriety, and sacramental grace, and liturgical worship, turning aside neither to the right hand nor to the left, unswerved by the popular prejudice of the day, and preaching that Gospel which Jesus preached in preference to the wild schemes of the passing hour, which has been, and can alone be found, in the living histor-

¹ Rev. Dr. Warren still lived when these words were written, and had but lately retired from the rectorship of St. Mary's Parish, Jersey City Heights, which he had served for many years, and the new church of which he had the satisfaction of building and opening. He has since gone to his rest.

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ical Apostolic Church of Christ. Our duty is to be but simply true to her, and she will prove herself true to all our wants. No need of human nature which she leaves unsupplied. No yearning of the immortal soul which she does not satisfy. . . . Her duty is, in the words of another, simply to stand at her post, to speak with calm authority in the loudest Babel of excitement, to be alive and busy with her own divine instrumentalities, and to reap as large a harvest as faith and earnestness can gather into this secure garner of God. Certainly it is not for any one of her clergy, for any one of her people, to leave her ways, which any wise thought can see to be just at such times the very ways demanded, and come down to the level of mere modern insufficiency. No! her plain duty is to stand by her own divine methods; with increased earnestness to set forth her own Apostolic possessions; with renewed zeal to burnish and brighten all the jewels of her crown, that she may stand forth a mighty queen, demanding, of right, allegiance and loyalty. Not in 'union prayer-meetings,' with their own church doors closed, must her clergy or her people be found. Blind, blind to the crying wants of this land and people, religiously, must be the man who can stand there. Over all the country, more and more, goes up the earnest longing for something sectarianism cannot give.

"The religious heart of the people asks not for a new 'evangelical denomination,'—their names are legion now,—but for an Apostolic Church! Dead must he be to the very heart of the time who can

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dream that he is serving any good by masking the claims and character of such a Church under the guise of a mere 'denomination' among the rest. Nay! the yearning from Maine to Texas, the expressed want of all men, is not for sectarianism,—even the world is growing sick of it,—but for catholicity; not for an effete Calvinism, calling itself 'evangelical,' but for Apostolic faith, and life, and love. Doubly, at this time, are we called to be true to our place. The solemn duty rests upon us to set forth, more clearly still, the nature of an Apostolic Church. Now, above all times, are we called to keep our fasts and festivals; to fling our church doors wide and free; to offer words of prayer and praise in Saxon speech to all the people; to preach the unmutilated Gospel with redoubled fervor; to exhort with fervent zeal to new life and stronger faith the children of the Church; to reclaim the wanderers; to preach more earnestly and boldly repentance and remission of sins to the godless; to lift aloft the Cross of Christ to all bowed down with sin; to show, in this sad, vain, troubled time, the works, the words, the faith, the earnestness, the power, the beauty of a Living Church!"

In his Eighth Annual Address Mr. Hoffman alludes with pain to the losses the parish had sustained through death. More than half of his original vestry had died since the foundation of the parish, and in the original vestry there was not one in whose household the rector had not followed some one to the grave. He remarks at length upon the departure from this world, after

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nine months of intense suffering, of Mrs. Margaret W. Chetwood, a daughter of the venerated Mrs. Dayton already spoken of. "When I call to mind how much this parish is indebted to her from its first foundation, and how much I, although in the providence of God called as a pastor, relied upon her excellent judgment and wise counsel, I should do violence to my feelings not to put on record here the substance of what I said to you on the Sunday which succeeded her departure hence. Mrs. Chetwood was in many ways a remarkable woman. Adorning all the relations of life, she was often justly spoken of as a pattern to her sex: a devoted daughter, an affectionate sister, a loving wife, a fond mother, a sympathizing friend, a wise counsellor, a helper of the poor, a successful teacher in the Sunday-school, a meek sufferer, and—that which crowned and sanctified them all—a devout Christian. What a loss we are left to mourn! How truly it could be said of her, as Teale says of Lady Falkland, 'While all her serious thoughts rested on heaven, her home was the little world in which every human hope centered, exemplifying most completely the character of what St. Clement of Alexandria calls the most lovely of all objects—a domestic wife.' How well she answered that description which Solomon has given us of a 'virtuous woman,' I need not stop to prove in this place. 'She opened her mouth with wisdom, and in her tongue was the law of kindness. She looked well to the ways of her household, and ate not the bread of idleness. Her children arise up and call her blessed;

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her husband also, and he praiseth her. Many daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all.'”

He then, after discussing the subject of the relief of the poor, addresses himself to the consideration of a theme which the evil system of the divided Christian world makes wearisomely necessary decade after decade. The various movements which we term the “Reformation” of the sixteenth century were forced upon the world by the obstinacy of the Roman See, which skillfully baffled or neutralized all attempts at “reformation of the Church, in Head and members,” which had been the darling hope and purpose of the great Councils of Pisa, Constance, and Basle. Europe had outgrown the swaddling clothes of its infancy; the Renaissance had taught men that life is larger than ecclesiasticism, and that the individual counts for something, as well as the State and the corporate external body of the Church.

The ameliorations which Rome refused or evaded had to be sought through the civil authority and through predominant personal guidance. The whole world recognizes this in the cases of Lutheranism, fostered and advanced by the State and by Luther’s powerful personality, and Calvinism, a system created and dominated by Calvin and his fellow theologians. In England, on the other hand, as the educated world also knows, the Reformation movement was brought about through the coöperation of the Crown, the ecclesiastical authority as represented by the Bishops and Convocations, and by the people as represented by the Par-

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liament. The Reformations on the Continent were destructive of the ancient ministry and of the traditional genius, spirit, and structure of the Christianity of the past. The Anglican Reformation sought to preserve all that was primitive and vital and wholesome and organic in the national Church, as it had come down from the period of its ancient foundation.

It carefully "continued" the succession of its bishops, the orders also of its priests and deacons, the liturgical worship of the past in its principle and general scope, and, in short, everything which in the national Church had corresponded to Christian antiquity and to the Church of the General Councils. Its aim was simply reformation, not destruction or fresh creation. Its spirit, therefore, has always been, among its educated and loyal children, historical, traditional, conservative, and, in the right sense of the word, hierarchical and sacramental.

In Edward the Sixth's time, and after the persecuting reign of Mary his sister, the Continental reforming ideas, far more radical than the genius of the Church of England would harmonize with, made their way into England; and the history of post-Reformation Anglo-Saxon Christianity from that time until now has been a history of the clashings of the different spirits of Continental and Anglican reformation principles and practices. Scotland, as we well know, accepted completely the Calvinistic theology. The middle and lower classes of England imbibed the spirit and general ideas of Calvinism, especially during the

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Cromwellian period. The North of Ireland also became Calvinized, and our own New England became the typical home in America of what we understand as the Puritan idea and view of religion.

The Methodist movement later emphasized the subjective rather than the objective elements in religion; and so it has come about that in America, which is the gathering place of the nations, there is likely to be for a long time a great confusion of mind and belief respecting everything except the minimum of what we call our "common Christianity." The average man on the streets, or even in the paths of what is called educated life, is utterly at sea as regards any well grounded knowledge of the historical order of the Christian religion. Consequently, even in our own churches, and everywhere throughout the community, the majority of people are likely to be very indefinite in their ideas of the Church, the constitution and perpetuation of the Christian ministry, and the holy sacraments, their essence and function. Their conception of the Christian religion generally is, as some one has remarked, that its function is chiefly to give people "good advice," instead of dispensing the whole content of the "good news" of the Gospel as distributed throughout the traditional system, and the means of grace of the One Holy Catholic and Apostolic Church of the creeds and of history, founded by our Lord as a definite kingdom, meant to endure to the end of the world, possessed of authority and charged with the administration of a supernatural sacramental life.

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Where Churches have never been what is called "reformed," as, for example, the great Churches of the East and the Churches of the Latin communion in the West, religion presents no academic or puzzling questions to its subjects. They simply hear, believe, and obey. Therefore there is no confusion of mind, there is no conflict of theories or of fractional parts of religion with each other.

Whatever may have been the advantages of the Reformation to the human race in respect of abstract and academic truth and the enlargement of human liberty generally, its disadvantage has been that it has involved endless discussion of academic questions about the creeds, the Church, the episcopate, the ministry generally, the holy sacraments, their relative power and importance in the Christian scheme, the principles and methods of divine worship, etc., etc. The multitude being always incapable of academic knowledge and distinctions, the clergy, especially of the English and American Churches, have had a peculiarly difficult task—which, however, it must always be recognized the providence of God has put upon them—of explaining endlessly the various questions which must arise when the distinctive principles of the Continental Reformation and those of the Anglican Reformation come face to face. For example, many of our own people who have conformed to the Church for one reason or other have no clear apprehension of the reason why the Church insists upon the necessity of ordination by bishops deriving their office by succession from the

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Apostolic college. It is a constant puzzle to them that respected and useful men in the non-episcopal and dissenting ministries are not found at our altars or in our pulpits.

They think that the office of bishops has reference only to the trivial and subordinate question of Church government. They see no reason why Luther, who was a German Roman Catholic priest, and Calvin, who had no orders at all of any kind, and John Wesley, who was a presbyter of the Church of England, could not as well ordain as any or all the bishops of christendom. The prevailing ideas, too, of "justification" by mere acts of "belief," and of the preaching function as the great work of Christian ministry, have further divorced them from all ideas of the richness and fullness and beauty of the immemorial ecclesiastical Christianity.

To meet some such confusions of thought Mr. Hoffman had to discuss and explain in his Eighth Address principles and facts which ought to be, and in a normal state of things would be, of universal recognition and acceptance.

"There is another subject, my brethren, to which it seems to me that I may with propriety allude in this address. Those of you among whom I have now gone in and out for eight years, striving to preach the Gospel of Peace, will bear me witness that I have never taken upon myself to attack any who profess and call themselves Christians, nor have ever sought occasion to say a single word against those who, whether in truth or

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not, strive to preach Christ among men. I have not felt called upon to stand in judgment on other men's work, nor do I conceive that the interests of truth are best served by attacking what we may consider error. I have preferred to proclaim the truth as we believe it is in Jesus, rather than to build up ourselves on another man's foundation, and to show by good works that the living Church, as we have received it from Apostolic hands, is sufficient for all the wants of our fallen humanity, for the regeneration, reformation, and sanctification of the world. And, although it is less than seven years since this chapel was consecrated, we have already seen many of the principles which we have striven to teach—as, for example, the duty of Christians assembling together for daily public prayer—recognized and partially adopted by those who once looked upon these things as works of supererogation. But there are a great many outside of our communion, and perhaps some within it, who do not clearly understand why we do not unite with other bodies of Christian people in the great work of evangelizing the world. They see other churches (I use the word in the popular sense) from time to time ignoring their differences, proclaiming to the world that the questions which keep them separate are matters of but trifling importance or non-essentials, and assembling together in what are commonly called 'union meetings'; and it seems, to those at least who have not taken the trouble to examine the question, that when we refuse to do the same we are setting ourselves up as better than

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other men, and they speak of us as exclusive,¹ as uncharitable, as wanting in a true catholicity, and as of the number of those who divide the Church of Christ and present it with a broken front to our common adversaries, the world, the flesh, and the devil.

“Now I know the danger of misapprehension to which I expose myself by raising this question at all. But if Christian people are ever again to be one in the bonds of that unity for which our blessed Lord so earnestly prayed on the night of His agony, it will not be until they understand each other better, and are willing, candidly and charitably, to avow their honest convictions. Indeed, I can not but think that there is nothing which tends more to the spread of error and the growth of divisions among Christian people than a false delicacy in regard to avowing what they honestly believe to be the truth. For example, if one tells me that because I have not been immersed he does not believe that I have been baptized at all, and that therefore he cannot, however much he may desire it, admit me to his communion and fellowship, I know how to respect his candor and consistency. But if, instead of this, he tells me that this is but a minor point of difference, and that we are after all equally acceptable to our divine Master, only travelling by different roads to the same end, I must confess that I am astonished at his want of consistency, and am in doubt how to receive

¹ And yet there is not a word in any article or office of our Church as exclusive as the Westminster Confession of Faith, which, after defining the visible Church, goes on to declare, “out of which there is no ordinary possibility of salvation.”

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his statement. With one breath professing to believe that Christians should be one, and with the next forbidding me to receive, because of what he allows to be a merely indifferent matter, the communion which the Lord hath given to His disciples as the badge of their love and the bond of their union one with another! In all kindness I must say to such an one, 'Tell me candidly of my error, let me at least know that you honestly believe me to be in the wrong, and do not allow me to go down to the grave with the vain delusion that causes which divide the seamless robe of Christ, tearing it into pieces whose name is legion, and leading the world to doubt whether there is such a thing as truth left on earth, are, after all, but matters of indifference.' If, then, there are any present who do not belong to the communion at whose altars I have pledged myself to minister until the Master of the vineyard shall call upon me to render in my account, I beseech them to hear me patiently, as one that is striving to do good and not harm in his day and generation.

“In the first place, let me freely and cheerfully admit that there have been, and are still, many persons who belong to religious bodies with whom we do not hold communion whose sincerity of purpose and goodness of heart have equalled that of any that I have ever known; whose lifelong charitable and self-denying deeds—whether battling with the pestilence of the tropics or braving the terrors of the Arctic zone in order to preach Christ among the heathen, or in the

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none less trying, quiet home duties of everyday life— have put our zeal and our earnestness to the blush, and won for themselves a praise in all the Churches. Nay, more, I doubt not that, if we shall be so happy as to continue faithful in our Christian calling unto death, we shall yet meet many such in the Jerusalem which is above, where there can be no more divisions, but where, with one heart and one voice, we shall all unite in that new song which shall forever ascend before the throne. And yet we do not, and no clergyman of the Protestant Episcopal Church can, without exposing himself to the discipline of his Church, admit their ministers to officiate in our churches. Give me, then, your attention while I endeavor to explain to you the reason for this restriction.

“Of course you will expect to hear me say that the canons of our Church forbid it; and so they do. In one of the Thirty-nine Articles of Religion, to which every minister of our Church is bound to subscribe, we read, ‘It is not lawful for any man to take upon him the office of public preaching, or ministering the Sacraments in the Congregation,¹ before he be lawfully called, and sent to execute the same.’ In another, referring to the form by which our ministers are ordained, we read, ‘Whosoever are consecrated or ordered according to said Form, we decree all such to

¹ This word was used, at the time the Articles were compiled, in the sense in which we now use the word “church.” The Latin version of the Article uses the word *Ecclesia*: and had the modern language of Congregationalists been in vogue at the time the Articles were first published, the word “Congregation” would have been avoided. *Vide* Browne on the Articles.

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be rightly, orderly, and lawfully consecrated and ordered.' And then, turning to that form by which all our ministers must be ordained, and which was adopted from the English, with such alterations as were rendered necessary in a Church under a republican form of government, by the Bishops, clergy, and laity of our Church, assembled in General Convention in the year 1792, the first words which strike us are these: 'It is evident unto all men, diligently reading Holy Scripture and ancient Authors, that from the Apostles' time there have been these Orders of Ministers in Christ's Church, — Bishops, Priests, and Deacons. Which Offices were evermore had in such reverend estimation, that no man might presume to execute any of them, except he were first called, tried, examined, and known to have such qualities as are requisite for the same; and also by public Prayer, with Imposition of Hands, were approved and admitted thereunto by lawful Authority. And therefore, to the intent that these Orders may be continued, and reverently used and esteemed in this Church, no man shall be accounted or taken to be a lawful Bishop, Priest, or Deacon, in this Church, or suffered to execute any of the said Functions, except he be called, tried, examined, and admitted thereunto, according to the Form hereafter following, or hath had Episcopal Consecration or Ordination.' And then, in the canons which were adopted by the General Convention, we are further told that 'In this Church there shall always be three orders in the ministry, viz.: Bishops, Priests, and Deacons.' And again,

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‘No person shall be permitted to officiate in any congregation of this Church, without first producing the evidence of his being a Minister thereof to the Minister, or, in case of vacancy or absence, to the Church Wardens, Vestrymen, or Trustees of the congregation.’ And the manner in which our Church interprets these canons is shown by the fact that when a minister of the denominations about us desires to become a minister of the Church, he must, though he may have grown old in the service of the communion to which he belonged, before he can be permitted to officiate even in the lowest order of our ministry as a deacon, first receive ordination from the hands of a Bishop.¹ As ministers, therefore, of this Church we cannot allow any to officiate at our altars who have not had ‘Episcopal Consecration or Ordination’; and certainly we would not, as honest men, officiate ourselves in this Church unless we believe that these doctrines can be proved by Holy Scripture.

“But I do not intend to shelter myself simply behind these canons; for the question still remains, ‘Why doth our Church make such canons, and teach these doctrines?’ Let me attempt briefly to answer it. It is no use now to ignore the question, and to say that these divisions are all right and for the best. Honest men would not believe us if we did, so long as we con-

¹ It is not with us a question of comparative merit, but of lawful appointment. In human matters everybody understands this principle and acts upon it. Many a traveller in foreign lands may be better fitted for the office of ambassador than the individual sent out as such by the government, and yet his words and his acts are powerless, from the mere lack of authority.

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tinue to officiate in a Church which teaches what we have just quoted. It is with us, as every one can see, a fundamental question, and must be fairly met. Why, then, do we not unite with other bodies of professing Christians in the great work of evangelizing the world? To answer it fully, we must go back to foundation principles.

“Now we find, by an examination of the sacred scriptures, that, from the beginning to the end of Revelation, God has dealt with man through covenants, and He seems to delight to represent Himself as a covenant-keeping God. Before the fall He made a covenant with Adam. When the flood destroyed the race, He established a covenant with Noah and with his seed after him; God did set the bow in the cloud for a token of the covenant which He had established with Noah, and with all flesh that was upon the earth. Again, when Abraham was called, and his seed became the chosen race in which the Messiah was to come, God made a covenant with him, and gave him circumcision as its sign and seal;—‘This is My covenant, which ye shall keep, between Me and you and thy seed after thee: Every man child among you shall be circumcised.’ And again, when Moses was sent to bring the children of Israel from the land of bondage, the covenant was explicitly renewed, the covenant which they were to keep throughout all their generations, that the Lord might bless them. All these covenants were with mutual pledges and mutual duties, and, like all other covenants, both signed and sealed. Abraham,

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says the Apostle, 'received the sign of circumcision, a seal of the righteousness of faith.' And as with Abraham and his seed, so in every case there was a penalty imposed on those who would not keep the covenant. Thus, said the Lord, 'that soul shall be cut off from his people; he hath broken My covenant.'

"When Christ, therefore, came 'not to destroy, but to fulfil' the law, the same great, eternal principle of God's dealings with man was observed. To have done otherwise would have been not only to annul but to abrogate everything that had gone before, to cut off the New Testament from all connection with the Old. Hence the terms of salvation and the blessings of the kingdom were offered to mankind through a covenant, by the same covenant-keeping God. The old and temporal covenants, which were but types of that which was to come, were now fulfilled, developed into the reality, and so, in one sense, superseded by that which St. Paul calls a 'new' and 'better covenant,' 'established upon better promises,' of which Jesus is the mediator, and to which all Christians must come. Thus the old covenants of works and of service were done away by the new covenant of sonship and adoption. The true Israel of God no longer 'received the spirit of bondage again to fear,' but 'the spirit of adoption, whereby they cry Abba, Father.' But still, in every sense, there is a covenant none the less real and perfect, in every particular that pertains to the nature of a covenant, than the covenants which God made with Noah, and Abraham, and the Israel of old.

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Hence, says a recent writer,¹ 'In this is my trust. I am bound to God! God is bound to me! There is the only rock of assurance. The covenant is real, the contract is signed, sealed. I hold the Almighty God, who guides all these worlds by His pledged word, by His awful oath of truth, that cannot fail. Through all the infinites the great Hand reaches down and grasps mine in the covenant. I can feel the grasp daily, nightly. The "earnest" is given, the indwelling of the Spirit, and I am bound in living bands, mote of an hour, atom of a day, bound to the Everlasting God! I shall live when all these suns are dead; I shall stand when all this space they lighten is rolled together as a scroll; for the God who "keepeth covenant and promise" is pledged by His own changeless word to me.

"Even so. The salvation purchased by the Saviour, all the benefits in body, soul, and spirit bought by His merits, are offered and conferred by express agreement. The terms are distinct on the part of man, the promises distinct on the part of God. Like all the covenants past, it has, too, its visible signs and seals. It is offered in the name of Christ, whose blood purchases all human souls for Himself, to all men forever. By the term of this covenant they become, through the Eternal Son, the adopted sons of the Eternal Father.'

"In strict accordance with this, we find, by careful study of the Gospels, that when our Saviour was on earth He went about preaching, not, as many carelessly assert, the gospel without a church or a sacrament, but

¹ In the *Church Review*, July, 1860.

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‘the gospel of the kingdom’—the kingdom of God, the Church which He purchased with His blood, and which was to administer, dispense, and make known the new covenant of adoption unto the end of time. Thus St. Matthew tells us that ‘Jesus went about all Galilee . . . *preaching the gospel of the kingdom*’; and that when he forewarned His disciples of the destruction of Jerusalem and of the end of the world, he added, ‘And this *gospel of the kingdom shall be preached* in all the world, for a witness unto all nations; and then shall the end come.’ St. Mark says that ‘Jesus came into Galilee, *preaching the gospel of the kingdom* of God, and saying, . . . *the kingdom of God* is at hand.’ And St. Luke records his sayings, ‘I must *preach the kingdom of God*, for therefore am I sent.’ ‘The Law and the Prophets were until John; since that time *the kingdom of God is preached*.’ And that to the man who would go and bury his father before he could follow him, ‘Let the dead bury their dead; but go thou and *preach the kingdom of God*.’ Again, when He called His twelve disciples, and ‘gave them power and authority over all devils, He sent them to *preach the kingdom of God*.’ And again, ‘Fear not, little flock; for it is your Father’s good pleasure to give you *the kingdom*.’ And again, ‘I appoint unto you *a kingdom*, as My Father hath appointed unto Me.’ And again, when He would declare unto them the spirit with which disciples should receive the Gospel, it was in these words, ‘Who-soever shall not receive *the kingdom of God* as a little child, shall in no wise enter therein.’ And lastly, when

he still lingered on the earth during those forty days which intervened between His resurrection and ascension, the subject of His discourse was, as St. Luke is careful to inform us, ‘the things pertaining to *the kingdom of God.*’ When, therefore, those whom He sent to proclaim His Gospel in all the world went forth to fulfil their ministry, they went forth, we are told in the sacred record, as *preachers of this kingdom.* Whether it were Philip the deacon in Samaria, or Paul the Apostle at Miletus with the elders, or a prisoner in Rome, it was still, in the words of Holy Writ, ‘*preaching the kingdom of God.*’ For this cause, therefore, do we thank God, as St. Paul writes to the Colossians, because He ‘hath delivered us from the power of darkness, and hath translated us into *the kingdom of his dear Son.*’

“And to this Kingdom, or Church, by whatever name you may choose to designate it, was committed the covenant of promise. By the Church, as Christ established it, are we taught this covenant is to be offered to all mankind, its visible signs and seals given and ratified, and all that appertains to it administered and cared for until Christ shall come again. For this purpose the Kingdom or Church of God must be a visible society, at unity with itself, perpetual in its nature, and have, as the terms of the covenant require, a common creed, a common ministry, common sacraments, and common prayers. And from these essential parts of the covenant plan of salvation, which the Lord Jesus established, no individual, nay, no Church, has the right to depart.

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“*It is to be a visible society.* How else can we understand the Saviour’s words, to ‘tell it to the Church,’ and ‘if he neglect to hear the Church’; or St. Paul’s charge to the Ephesian elders ‘to feed the Church of God, over which the Holy Ghost had made them overseers’? To deal with men, and not with angels, it must be *visible*, in order that it may to be seen and felt, and draw men to it.

“*It must have perpetuity.* Only so could our blessed Lord’s words to His Apostles be fulfilled, ‘Go ye, therefore, and make disciples of all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost: teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you. And, lo! I am *with you alway*, even unto the end of the world.’ Only so have we any assurance that the blessings of the Gospel will be offered to our children to the latest generation of the world, as ‘the gates of hell shall not prevail against’ the Church. And but for this it would have ceased long ago, and only be read of in history, as we read of the ancient schools of philosophy.

“*And it must be at unity with itself.* Nothing less than this can satisfy those figures of speech by which it is designated throughout the Gospels. Nay, even nature itself doth teach us that ‘Every kingdom divided against itself is brought to desolation; and a house divided against a house falleth.’ And what else can we make of that earnest mediatorial prayer which our blessed Lord offered on the night before He suffered, but that all His disciples might be at perfect unity with each

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other, in order that the world might believe that God had sent him? ‘Neither pray I for these alone, but for them also which shall believe on Me through their word; that they all may be one, as Thou, Father, art in Me, and I in Thee, that they also may be *one* in us; that *the world may believe that Thou hast sent Me.*’ At least, so the Apostles understood it. Listen to the earnest words of the great Apostle of the Gentiles, and tell me if he would tolerate for a moment such a thing as divisions among those who profess and call themselves Christians. ‘I beseech you, brethren, by the name of our Lord Jesus Christ, that ye all speak the same thing, and that there be no divisions among you; but that ye be perfectly joined together in the same mind and in the same judgment. For it hath been declared unto me . . . that there are contentions among you. Now this I say, that every one of you saith, I am of Paul; and I of Apollos; and I of Cephas; and I of Christ. Is Christ divided? was Paul crucified for you? or were ye baptized in the name of Paul?’ ‘For ye are yet carnal: for whereas there is among you envying, and strife, and divisions, are ye not carnal, and walk as men? For while one saith, I am of Paul; and another, I am of Apollos; are ye not carnal?’ ‘I beseech you, brethren, mark them which cause divisions and offences contrary to the doctrine which ye have learned; and avoid them. For they that are such serve not our Lord Jesus Christ.’ Thus did he teach but ‘one Lord, one faith, one baptism.’ And everywhere it was the same. As on the day of Pentecost, so

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always, they that gladly received the Word ‘continued steadfastly in the Apostle’s doctrine and fellowship, and in breaking of bread, and in prayers.’ They knew but one faith. They had but one creed, or form of sound words,—that which was once for all delivered unto the saints. They recognized but one communion. As members of *one* kingdom they could have but one form of government, viz.: the apostles, and elders, and deacons, the same that have continued in Christ’s Church to this day. They knelt at one altar. ‘For we,’ says the Apostle, ‘being many are one bread, and one body: for we are all partakers of that one bread.’ And they worshipped with common prayers. They lifted up their voice to God ‘with one accord.’ For they bowed down before a God ‘who is not the author of confusion, but of peace, as in all churches of the saints.’

“Upon this ground our Church takes her immovable stand. Inheriting, by direct, unbroken succession, the common faith, the common ministry, the common sacraments, and the common prayers of the Pentecostal Church, with them she offers to a fallen world the blessings of the unchangeable, everlasting covenant of mercy which God hath given to us with his dear Son. She does not, and will not, know any other Gospel, or any other terms of salvation, than those which she hath received from Apostolic hands. The covenant of salvation which is transmitted to her is not hers, but God’s. It is only hers, acting in the name of her unchangeable God, to keep, to administer, and to transmit to the

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latest generation of the world for the sanctification and salvation of the human race; and she may not, dare not, at her peril, change or alter it, either by addition or subtraction. Nay, there is no power on earth that can add aught to, or take away aught from, the terms of salvation which were left with her by the Lord Jesus, when He ascended into the heavens. Hence, when men are moved and pricked to the heart by the power of her Apostolic preaching, and cry out from under the burden of their sins, 'What shall we do to be saved?' her reply is still the same as it was on the Pentecostal day—*Repent, Believe, and Obey*. 'Repent, and be baptized every one of you in the name of Jesus Christ for the remission of sins, and ye shall receive the gift of the Holy Ghost. For the promise is unto you, and to your children, and to all that are afar off, even as many as the Lord our God shall call.' To take this stand is, with her, but a simple act of faithfulness to her Lord. On these terms alone, no more and no less, can she use the authority which the Lord hath given her, and ratify, signing and sealing the blessings which He hath left in her keeping, for a world lying in sin and wickedness. Upon this rock, the rock of evangelical faith and Apostolic order, immovable as the everlasting hills, the only rock against which the gates of hell shall never prevail, she plants herself for time and for eternity. Upon this she seated herself, when the fountains of the great deep were broken up, and the floods of Arianism threatened to overwhelm her faith, as she rose up in her divine majesty in the council of

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Nicæa, and gave that golden decision, 'Let the ancient customs be maintained.' Upon this she stood when, in the perilous times of the Reformation, she freed herself from the errors and superstitions with which papal Rome had blurred and stained her fair escutcheon. '*We are come,*' says Bishop Jewell, '*as near as we possibly could, to the Church of the Apostles, and of the old Catholic bishops and fathers, and have directed, according to their customs and ordinances, not only our doctrine, but also our sacraments, and the form of Common Prayer.*' And now, when others of divers names, who have departed from the Pentecostal pattern of a common faith, a common fellowship, common sacraments, and common prayers, and have added to or taken away from the terms of that everlasting covenant of salvation which with the faith once delivered to the saints was committed to her by her blessed Lord, seek to make her acknowledge their claims, on the ground that these are but unimportant matters,—as though anything could be unimportant which has to do with divine things and the terms of salvation for the soul,—she is compelled, not from love of notoriety, or because she would set herself up above other people, but in love, and charity, and faithfulness for the truth of God, to go back to the ancient ways, to stand in the old paths, and to declare, with a learned doctor of the early Church, that *whatever is new in religion is therefore false.*

“It is not, therefore, because of unimportant or unessential matters that we refuse to hold communion with others who call themselves by the name of Christ

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our God. We are not Churchmen merely from preference. We feel, none more so, the fearful evils which arise from divisions among Christians. We witness the treasures of silver and gold which are annually wasted to keep up these divisions. We hear the mutterings of those evil passions of envy, and hatred, and ill-will, not to speak of the heresies, which are the offspring of everything that tends to a spirit of sectarianism. We realize the unanswerable argument which the schisms of the Christian Church put into the mouths of the Jew and the infidel. We writhe under the taunting reply which the Brahmin makes to the missionary of our faith, 'Go home and settle among yourselves what Christianity is, before you come to teach us.' And we weep as we behold the seamless robe of our divine Master torn into shreds, and think of that last touching prayer, '*That they all may be one—that the world may believe that Thou hast sent Me.*'¹ But we dare not, for anything less than the integrity of that faith which He hath set us to defend until He shall come again, utter a word or lift a finger which shall lead men to believe that they may alter one iota of the Apostolic

¹ "The Church is one no more. Proud, cruel, and corrupted Rome has set herself in separation from the rest of Christendom, and cut off, until God shall overrule her rashness, even the hope of her return. The name of the divisions that have sprung up since the Reformation is legion now, and multiplying constantly in geometrical progression. And mark the miserable consequences. The feeble missionary efforts of the last centuries have fallen continually behind the natural increase of the race. The kingdom of the Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ goes backward. The trumpet of the Gospel gives an uncertain sound. Therefore, men go not to the battle. The heathen scorns to join a host where banner fights with banner. The followers of Jesus are not one. Therefore, the world does not believe that God has sent Him." Bishop Doane's Works, ii, 457.

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faith, or change one of the outlines of the Pentecostal pattern of the Church.

“To bring men back to this, we labor night and day. Patiently, perseveringly, in meekness and in fear, in prosperity and adversity, with zeal yet with love, we present our claim. Our motto is that good old maxim of the ancient days, ‘*In necessariis unitas, in non necessariis libertas, in omnibus caritas,*’—in essentials, unity; in non-essentials, liberty; in all things, charity. We realize, in an age like ours of experiment and hazardous changes, the habits and tastes of which, like the Athenians of old, are ever seeking after some new thing, that our legend, ‘*obsta principiis,*’—to stand on the foundations,—is no easy task. We feel that we are often exposed, because of our principles, to misunderstanding and misapprehension on the part of those for whom we cherish no other feelings but love. But then we remember that noble saying of St. Augustine, ‘*patiens quia eternus,*’—patient because eternal,—and though we are often buffeted and sorely tried by the constant changes and revolutions which are sweeping by, we plant our feet upon the everlasting rock of the faith once delivered to the saints, which rests upon the throne of God, and feel that in quietness and confidence must be our strength.

“The King a seat hath there prepared,
High on eternal base uprear’d,
For His eternal Son.
His palaces with joy abound;
His saints, by Him with glory crown’d,
Attend and share His throne.



St. Stephen's Church, Milburn, N. J.

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“Mother of cities! o’er thy head
Bright peace with healing wings outspread
For evermore shall dwell:
Let me, blest seat! my name behold
Among thy citizens enrolled,
And bid the world farewell.”

Mr. Hoffman’s rectorship at Christ Church was distinguished by labors outside his cure as well as by those within. Two parishes, one of which had gone to decay, were respectively established or resuscitated by him—St. Stephen’s Church, Milburn, N. J., and Trinity Church, Woodbridge, N. J.

Milburn was a town of about 600 inhabitants, a mile from Springfield, the scene of many Revolutionary events, and was at the foot of the Short Hills, where Bishop Hobart had his country residence, and where he had wished to locate the General Theological Seminary. About 1852, when Mr. Hoffman was missionary at Elizabethport, he became interested in this little village, and as there was no religious service of any kind in the place, he determined from time to time to hold the services of the Church. He was aided in this work by Mr. Israel D. Condit. The population generally had never, it is believed, seen a Prayer Book or a surplice. The congregation, beginning with about forty or fifty, soon increased to a hundred and twenty, and in the spring of 1853 a subscription was set on foot to build a church. Plans for one of wood were obtained from the well known architect Mr. Priest, and a beautiful lot was given by Mr. Condit.

The cornerstone was laid by the Bishop of the

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Diocese on the 23rd of August, 1853, and on July 24th, 1855, the church was consecrated. In reporting the ceremonies of the consecration, a newspaper of that day said:

The church is one that needs more than passing notice. The plan which was furnished by Mr. J. W. Priest was thoroughly a wooden one, with no mock buttresses to deceive the eye, nor sham furring out and blocking off of the walls to represent stone. Everything is real, and just what it pretends to be. We wish Churchmen who are building churches would recollect that there is no beauty in imitations; and that if men see in the House of God lies told in wood or plaster, they will too often be led to think the whole of religion is but a sham. The church consists of a nave, with a clere story of four bays, two aisles, with porch, chancel, sacristy on the south and tower and spire on the north of chancel. The design contemplates the adding of three more bays to the nave and a north porch, when the congregation shall demand it. Orientation is observed, the chancel standing on the street. We could not but be struck with the superior beauty of the "coup d'œil" of the chancel, sacristy, and tower, with the nave rising behind them, over the effect which would have been produced had the chancel been placed at the west for the sake of the street. . . . The building will seat about three hundred persons, and is one of the prettiest modern country churches we have seen. It reflects credit on the young architect, and gives promise of his usefulness to the Church. Its whole cost, including the bell and organ, was about \$9000, of which a very large proportion was paid by one individual, who gave the ground. Such deeds are worthy of the best days of the Church, and we have no doubt will be amply repaid him in spiritual blessings. "May God remember his good deeds to the House of God and the offices thereof."



St. Stephen's Church, Milburn, N. J.

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The church was consecrated by the Bishop of the Diocese, Mr. Hoffman and the Rev. Dr. Ford of Georgia sitting with the Bishop within the sanctuary. Eight clergy occupied chairs in front of the chancel. The sermon was by the Bishop on the text, "What mean ye by this service?" To the consecration Mr. Hoffman alludes in his Ninth Annual Address, stating also that this little missionary Church of St. Stephen had at the last meeting of the Diocese reported fifty-seven communicants; and offerings for the year preceding amounting to more than \$1500.

In this address he also makes mention of the consecration of Trinity Church, Woodbridge, the parish whose resuscitation we have just mentioned. It was one of the oldest Episcopal churches in the State, there being a record of church services held in that place as early as 1703 by the Rev. George Keith, a missionary of the Venerable Society. In 1711 Edward Vaughan, the rector of St. John's Church, Elizabeth, and a missionary for the Venerable Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, writing home to the Society, said, "Several families in Woodbridge, an adjacent town to Rahway, addressed me to officiate among them, which I gladly and readily complied to; having so evident demonstration of the good disposition to receive the doctrine of the Gospel from my mother the Church, and to embrace the Christian faith instead of the erroneous opinions of the Quakers and Independents, who are very numerous in that place, in which I hope, in a short time, to see a fabric erected

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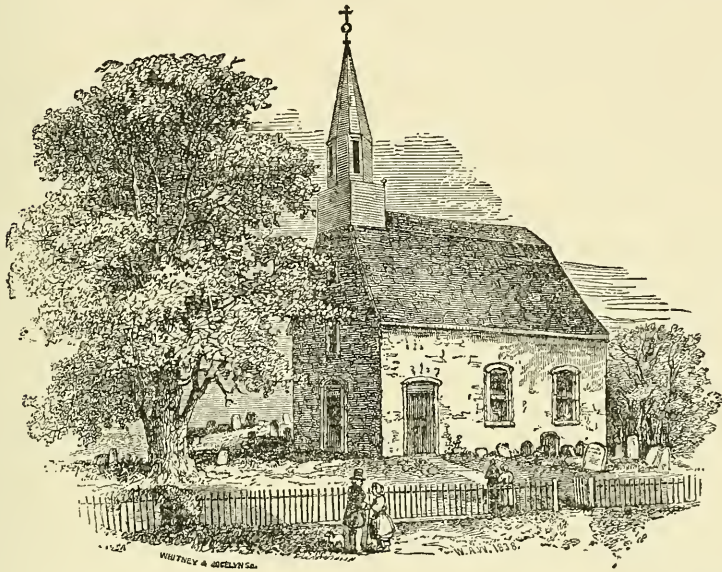
in which to worship God. . . . Though I reside at Elizabethtown, whose distance is ten miles from Woodbridge, yet I promise, through God's blessing, to supply both cures by officiating on every Lord's Day: in the forenoon in the former, and once a fortnight in the afternoon in the latter."

During the ministry of the Rev. Thomas Bradbury Chandler, rector of St. John's, Elizabethtown, the church Mr. Vaughan desired to see built was erected, somewhere between the years 1750 and 1760. It was a wooden building with oaken frame, substantially put together, and which for more than a century withstood the wind and the storms, even in its decay having a suggestive power, as was observed by some one writing of it: "We never passed it, with its hipped roof, quaint belfry, and shingled sides, still bearing the marks of the Revolutionary cannon-balls, without feeling that it was a link which bound us to another century and to the men whose blood laid the foundation of our noble republic. . . . The graveyard about it is thick with the bones of those who fell in defence of their country's rights."

"It had even a converting power," a correspondent of the *Church Journal* of May 20th, 1861, writes. "For years the only purpose for which the old church served, so far as man saw, was that of affording a fold for the few sheep that browsed on the grass of the graveyard and retired within its walls through a broken panel of the door to seek shelter from the storms. Often, when it was opened by Bishop Doane for a

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service on his annual visitation, there were not a dozen to be found to unite in the solemn sacrifice of prayer and praise; and when it was entirely destroyed by fire three years since, the little band that had clung to it as their sanctuary nearly gave up all as lost. Yet even



Trinity Church, Woodbridge, N. J. Second Building.

Built about 1754. Burned 1858.

(From an old print.)

when its walls resounded only with the bleating of dumb sheep, their silent witness was the means of bringing one to the Church who still successfully labors in his priestly office after a ministry of more than thirty years.”

The above mentioned church was consumed by fire as the sexton was preparing it for divine service on Sunday, March 7th, 1858. Mr. Hoffman and his assistants

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of Christ Church had reopened it for regular Sunday services only a few weeks previous. It was determined, however, to rebuild, and by the hearty and vigorous coöperation of a few Churchmen living in the vicinity a neat and church-like edifice was erected on the site of the former one at the cost of \$3800, and without incurring a dollar of debt. This new church was consecrated on Monday, May 20th, 1861. The Bishop was attended on that occasion by the Rev. Messrs. Dun and Crowe, Rev. Dr. Ogilby of Trinity Church, New York, Rev. Jesse Pound of Staten Island, Rev. Mr. Homans, and Mr. Hoffman, the rector of Christ Church. The sermon was preached by the Rev. Dr. Ogilby.

It was said that there could not have been a happier selection of a preacher or subject of discussion under the circumstances of the place and occasion. His text was Psalm 113, 15-17. With touching simplicity he drew a picture of the congregation as it ordinarily assembled in the old church during his own ministry there, alluding to its members by name and with a few words of loving remembrance for each, starting the tears in many eyes as he called up the familiar forms of many who have now gone to their rest. Last, but not least, he spoke of good old Mr. Tyrell, the "Old Mortality" of the place, whose whole heart was in that church, and who, when it fell into decay, begged the money from the churchmen of the diocese to buy material, then took up his abode in the church until, with his own hands, he

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had put the building in perfect order; and who, when asked how he could preserve so cheerful a countenance amid so much privation and want as he endured, always replied that he had learned from the Church in his youth to say, "Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost," and now whatever befell him, whether it were prosperity or adversity, he still repeated those words—they always brought sunshine into his heart.

The preacher then alluded to the singular fact that the parish had been supplied with services at intervals through a century and a half by the clergy of Elizabethtown, ten miles distant, and not connected with it by natural locality, as were Perth Amboy and Rahway. Mention was made not only of Mr. Vaughan, who instituted the first services in 1711, of Dr. Chandler, who in 1760 built the first church, of Rev. Dr. Rudd, his successor, and of the ruling rector of Christ Church, Mr. Hoffman, and his assistants, but also of the Rev. Hamble J. Leacock, called the "Martyr of the Pongas," the father of the Dean's early friend "Ben" Leacock, and the Rev. Mr. James Chapman, who officiated there for a time. After the sermon the Bishop congratulated the parish on the successful issues of the day, and bade them "God speed."

Mr. Hoffman then gave notice that the seats of the church were all to be free, the vestry intending to rely for the current expenses upon the voluntary offerings of the congregation. He also stated that, in the providence of God, they had been permitted not only to

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erect the building that they had consecrated for God's honor and glory, but also to present it to Him free of debt. Everything, with the exception of the carpets, had been paid for when purchased. They had been procured by the ladies of the parish. He added that all the furniture of the building, including the glass, bell, font, and the silver paten for the Communion, had been presented by different individuals. The chalice used at the Holy Communion, it was noted, was an interesting relic of massive silver, beaten into shape, and bearing the following inscription:

The Gift of
Mary Dennis, Widow,
To Trinity Church in Woodbridge,
December ye 25th, 1760.

Taken as a whole, the church was a pattern of a little rural sanctuary, and illustrated the truth of a favorite remark of the older Bishop Doane that "the seed of the Church never dies."

The church at Hackettstown was also at this period a sharer in Mr. Hoffman's attention and service.

In this Ninth Annual Address Mr. Hoffman paid a fitting eulogy to the memory of John Joseph Chetwood, who had died on the 18th of November in the 62nd year of his age. "Born and brought up in this place," said he, "and filling for many years offices of high public trust with singular honor and integrity, few men were more widely known or had a larger circle of friends, either in the State or the community

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in which he lived. His death was a public loss, and the closing of the places of business and tolling of the public bells as his body was borne to its burial, followed by a large procession of those who had come from all parts of the State to do honor to his memory, was but a fitting testimony to his worth and the estimation in which he was held. Among the first to propose the organization of this parish, the church has never had a more devoted or more liberal friend. Active, benevolent, deeply interested in whatever pertained to the welfare of his fellowmen, his hand and heart always open to those who sought his help for any public or religious object, he never seemed happier than when he was enabled to do some act of charity, to adjust differences between neighbors, or to relieve some pressing want.

“To myself personally he was the best of friends, and after a daily intercourse of nearly ten years I do not hesitate to say that, through all the difficulties and trials and misunderstandings which will from time to time float like dark clouds over every pastor’s life, as well as in those brighter hours which are permitted to cheer our hearts in this vale of tears, he was always the same trusty counsellor, earnest supporter and faithful friend. Always kind, considerate, and generous, his home was radiant with the hallowing brightness of congenial and filial affection. You will be glad to learn that a memorial window, similar in character to the one recently placed here in memory of his wife, will shortly be erected to his memory. I cannot con-

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ceive of any more beautiful method of commemorating those of our friends who have entered into their rest than this.

“Deprived, as our city churches are, of the sacred surroundings of God’s Acre, in which in the shadow of the sacred temple the dust of departed saints awaits the morning of the Resurrection, they would be cold and cheerless indeed if we were not permitted to gather within their walls some memorial of those who, ‘having finished their course in faith, do now rest from their labors.’ Truly devout souls have ever loved to find in the Heavenly Father’s earthly house a place for the outpouring of their secret sorrows and joys. The cathedrals and churches of the Old World have for ages thus been made the shrines of all that is costly and beautiful in art and man’s device, and well may we of the New World long for the coming of that day when it may be said of some of our Christian temples, as the historian Motley speaks of Antwerp’s noble cathedral, ‘the penitential tears of centuries incrust the whole interior with their glittering stalactites.’”

The following is of touching and significant interest. “The parochial year which is just closed with us [1861 to 1862] has been one of great trial in this parish. The storm of political and financial trouble which last spring burst through the country has been felt here with peculiar severity, and we have lost during the year more persons by death and removal than in any three preceding years. I have in my library a list of the names of fifty-seven men belonging to the congregation

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who were at one time enlisted in the service of the country in the Army of the United States. Of these about fifty are still engaged in active service.”

This address concludes with some earnest words, exhorting the people each one in his vocation and ministry to the “imitation of the example of Him of whom it is written that He ever ‘went about doing good.’ ‘On foot,’ I quote another’s words,¹ ‘Jesus traversed every acre of that blessed land, or found the only respite of his weariness in some rude fisher’s boat upon the passionate Gennesaret. See Him at one time tossed with all the fury of its wildest storms! Behold Him, at another, on the dreary mountain’s side alone! What hearth of poverty does He not share? What house of mourning does He not cheer? What bed of sickness and of death does He not soothe? Is there a poor, frail woman in Samaria that with all her frailty has yearnings for a better hope within her heart? He is sitting with her in the hot and weary noon by Jacob’s well, to speak to her of living water that shall satisfy her soul. Has Pharisaic malice wreaked itself on one whose only crime was being with Jesus and receiving sight from him, and cast him out of its communion? Already He has heard it, and has found him, and has given him “peace and comfort” in believing.

“A widow wails her only son. Jesus is there to stop the bier and give him back to her bereaved, broken heart. Two sisters bear a brother to the tomb, which hides with him the light that cheered their life. In

¹ Bishop Doane’s Works, ii, 366.

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four days Jesus comes, and Lazarus has risen. No leper lifts to Him an unavailing cry. No father speaks in vain to Him for a demoniac child. The hungry multitudes are fed. The ignorant multitudes are taught. The sinful multitudes are warned. A woman comes to Him, that was a sinner, and breaks a box of ointment on His feet, and wipes them with her flowing hair. "Her sins, which are many, are forgiven, for she loved much."

"Maternal fondness thrusts itself upon Him to desire a blessing for its offspring, and is turned coldly off only to be made surer of His gentleness and richer in His love. "Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not: for of such is the kingdom of God." It was so that Jesus of Nazareth went about doing good, until He poured His life out upon the Cross. So, literally, was He present to heal all that were oppressed of the devil. So manifest was God in Him.' And it was not until He had made provision for the continued reproduction of Himself in all the ages of this sinful, suffering world, and had sent others, as His Father had sent Him, to preach His Gospel and to bear His love to every dying creature, that He ascended up to heaven, where He was before. The Church, therefore, which Jesus purchased with His precious blood—which is to be indeed Christ's Church, and to win the world to Him—is the Church which gives itself, as He did, with untiring zeal to works of mercy and to works of love; the Church which makes itself known among the nations

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as the mother of little children, the home of the weary and heavy laden, the protector of the fatherless and widow, the almoner to the poor, the house of grace, the house of mercy, the house of bread, the one divinely commissioned storehouse of peace and consolation and forgiveness, for a world lying in sin and wickedness. And the Christian man who would do works which shall survive the fire of the last day and secure a crown which will not fade, must emulate the example of Him of whom it is written, 'He went about doing good.'

"Think of the great work which, as lay members of this Church, you have to do for all on whom your influence and example can be brought to bear,—work in your homes, work in the neighborhoods in which you live, work in schools, work in the church, work in looking after the poor, work in comforting the sick, work in visiting the fatherless and widows in their affliction, work for Christ's sake, work which will stand the test of that purifying fire which 'shall try every man's work of what sort it is.'

"As heads of families, as members of Christian households, you have in no ordinary degree the care and responsibility of the lambs of the flock of Christ. It is for you to bring the little children to holy baptism; it is for you to see that they are brought up in the nurture of the Lord; it is for you to lead the family prayer; it is for you so to frame and fashion your lives that they may be wholesome examples and patterns to all that are placed under your care; and it is

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for you, under God, to exhibit before a sinful generation the only remnant of primeval bliss which is left in a fallen world—the blessing of a Christian home. And oh, brethren in the Lord, if you could but feel a tithe of the anxieties and cares which press upon the hearts of those who are set to watch for your souls; if you did but dream how often we sink down, as night overtakes us, wearied and faint with our toils; if you could but see how our hearts bleed for some one to go on with the work which we are compelled to drop half finished, you would need no prophet's voice to plead with you to uphold and sustain our hands in the fearful responsibilities and incessant cares of the ministry for souls."

The Tenth Annual Address of Mr. Hoffman seems to have had a prophetic note of the fulfillment of his mission in Elizabethtown, in his review of the accomplishments of the ten years of ministry in that city. He was soon to take up burdens elsewhere; burdens and responsibilities which no man of his (by this time) known qualities will ever escape. The world is ever looking for men to do its work effectively and successfully. It has become in our century a very complex world, far different from the quiet and more or less Arcadian world of half a century ago. The young rector's spirit and his accomplishments at Christ Church could not escape the notice and the appreciation of his Bishop; and it is not surprising that very soon he should be called away from the cradle of his ministry, where he had done really wonderful things

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for that day and that environment, to the side of his Bishop in what was practically the cathedral seat of the Diocese, Burlington, New Jersey. As yet we do not hear the word "Burlington" pronounced; but the approaching change was in the air, and so we read the last Christ Church address with a special interest, because it closed, practically, a period in the late Dean's life which was, as we have before said, secondary to no other period in its interesting and essential value.

"It seems but yesterday," he says in his last address, "that I was called to take charge of what was then the newly organized congregation of this parish; and yet, when I look around me and miss one after another of the familiar faces of those who were assembled at our first service and labored with me in building this house of prayer, and observe that of those who composed the original corporation only two remain, I can scarcely believe that this is only my tenth annual address, so rapidly are our years with all their varied changes brought to an end, 'as it were a tale that is told.' To me these years of our connection as pastor and people, though not without the cares and trials which are inseparable from my office, have been very happy ones. The good hand of God has been upon us, and blessed our labors for His Church far beyond any merits or deserts of their own.

"Through God's assistance, since the organization of this parish on Easter Day, 1853, 642 infants and adults have been baptized, 195 persons confirmed, 350 admit-

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ted to the Holy Communion, 70 joined in holy matrimony, and the bodies of 157 committed to the ground with the solemn office for the burial of the dead. Since the dedication of the chapel on the 13th of July, 1854, in addition to the daily sacrifice of Morning and Evening Prayer which has not ceased to be offered, it has been opened for three services each Lord's Day, and a noonday service with lecture on each Holy Day occurring during the week, making a little more than 800 public services each year. Sermons are preached every Sunday morning and evening, on the greater festivals, the Friday evenings of Advent and Lent, and daily in the Holy Week. The children of the Sunday-school are catechized 'openly in the church' at the afternoon service each Lord's Day, and those of the parish school twice during the week, after the Morning Prayer. The Holy Communion is administered on every Sunday and greater festival. I have myself preached 970 sermons, lectured 186 times, catechized the children on Sundays on 261 different occasions, making a total of 1417 sermons and catechetical lectures in the ten years. Meanwhile parochial visiting has not been neglected; my own private register shows a record of 708 visits which I have made during the past year, and this is not equal to the number which has been made in some of the preceding years. The total amount of the offerings which have been made by this congregation in ten years is \$50,053.47, of which \$22,182.08 have been applied to the purchase of a lot and erection of chapel, schoolhouse, and rectory,

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and \$27,871.19 to the support of the clergy and current expenses and the various charities of the Church. When we add that all that has been done by a congregation worshipping in a chapel seating but three hundred persons, and not rich in this world's goods, we can only say, 'What hath God wrought?' 'Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto Thy Name be all the praise!'"

After giving various statistics of the charities of the parish and of offerings for missionary purposes, Mr. Hoffman pays this tribute to two of the good women of the parish.

"It is but a simple act of justice to add that much of the success in this parish must be attributed, under God, to its working women. In all those works of charity which are the glory of their sex,—nursing the sick, sympathizing with the suffering, teaching the young, providing for the poor, and doing those things to which St. Paul alludes when he writes of the 'women which labored with him in the Gospel,'—I bear them record that 'to their power, yea, and beyond that power, they have been willing of themselves' to do all that could be asked of them. With 'no vows but those of their baptism, with no sisterhood but that of mercy, with no veil but that of modesty,' they have been in reality, if not in name, sisters of charity as they have gone about doing good and ministered for the love of God to the sick and suffering. The righteous God will not 'forget their works and labor that proceedeth of love, which love they have showed for His

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Name's sake, who have ministered unto the saints, and yet do minister.'”

Then he says a word in reference to the poor. “In this connection it is my duty to remind the members of the congregation that many of them are not as regular and systematic in their alms for the poor as their means will allow and the necessity of the case demands. I know that this proceeds partly from thoughtlessness, and partly from the fact that they are not aware of the amount of want which constantly exists, even among the respectable and deserving poor, to say nothing of the suffering which has been occasioned in families of our volunteers by the failure of the government to pay the army promptly, or of the destitution which has been brought upon the household of many a soldier's widow by the want of the bounty money and pension to which they are legally entitled, none of which, so far as my experience goes, has yet been paid. There is not a month that passes without bringing to my knowledge cases of distress which, if they could be laid before the congregation, would more than double their alms. I am well aware it may be said that many of these persons do not belong to our church. But so long as even a heathen could say, and be applauded by a heathen audience for saying it, that nothing human was a stranger to him, (*‘Homo sum, humani nihil alienum a me puto,’*) and the parable of the Good Samaritan stands upon the page of the Gospel, and instances of suffering through the diligence of district visitors are constantly brought to my notice, which either from

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the defect of our poor laws or the neglect of some of those whose duty it is to administer them are, I hesitate not to assert from this place, a disgrace to a civilized, not to say a professedly Christian, community,—I dare not, as a minister of Christ, cease to plead for every suffering brother, no matter what may be his creed or color. And while our rule of distribution shall be that of the great Apostle to the Gentiles, to ‘do good unto all men, especially unto them who are of the household of faith,’ I hesitate not to put the alms-chest before you, as the lame man was ‘laid daily at the gate of the temple which is called Beautiful, to ask alms of them who enter into (this) temple’ of God.”

The rector alluded to the eighty-one men belonging to the parish who had enlisted in the Army and Navy of the United States, fifty-seven of whom were still in active service, a number which could not fail to be missed from any parish.

This same address ends with some very wholesome instructions and counsels upon the Church as the great agent through which our Lord works in the world. They fitly close the exhortations of the ten years’ pastorate, because they point to a center of cohesion for the faith and practical life of Christian people which mankind must always need.

To the end of his life the late Dean never ceased to emphasize the perpetual mission of the Church of God. He never sympathized with the view that Christianity is but a system of ethics or of subjective feelings. To him the Gospel always was the “Gospel of the King-

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dom," concreted into the living Church as one of the three great institutions by which God has always governed His people,—the Family, the State, and the Church. When men are left without hold upon the structural and ecclesiastical Christian system, they are left to the mercy of views of individual teachers, or to their own instructed or uninstructed prepossessions. Hence there might be as many gospels, systems, methods, views, agencies, as individuals. In some respects the greatest earthly mission of the historical Church, the One Holy Catholic and Apostolic Church of the Creeds and of the ages, is that it gives *a center of cohesion*, and that a divinely created centre, to belief and to practical religious life and effort. The Church founded upon a rock, impregnable against the gates of death, protected by the interior presence of the Holy Ghost,—the Illuminator, and Teacher, and Comforter,—necessarily affords a center which, like a center of gravity, prevents disintegration or dissolution. Fidelity to the Church, therefore, is not simply a question of denominational loyalty, or of mere preference for its usages or for some of them. It is the safeguarding for the world and humanity of a divinely commissioned and protected center for the whole content of needed religious belief and practice. It is much to be deplored that this particular mission of the Church of God is so little considered and valued in our day, under the influence of our modern thought. The idea of authority has been almost completely lost in the idea of mere religious preferences. And so men

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are at sea without a rudder, without an anchor,—drifting hither and thither with the changing currents of temporary and passing thought.

The late Dean went to his rest with the blessed consciousness that he had kept the faith; that he had handed on to other men, without impairment, the truths and institutions he had been commissioned to teach and extend. Happy would it be if his reverent conservatism in this direction were universally characteristic of all his brethren in the holy ministry of our time.

A few details remain to be noted of this interesting Christ Church rectorship. Mr. Hoffman was assisted at different times during his administration by the Rev. Franklin Babbitt, Rev. Joseph S. Mayers, Rev. William Robert Earle, Rev. John Martin Henderson, Rev. Ephraim De Puy, Mr. H. E. Phelps, Mr. Charles S. Spencer, Mr. H. H. Lane, and the Rev. John Kerfoot Lewis. Mr. Hoffman's constitutional tendency to do all things by method we notice not only in his organization of a system of district visitors, sewing-schools, systematic arrangements for the care of the poor, for providing them with clothing, fuel, medicine, nursing in sickness, etc.; it led him to invent for himself a system of marks which everywhere appear in his note-books appended to the names of his parishioners. These we venture to give, as the general idea on which they are based is capable of extension and may be found useful to those who may read this memoir.

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Baptism in the Church,	×
Baptized in Christ Church Chapel,	⊗
Presbyterian Baptism,	P
Methodist,	M
Baptist,	B
Confirmed,	○
Confirmed in Chapel,	○
Communicant,	⊗
First admitted to Communion, Chapel,	⊗

Mr. Hoffman further systematized his parochial visits by placing on the other side of the page from the above marks, dates and facts associated with them. He also noted the names and data of birth of each member of each family; the condition of each person, whether single, married (first or second marriage), or widowed. He also made note of incidental family relationships, such as that of "niece"; or of business, such as "druggist" or "teacher," or "in domestic service." Before entering any given house he would refer to his note-book, and was at once in possession of the family history. His manifest knowledge thus of all the people of his charge greatly enlarged his pastoral influence, and indicated a shepherd who could indeed "call his sheep by name."

His note-books, which he seems to have always carried about his person, were generally prefaced by a notice of this kind:

If this Book is lost and found, the finder will confer a favour and receive a reward by returning it to the owner, to whom it is of value.

E. A. HOFFMAN,
93 East Jersey Street, Elizabeth, N. J.

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The Tenth Annual Address was delivered on April 5th, 1863. Early in May Mr. Hoffman received from the wardens and vestry of St. Mary's Church, Burlington, N. J., a unanimous call to the rectorship of that parish, and received also a letter from the then Bishop of the Diocese, Dr. Odenheimer, expressing an earnest hope that he would see it his duty to accept the election. After serious consideration of the matter in all its bearings, with such advice as he could avail himself of, and with that seeking of divine guidance which every conscientious priest must resort to under such circumstances, he, to quote his own words, "constrained by a sense of duty, at the sacrifice of personal feelings which was like tearing asunder the very chords of his heart," addressed the following letter to the wardens of his parish.

CHRIST CHURCH RECTORY, May 21st, 1863.

MESSRS. WILLIAM C. DAYTON and
HENRY S. HAYWARD, Wardens, etc.

Gentlemen: It is with no ordinary emotion that I am called upon to request you to announce to the Vestry of the parish of Christ Church that I have this day accepted a call to the Rectorship of St. Mary's Church, Burlington, N. J.

The separation of pastor and people, at any time, has always seemed to me only to be compared to the sundering of the marriage relation. And when to this is added that my proposed removal involves the separation from a parish which, by the divine blessing, has grown up under my hands, where I have had my only home since I became a man, and in which I had fondly hoped to spend my days until called to rest from all earthly labors, and from a faithful, united, and beloved con-

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gregation in which there is not a single dissenting voice, the Vestry, will, I am sure, appreciate the struggle which it has cost me to sunder ties of ten years' standing and to take a step which nothing but the strictest sense of duty, after the most careful and deliberate consideration, could compel me to take. But when I consider that the present change has the entire approval of the Bishop of the Diocese, and of those whose advice I am bound to respect, as well as of my own judgment as to the interests of the Church at large, (putting aside, as one solemnly set apart to the service of the Lord, all personal and private consideration,) I am led to believe that it is a call from God to work in another portion of His vineyard.

It is no slight satisfaction to me to know that the parish is to-day stronger in every respect than at any former period of its history, and that I leave behind me so many faithful hearts, by whose exertions, under God, it may be worked up to a still greater degree of efficiency in all those points for which it has so patiently toiled,—the Daily Prayer, the Weekly Eucharist, Parochial Schools, and the system of Free Seats.

In earnest reliance on the forbearance and consideration which have always marked your relations to me as your Rector, I ask your acceptance of this my resignation, to take effect on the first of June, that I may enter on the field to which Providence now seems to lead me.

Heartily thanking you for many acts of personal kindness to me and mine, and asking still an interest in the daily prayers of the beloved flock, to which I shall never cease to be bound in heart, if not in person, I am,

With the highest sentiments of regard and affection,

Your obedient servant,

EUGENE AUG^S HOFFMAN.

In communicating the above letter to the Wardens and Vestry of Christ Church Mr. Hoffman adds:

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For myself, I can truly say that, having that which more than repaid me for all the toils and trials of the pastoral office,—the love and confidence of all the flock which the great Shepherd of the sheep had entrusted to my care,—I was happy in my work, and had no thought in my heart but “to live and die with you.” But the great Head of the Church has ordered it otherwise, and in an hour when I least expected it He has called me to preach His Word and to care for souls in another parish. And now I dare not trust myself to do that which some may expect of me, to preach a farewell sermon. I feel that I have too much need of comfort and support in this trying hour, which separates me from a congregation that I have loved as my own soul, to be able to say on that occasion what I desire, and I am compelled to do the next best thing and address you these few words in the form of a letter. My official connection with the parish will terminate with the public services of Sunday next, the festival of the Holy Trinity.

With God’s help, we have by our united efforts built up a parish which, even those who differ from us being the judges, has been a blessing to the community in which we live. That which I have sought, God helping me to make it, and which now is its highest praise and glory, is a working parish. The continual comfort of a church to which the sin-wearied soul may turn aside from the turmoil and strife of an overworked generation, and find, whether he be rich or poor, in the House of his Heavenly Father a quiet hour for daily prayer, and weekly feed upon the eucharistic feast of the Saviour’s love, has been more than vindicated by the experience of nearly ten years. The sound wisdom of sheltering beneath the church’s wall, parochial schools where the children of the church may be daily taught “all things which every Christian ought to know and believe to his soul’s health,” has every year approved itself in more ways than I can tell you now. And the untold

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blessings which you have reaped for yourselves by caring, with your own hands, for the poor of the city are too well known to be more than referred to here. Let me, then, entreat you, as my parting counsel, by the memory of those blessed saints who have been called from this parish to their heavenly rest, after having given their dying testimony to the value of these things, by the love which you have ever so lavishly bestowed upon me, and by the regard which you have for the salvation of your own souls, never to let it be said, so long as you have a church, that any of these things have ceased, and "*Ichabod*" ("The glory has departed") be written on its walls. For Christ's sake, my beloved brethren, I beseech you, "Be ye steadfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as ye know that your labor is not in vain in the Lord." "Forsake not the assembling of yourselves together, as the manner of some is, but exhorting one another, and so much the more as ye see the day approaching." Let there never fail to be offered on the altar of your church the perpetual memorial of Christ's precious death and sacrifice, by which we show it forth until He comes again. Indignantly frown upon any attempt that may ever be made to introduce the distinctions of worldly wealth in the House of God, where the rich and poor now meet together before the Lord, who is the Maker of them all. Support with your means and your prayers the parochial schools which are now so successfully feeding the lambs of the flock with food convenient for them. Rally around him whom God shall send to be my successor; uphold his hands, as you have hitherto upheld mine. And, above all, forget not to care for the poor to whom the Lord shall grant you the privilege to minister in His Name, remembering always that He will say, on that dreadful day when we shall all feel ourselves poor to stand in His sight, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these My brethren, ye have done it unto Me."

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In the review of a more than ten years' ministry for your souls, as I think of how much has been left undone, and how much might have been done better, I cannot but be filled with many anxious fears, lightened, it is true, or my soul would sink under them, with holy hopes as I call to mind the seals which God in His mercy has granted to my labors. Of one thing alone my heart acquits me, that whatever I have done has been done with the single earnest desire to promote the glory of God and the salvation of your souls. And while those ties which have twined our hearts together can never in this life be severed, and no distance of time or space shall ever make me cease to remember with grateful love the patient forbearance with which you have passed over all my imperfections, I still bid your prayers, with mine, that they may be forgiven by the great Head of the Church, that I may "find mercy of the Lord in that day" when I shall be called upon to give an account of my stewardship.

"Finally, therefore, brethren, farewell. Be perfect, be of good comfort, be of one mind, live in peace; and the God of love and peace shall be with you." And now again "I commend you to God, and to the word of His grace, which is able to build you up and to give you an inheritance among all them that are sanctified." May the great Shepherd of the sheep have you ever in His holy keeping, build you up in His most holy faith, and make us one again in

A brighter, better world, where no farewells are spoken,
Where hearts that truly love, love on, and are not broken.

Faithfully and affectionately, Your friend and pastor,
EUGENE AUG^S HOFFMAN.

CHRIST CHURCH RECTORY,
Whitsun-Monday, 1863.

Thus practically ended a pastorate which was an epoch-making one in many respects. Everywhere to-

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day daily services, the weekly Eucharist, and the principle if not the practice of free seats in the House of God are accepted as the rightful and normal condition of things.

The influence of Christ Church, Elizabeth, and of its system was felt throughout the Diocese and far beyond it, and to-day its work stands solidly and undisturbedly. At the fortieth anniversary of the parish, celebrated through the Easter Week of 1893, the present rector, the Rev. Dr. Oberly, said in his sermon preached on the "octave": "It was an act of heroism for the founders of this parish to do what they did. From the first they meant this to be a Church parish, founded and maintained on Church principles. They defended its character at the outset in a manner that could not be misunderstood, and it is a matter of thankfulness that we are able to say to-day that this character has never been compromised. The parish has never taken a step backward. Forty years ago the parish was far ahead of the times; to-day it is abreast of them, because the times have grown up to it."

Dean Hoffman, who was himself the preacher on Easter Sunday, 1893, the first day of this memorable commemoration, after all the growth and experience and thought and responsibilities of years, reaffirmed all the principles he had so early stood for.

"The parish," said he, "has proved what most men then doubted,—not only the advantages, but the practicability of the free church system in a community where it was predicted from the start that it would

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never succeed, even its friends looking upon it with considerable mistrust. It has been made, by God's blessing, a complete success. We have lived to see the daily prayer and weekly Eucharist—in which at one time the parish stood almost alone in the United States, even though they were undeniably of Apostolic practice and provided for in our Book of Common Prayer—spreading throughout the Church, and becoming, thank God, recognized as an essential part of the spiritual life of well ordered parishes. The great principles which the founders of this parish strove to make its peculiar features—the daily worship in the sanctuary invested with the beauty of holiness, the weekly and festival sacrificial memorial of His precious death which the Lord commanded us to make the center and crown of our worship, and the full development of all the means and appliances appertaining to parochial organization—in little more than a generation we have seen triumphantly acknowledged everywhere.

“The heart of the nation is beginning to yearn more and more for the catholic faith of the Church of the Living God. From all sides there comes up the longing cry for the unity, stability, and sobriety, combined with the liturgical worship, full sacramental grace, which alone can be found in the One Holy Catholic and Apostolic Church. Our duty is simply to be true to the vows of our baptism; to stand before the world as not ashamed to confess the faith once for all delivered to the saints; manfully to fight under its banner against sin, the world, and the devil; and to

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continue Christ's faithful soldiers and servants unto our lives' end. Then will the world recognize that God is with us and the truth, and that we are not unworthy descendants of those who planted evangelical truth and Apostolic order on the shores of the New World."

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